

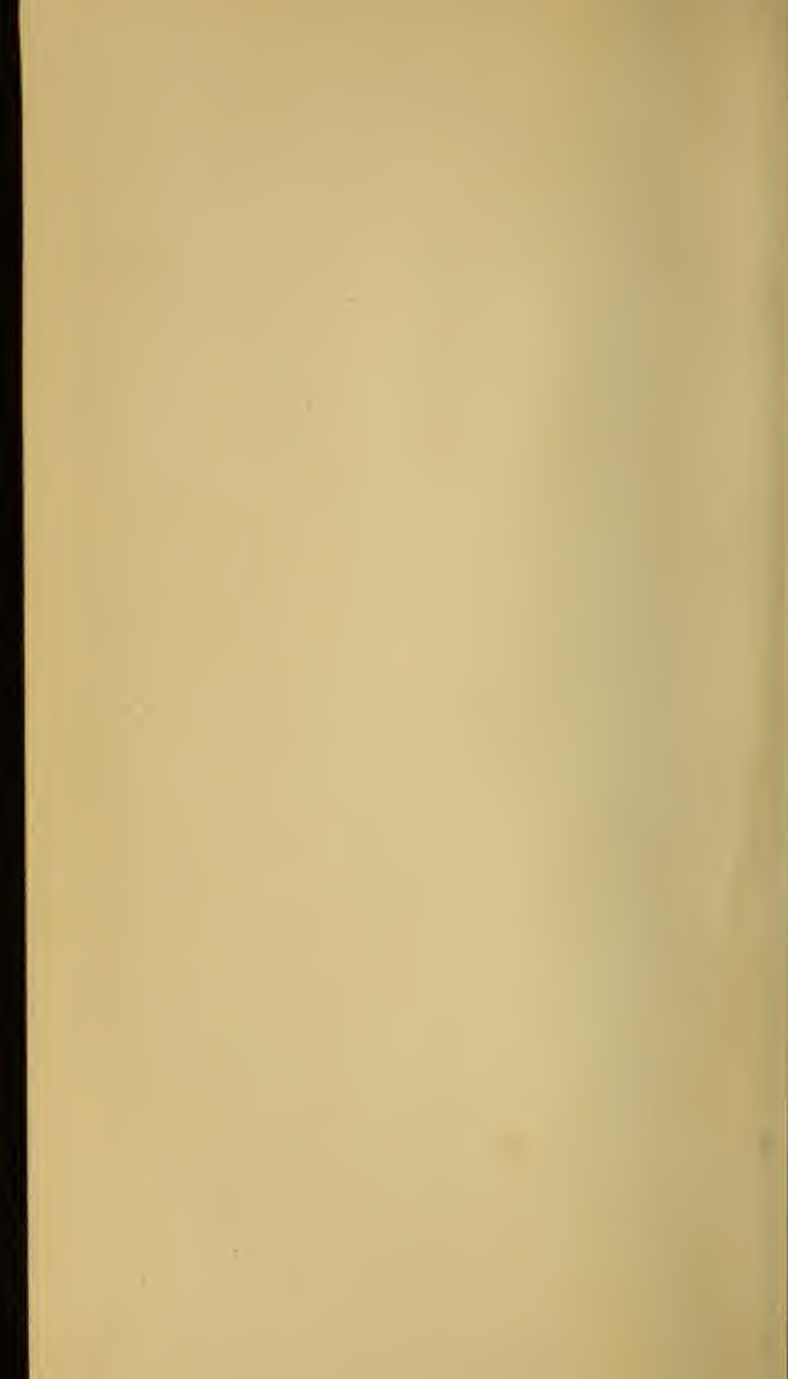


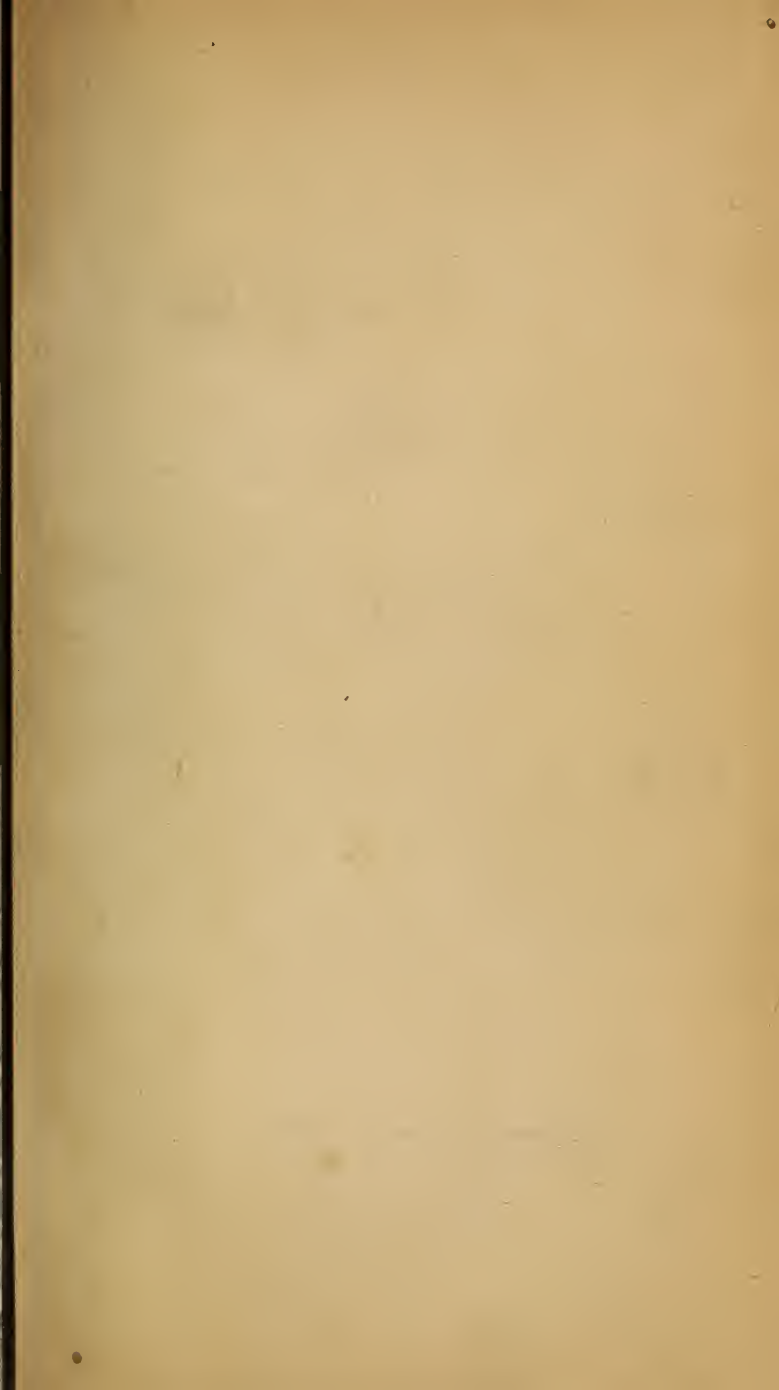
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Meditation



Conversation



Narration



Apostrophe

COBB'S SPEAKER;

CONTAINING AMPLE

EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION

IN

PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUES,

FROM MOST ESTEEMED NATIVE AND FOREIGN WRITERS.

ALSO,

AN INTRODUCTION;

CONTAINING THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION VERY
FULLY EXEMPLIFIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

DESIGNED FOR

THE USE OF ACADEMIES AND THE HIGHER CLASSES IN PUBLIC AND
SELECT SCHOOLS, AND ALSO FOR PRIVATE STUDENTS.

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BY LYMAN COBB, A. M.
11



NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

THE increasing popularity of "COBB'S SERIES OF READERS, IN FIVE NUMBERS," and the frequent solicitations of teachers and school officers that a Speaker, or Sixth Reader, should be added to the series, containing a great number and variety of pieces for exercise in declamation and dialogues, have induced the author to compile the following work.

Reading and Speaking are, of all the departments of learning, the most important. The great body of the people of this country have become convinced of this; and, as a natural consequence, they are giving increased attention to the subject of Reading and Elocution. It is, therefore, as would be expected, that books and treatises, on the subject of Elocution, have been greatly multiplied within the past few years. Hence, it has not been as necessary that very extended rules or examples for exercise should be given in a work of this kind, more particularly as from the *living* teacher, almost entirely, the pupil must receive his instruction and correction by illustrations of the teacher.

In this view of the subject, the author has not given as many examples as will be found in some other similar works; yet, it is believed that a sufficient number has been given, under each head, to answer every practical purpose, particularly as the variety and style of pieces in the body of the book are very extensive, to which, in practice and exercise, the several rules can be applied. Again; it may be said of reading with more propriety than of any thing else, that, to do it right, it should be "done well." It is not the reading of page after page that will necessarily make a good reader in consequence of the *amount* which has been read; but the *manner* in which those pages were read. Sometimes a sentence or paragraph may be profitably read or exercised on for fifteen or twenty minutes, or even half an hour, until every thing peculiar in it has become perfectly understood and completely mastered by the pupil. This

should be done on the principle that, if a scholar can read a given sentence correctly, he can read any number of sentences of similar character correctly. No scholar should be permitted, therefore, to pass from one sentence or paragraph to the next, until he has made himself thoroughly acquainted with every particular point and feature in it.

Many pieces have been inserted specially for *declamation*; still, any one of the pieces can be spoken or repeated by a pupil selected for the purpose, regard being had to his fitness; or, as to the defects in his reading or speaking, so that he may be required to speak a piece particularly adapted to remedy such defects. In this way should every pupil be exercised. It will be well, while any one of the exercises is going on, for all of the other pupils of the class to criticise the speaking or reading; each one having a pencil and piece of paper in hand to note down what he considers defective or faulty in the reader or speaker. At the close of the exercise the pupils can mention what they have noted down as wrong, the teacher approving or disapproving of the criticisms. Sometimes it may be well, also, for the pupils to express their opinions as to the correctness or propriety of the criticism under consideration, giving their reasons, if time will permit. In this way, it is believed, that better readers and speakers can be made than by any other method, as the scholars, by this plan, become accustomed to read understandingly, having exercised their own judgment in regard to the criticism on each piece or paragraph, as the case may be. This practice has this additional advantage, also, that it strengthens and improves the taste, judgment, and skill of the scholar, and fits him for criticism in other matters, either of art, science, or mechanics. In short, it may, with truth, be said, that a scholar who is a thorough critic in the art of reading or speaking, is fitted for criticism in any other branch of learning or to pursue usefully and with good prospects of success any other study whatever in which maturity of judgment is necessary.

In the preceding Reading Books of the Series, definitions of all the words, as they occur in the several Reading Lessons, have been given. This system, it is believed, will cause the scholar more thoroughly to understand the piece which he is to read, and, consequently, to read it with more interest than he would, if unacquainted with many of the important and prominent words contained in the Reading Lessons. In this way, too, the scholar will form the habit of in-

quiring into or ascertaining the meaning of the words which compose the Lesson, or any piece or work for future reading. In this work, the definitions have been omitted, on the supposition that the scholars will have been sufficiently exercised and practised in the preceding Readers.

It is fully believed, that exercises in the recitation of pieces of poetry will, in many respects, better improve the modulations and inflections of the voice than exercises in prose. This, however, is doubted by many. Still, as many excellent teachers have confidence in this plan, both from observation and experience, it will be well for each teacher, at least to make the experiment until he shall be convinced or not of its utility.

The author, not wishing those teachers, who may adopt this work, to try every new system which may be offered for their consideration, would, however, respectfully recommend that every well approved system which has been attested by practical and experienced teachers should have a fair trial at their hands. By this course, they will, at least, be able to form a correct opinion as to the comparative importance or utility of each system, and to select that one which, all things considered, seems to them the best adapted to the purpose of making practical, thorough, and intelligent readers and public speakers.

In our country, more than in any other, should the principles and rules of Elocution be known by every young man in the community. Here encouragement is given to learning, and to the general diffusion of knowledge. Much of the learning and influence of most young men is lost by their total neglect of the study of this branch of education. Many young men, well educated otherwise, find, on coming into society, greatly to their regret and mortification, that they are unable to utter, before a public audience, those thoughts which they would gladly make known, and by a knowledge of which, in many instances, society would be greatly benefited.

Language or speech being the highest attribute of man, its cultivation in every country, but particularly under a free government like ours, is of the very highest importance, where so many aspire to places of usefulness and honorable distinction. The true interests of our country, every year, more and more increase this importance and present stronger reasons for preparing every young man of this republic to be able to meet any and every emergency which may arise. So many questions of vital importance to the existence of

our social, religious, and civil institutions, and even to the existence of the government itself, are being discussed and agitated all over our land, that the times require men who are able, in public assemblies, with eloquence as well as patriotism, to defend the rights and true interests of our country. To the school-room, and to that alone, can we, with confidence and just hope, look for the youth who are to be the future men to advocate and sustain the purity of public morals, our civil institutions, and the all-important interests of learning, science, and the arts, by which our nation has been prospered, and thus far, has so gloriously flourished.

The pieces, both for speaking and reading, which form the greater portion of this work, have been selected with great care and attention, both with regard to their adaptedness to the practice or exercise in speaking and reading, and to their influence on the minds and tastes of pupils in enabling them to form a correct and high standard of excellence, both in subject and in style. Great care and attention have also been bestowed in the selection of the pieces as to their beneficial effects, in training the minds of the young to the observance and practice of noble and elevated sentiments and practical virtues.

With these views, the author, grateful for the extensive patronage bestowed on his past productions, presents the following work to the public, hopeful that this will be equally well received and have a beneficial effect upon the minds and interests, both present and future, of the rising generation.

LYMAN COBB.

New York, April 8, 1852.

NOTE.

The author, in compliance with the request of many teachers, has given the Spelling Lessons, in Nos. I. and II. WITHOUT DEFINITIONS, and has inserted in their place, some additional Reading Lessons. These two Readers will, however, be printed in both forms, with and without definitions, that teachers may use which form they prefer. He has also added several pages of new Lessons to the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Readers, which it is believed will make these books more valuable. These three books, however, can be used with the former editions, as no change has been made in the old Lessons.

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INTRODUCTION.



PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

As the PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION form the basis of a department of ornamental as well as practical education, in which the art of speaking and reading is to be attained and pursued in accordance with a certain established standard of elegance, a thorough and practical acquaintance with these Principles can not be too highly valued or appreciated by every person, who either hopes or wishes to become a correct or elegant speaker or reader; and they should, therefore, receive his first attention. In giving instruction in this art, two objects should be constantly kept in view: good conversational speech; and the power of making formal addresses, and reading aloud with ease and effect. In our own country, where the advantages of education are open to all, and where so many persons are also liable to be called on to speak in public, a practical knowledge of these Principles is of inestimable value, not only to the professedly learned, but even to persons in the ordinary or common avocations of life. Every person having this knowledge can render more effective what he utters, either in speaking or reading; and, at the same time, it not only promotes an easy and graceful delivery, but also enables him to rivet or enchain the attention of the hearer. The human voice, like every other faculty, is susceptible of very great improvement, by proper culture and discipline. There is also this advantage, that, by a proper exercise of the Principles of Elocution, the health and vigor

of the vocal organs are greatly promoted. To neglect, therefore, the cultivation and improvement of the human voice, and the full development of its powers, is, to say the least of it, very censurable on the part of those, who have the management and control of elementary instruction. Much of this instruction *must* be given by the living instructor; still, some rules and principles will be very useful. Some of these have been treated of in the Sequel or Fourth Reader, and in the North American or Fifth Reader. In this work they are more extended and more practically illustrated.

ELOCUTION

is properly divided into, and should be considered under, the following heads:

- I.—ARTICULATION.
 - II.—INFLECTIONS.
 - III.—MODULATION.
 - IV.—ACCENT.
 - V.—EMPHASIS.
 - VI.—GESTURES.
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CHAPTER I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION comprehends distinctness of utterance of the different sounds of the language, including Enunciation and Pronunciation.

Proper and correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice and of the organs of speech. Any public speaker who possesses only a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who speaks in a loud and vociferous manner without judgment. In just articulation the words are not to be hurried over, or precipitated syllable over syllable, or, as it were, melted together into

a mass of confusion ; but, they should be delivered from the lips, perfectly finished, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight. The difficulty of acquiring a correct articulation being unusually great in the English language, the foundation should be laid at an early age, when the organs are most pliable and tractable ; for, it will be found, that the habit of defective and indistinct articulation is generally contracted in the first stages of the learner's progress, and arises either from indolence, which causes a drawling or indistinct utterance ; or, from too great haste, which leads to the running of words together, or to clipping them by dropping unaccented words and final consonants. Habits of this kind, if permitted, very soon become so inveterate that it is almost impossible, even with the most unremitting attention on the part both of teacher and pupil, to correct them.

In order to give a thorough and correct articulation, or to correct a *monotonous* style of reading and speaking which may have been formed at an early age, the pupil should first practise a thoroughly distinct and easy enunciation of the elemental sounds of the language : then enunciate these sounds in their combination into words so as to become *perfectly familiar with the appearance of words*, and be able to call their names readily, at sight. To accomplish all that is desirable much exercise is necessary. The learner should practise perseveringly upon these elementary sounds until he has acquired a complete control of his organs of speech. This exercise is of the greatest importance, as, in addition to the formation of correct habits of articulation, it imparts great strength and efficiency to the voice, which can not be as effectually acquired in any other way. A speaker or reader, too, who is able fully and clearly to enunciate all these sounds, will be listened to by an audience with greater pleasure, interest, and attention. This acquisition, also, enables any one readily to distinguish between the educated and uneducated, as the latter are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and ease of utterance.

The vowels being the most prominent elements of words, and also being the most easily uttered, they are here made to constitute the first lesson.

ELEMENTARY VOWEL SOUNDS.

Long *a*, as heard in *hate, rain, ray, rein, break*.

Flat *a*, *mar, ah, daunt, heart, guard*.

Broad *a* long, *call, war, quart, caught, raw, broad, sought*.

Do. represented by *o*, *for, nor, corner*.

Broad *a* short, *what, want, quarrel*.

Do. represented by *o*, *hot, morrow, coroner*.

Short *a*, *hat, man, commercial, plaid*.

Long *e*, *he, reel, neat, either, grieve, key, people, caprice*.

Short *e*, *men, tread, friend, heifer, jeopard, guess, again, says,*
many, bury.

Long *i*, *vine, lie, height, guise, dry, buy, rye, aisle*.

Short *i*, *hit, sieve, surfeit, guilt, fountain, marriage, hymn,*
been, busy.

Long *o*, *no, fold, floor, foam, foe, though, follow, yeoman, bu-*
reau.

Slender *o*, *prove, room, shoe, group, rule, true, fruit, brew*.

Long *u*, *mute, glue, sluice, feud, beauty, adieu, view, flew*.

Short *u*, *cut, fur, her, bird, love, flood, does*.

Obtuse *u*, *full, wolf, good, should*.

Oi and *oy*, *toil, joy*.

Ou and *ow*, *shout, bower*.

EXPLOSION OF THE ELEMENTARY VOWEL SOUNDS.

Any one of the preceding elements can be uttered with great quickness and force, so as to give a distinct expression of its sound. The scholar should be required to explode from the throat, every one of the elements in the preceding table, with the greatest degree of quickness and force, until he is able to do it with accuracy and ease. Each sound should first be made slowly in a very low *whisper*, increasing it gradually in force to the full extent of the *whispering* voice. Afterward the exercise may be increased in quickness. Then, in like manner, the different sounds may each be *vocally* expressed, increasing gradually from soft or low to loud and quick. Great care should be taken to avoid all *aspiration*, that the sound of the *vowel* only should be heard. In these and all other elocutionary exercises, the body should be in an erect and easy posture. The shoulders, when it can be done with ease and

gracefulness, should also be thrown gently back. It will be well, after the scholar has been thoroughly exercised in exploding the sounds of the preceding table, to explode all the vowel elements in one sentence of every lesson which he reads.

ELEMENTARY CONSONANT SOUNDS.

The Consonant elements are susceptible of a greater or less degree of explosive force.

b as heard in globe.	s as heard in sat, nice.
d " dead.	t " tin.
f " field.	v " vine.
g " bag.	w " wise, why.
h " hand.	y " year.
j " jar, age.	z " zeal, as.
k " kid, cup, chasm.	ng " wing.
l " late.	sh " ship, machine.
m " maim.	ch " church.
n " nine.	th " thin, both.
p " pipe.	th " thou, then.
r (rough) ran.	zh " seizure, osier.
r (smooth) bard, bar.	wh " what, when.

The Consonant elements are naturally divided into two classes: the VOCAL, and the ASPIRATE. The *Vocal Consonants* are or may be uttered in a suppressed or under tone. The *Aspirate Consonants* are simple emissions of the breath, or modified breathings. A portion of the consonant elements, being mutually related, are properly called Correlatives: one being an *aspirate*; the other a *vocal*; as *pound* and *bound*.

VOCAL CONSONANTS.

b	in	bat.	r (smooth)	in	far.
d	"	dark.	v	"	vice.
g	"	gate.	w	"	was.
j	"	jar, page.	y	"	you.
l	"	land.	z	"	zone, prose.
m	"	mark.	th	"	that.
n	"	night.	ng	"	sung.
r (rough) "	"	run.	zh	"	azure, brasier.

ASPIRATE CONSONANTS.

f	in	<i>farm.</i>
h	"	<i>hall.</i>
k	"	<i>key, cat, ache.</i>
p	"	<i>pine.</i>
s	"	<i>sink.</i>
t	"	<i>tone.</i>
ch	"	<i>chip.</i>
sh	"	<i>sheep.</i>
th	"	<i>thick.</i>

CORRELATIVES.

f	in	<i>file</i>	v	in	<i>vile.</i>
k	in	<i>keen</i>	g	in	<i>gear.</i>
p	in	<i>pane</i>	b	in	<i>bane.</i>
s	in	<i>seal</i>	z	in	<i>zeal.</i>
t	in	<i>tine</i>	d	in	<i>dine.</i>
th	in	<i>thorn</i>	th	in	<i>then.</i>
sh	in	<i>shine</i>	zh	in	<i>treasure.</i>
ch	in	<i>chat</i>	j	in	<i>jail.</i>

EXPLOSION OF THE ELEMENTARY CONSONANT SOUNDS.

As many syllables are composed chiefly of consonant sounds ; and, as articulation is more frequently defective from an indistinct or imperfect enunciation or explosion of these consonant sounds, it is of the greatest importance that the scholar should become perfectly familiar with them. They can not, it is true, be exploded with the same force which vowel sounds admit, yet their sounds can be prolonged so as to give them great distinctness. A few attempts will prove this. Every one should be practised upon until the scholar can give the sound distinctly and forcibly. Let him begin with *ba*, and in sounding or exploding it, let the voice be quickly suspended before it passes to the vowel. And so on. With this practice, and in no other way, will the pupil be able to utter distinctly such combinations as the following : *drifttest*, *passeth*, *sufficeth*, *beasts*, *searchedst*, &c. He who can enunciate or explode the consonants with clearness, precision, and accuracy, will, when speaking or reading to a large audience, be heard and understood, though his voice be weak and feeble ; while he who slurs or mumbles them will not be distinctly heard, though, with a strong voice, he should be loud and vociferous. As suggested in relation to the vowel elements, it will be well, after the scholar has been thoroughly exercised in exploding the sounds of the preceding table, to explode all the consonants in one sentence of every piece which he reads. As a second step, however, the following and similar combinations of consonants should be exploded :

bl, gl, pl, br, fr, gr, pr, rb, rd, rm, sk, sp, st, spl, str, sts, dst, shr, sld, fth, fths, rmd, blst, mdst, pts, rdst, bl'dst, nkl, gl'dst, zl'd'st, ngd, spdst, ldst, nth, ngl'd'st, &c.

Then words containing them should be pronounced or exploded : blasts, griefs, pleasest, breadths, shroud, shifts, Christ's, drifts, whelms, depths, wharfs, fifths, truths, strength, rasps, spheres, shrieks, shrinks, twelfth, scythes, prisms, nymphs, feasts, thrusts, wept, slept, expects, arm'st, fill'dst, rasp'dst, triumph'd, threat'n'dst, assist'st, tippl'st, manuscripts, fifteenth, black'n'dst, strength'n'dst, twelfths, singl'dst, twinkl'dst, possess'st, whelm'dst, hundredth, thousandth, &c.

SENTENCES

In which the Combinations of the Consonant Elements are given for the Exercise of the scholar.

They were overwhelmed amidst the waves.

They cultivated plants, shrubs, trees.

Though the thunders roared, yet thou look'd'st from thy throne, and laugh'd'st at the storm.

His texts were always selected with great care.

Thou wrong'dst thyself and me.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.

The line too labors and the words move slow.

The sleepy sluggard sits slumbering silently.

Thou didst hear their most earnest entreaties.

He bought four yards and three eighths.

He came too late to attend the lecture.

The prisoner was dragged to prison.

Their limbs were much strengthened by exercise.

The cricket kept creeping across the crevices.

Her rough and rugged rocks that rear

Their hoary heads high in the air.

Bursting their bonds, they sprang upon the foe.

Why wouldst thou stay while many a whisperer whiles away his time.

The strong stranger struggled straight forward through the stream.

How hard he hastes to have his horses harnessed.

He that hateth reproof shall die.

Grievous words stir up anger.

He strangled and gasped for breath.

Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around.

Thou begg'dst for mercy.

Forth rushed the wandering comets girt with flames.

Thou troubl'dst thy father's friends.

FAULTS AND DIFFICULTIES IN ARTICULATION.

1. *A quite common fault or difficulty is that of suppressing or dropping the final consonants, or of not sounding them distinctly.*

EXAMPLES.

- { He regarded not the worl's opinion.
- { He regarded not the world's opinion.
- { He was boun' han' an' foot an' kep' quiet.
- { He was bound hand and foot and kept quiet.
- { They thrus' their sickles into the harves'.
- { They thrust their sickles into the harvest.
- { Creepin' things an' beas' were foun' there.
- { Creeping things and beasts were found there.
- { He ate them mornin', an' noon, an' evenin'.
- { He ate them morning, and noon, and evening.

2. *Another fault is that of blending the end of one word with the beginning of the following one.*

EXAMPLES.

- { Gimme the pen an dink.
- { Give me the pen and ink.
- { They did not believe that he was an iceman.
- { They did not believe that he was a nice man.
- { He died in great error.
- { He died in great terror.
- { They both saw an arrow head.
- { They both saw a narrow head.
- { He did believe that such an ocean existed.
- { He did believe that such a notion existed.
- { This worl dis full of deception.
- { This world is full of deception.
- { Han dim his hat.
- { Hand him his hat.
- { He gave gif sto men.
- { He gave gifts to men.
- { He gavem to me.
- { He gave them to me.

3. *Another difficulty in articulation often occurs from the immediate succession of similar sounds.*

EXAMPLES.

The mast stood the severest storm well.
Which lasts till morning.

The magistrates sought to arrest him.
 Hand down the books.
 The boy hates study.
 The great error remains.
 It was a large black cannon.
 It was given to the Indian *who whooped*.

4. *Another fault or difficulty is that of dropping or indistinctly sounding the unaccented vowels.*

EXAMPLES.

reg'lar	for	reg-u-lar.	par-tic'lar	for	par-tic-u-lar.
crock'ry	"	crock-er-y.	gran'ry	"	gran-a-ry.
av'rice	"	av-a-rice.	his'try	"	his-tor-y.
min'ral	"	min-er-al.	mem'ry	"	mem-or-y.
iv'ry	"	i-vor-y.	comp'ny	"	com-pa-ny.
vet'ran	"	vet-er-an.	pop'lar	"	pop-u-lar.
gen'rous	"	gen-er-ous	cer't'n	"	cer-tain.
rob'ry	"	rob-ber-y.	rev'rend	"	rev-er-end.

5. *Another fault is that of omitting or incorrectly pronouncing a whole syllable.*

nom-i-tive	for	nom-i-na-tive.	di-mond	for	di-a-mond.
tol-er ble	"	tol-er-a-ble.	hal-but	"	hal-i-but.
sal-ry	"	sal-a-ry.	cov-nant	"	cov-e-nant.
but-nut	"	but-ter-nut.	het-ro-ge-nous	"	het-e-ro-ge-ne-ous.
em-rald	"	em-er-ald.	laud-num	"	laud-a-num

6. *Another fault is that of incorrectly sounding the unaccented vowels.*

ad-mur-al	for	ad-mi-ral.	hun-durd	for	hun-dred.
de-sunt	"	de-cent.	rep-e-ta-tion	"	rep-u-ta-tion.
ed-e-cate	"	ed-u-cate.	cir-ke-lur	"	cir-cu-lar.
sys-tim	"	sys-tem.	tur-rub-ble	"	ter-ri-ble.
fel-lur	"	fel-low.	sing-gur-lur	"	sin-gu-lar.
win-dur	"	win-dow.	ad-er-a-tion	"	ad-o-ra-tion.
ex-ter-nul	"	ex-ter-nal.	uv-ent	"	e-vent.
Feb-er-a-ry	"	Feb-ru-a-ry.	Jen-u-a-ry	"	Jan-u-a-ry.
be-yund	"	be-yond.			

EXAMPLES FOR MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES UNDER THE SIX
PRECEDING HEADS.

He wept though he had a thousand friends by his side.

If he should not find the diamond he trusts he may find a ten pound note.

While the ship was running very fast the masts were cast down.

He kept on in his vain attempts.

His commands were they should not touch the birds' nests.

The thunder bursts and the tempests rage.

The shouts sounded long and loud.

He had contracted a bad habit.

Had he heeded to his friend's advice he would not have suffered.

He went over the mountain.

He was disturbed by their wrangling.

Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

He appeared to enjoy considerable contentment.

Their calculation is incorrect.

Health, strength, and youth defied his power.

War does its thousands slay.

From depths unknown, unsearchable, profound.

He can sustain neither position.

All the acts of the government were most stringent.

His lips grew restless, and his smile was curled.

His crime moved me. His cry moved me.

The brightest still the fleetest.

The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods.

The venerable man's manuscript was miserably bad as to its literary merits.

God is the author of all things visible and invisible.

Stretched at length he shivered and shrunk.

She trusts too much to servants, yet expects to have her work well done.

The colony formed a company where great harmony and fellowship existed.

He was certainly informed of their particular request.

He wishes to have his acts stand on their own merit.

By others' faults, wise men correct their own.

He had an object to gain, still he slept the whole evening.

Around him fall

Dread powers, dominions, hosts, and kingly thrones.

CHAPTER II.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are slides, bends, or turns of the voice, either *upward* or *downward*, from the level of a sentence, in expressing the thoughts or emotions of the mind. Of these there are two. One is called the *upward* or *rising* inflection: the other, the *downward* or *falling* inflection.

The *rising* Inflection is an upward slide or turn of the voice, which is marked or designated by the acute accent, thus, ('). In this case, as the voice ends higher than it begins, the meaning of the sentence is generally suspended; as, Is he rich'? Will you go'? The *falling* Inflection is a downward slide or turn of the voice, in which the voice ends lower than it begins, and is marked by the grave accent, thus, ('). As, He is poor'. He will go'.

Sometimes both the rising and falling unite on or are given to the same syllable. This is called the Circumflex or Wave. When the circumflex commences with the falling and ends with the rising inflection, it is called the *rising* circumflex, and is marked thus, (v). When it commences with the rising and ends with the falling inflection, it is called the *falling* circumflex, and is marked thus, (^).

When several syllables are uttered in succession with uniformity of sound, the voice having neither an upward or downward slide, but keeping comparatively level, it is called the Monotone, and is marked thus, (-).

EXAMPLES

In which the first member of the sentence has the *rising*, and the second member the *falling* inflection.

Did he act honestly', or dishonestly'?

Blessed are the poor in spirit'. Blessed are the meek'.

Will you ride', or walk'?

Is he young', or is he old'?

You must not say one', but two'.

The voice should slide upward or downward, in reading these sentences, as represented in the following diagram :

Did he act *honestly* or *dishonestly* ?

Will you *ride* or *walk* ?

Is he *young* or *old* ?

Did he travel for health', or for pleasure' ?

Did he say man', or men' ?

Did he say fast', or last' ?

Are you engaged', or at leisure' ?

Are they at home', or abroad' ?

In which the first member ends with the *falling*, and the second with the *rising* inflection.

He said born', not horn'.

He said hate', not late'.

You should walk', not ride'.

He travelled in Europe', not in Asia'.

He will confess it', not deny it'.

CONTRASTED INFLECTIONS.

Did he say flute', or lute' ? He said flute', not lute'.

Did he say full', or pull' ? He said full', not pull'.

Must I say plain', or pain' ? You must say plain', not pain'.

Does he say able', or unable' ? He says able', not unable'.

Did he run well', or ill' ? He did run well', not ill'.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I. Interrogative sentences which may be answered by yes or no, or which commence with a verb, usually take the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Is the governor dead' ?

How many days was he absent' ?

Was there not all the father in that look' ?
 Is martial ardor dead' ?
 Will you go to-day' ?
 Can you repeat the seventh commandment' ?
 Would you say so, if the case were your own' ?

II. Interrogative exclamations, and words repeated as a kind of echo to the thought, require the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

He a great statesman' !
 O sacred liberty' !
 A soldier' ! a thief', a plunderer', an assassin' ! the pest of the country' !

III. When the sense is incomplete, as denoting a pause of suspension, the *rising* inflection should usually be used.

EXAMPLES.

He', born for the universe', narrowed his mind.
 Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue',
 Than ever man pronounced or angel sung' ;
 Had I all knowledge', human and divine',
 That thought can reach, or science can define'.
 Awake' ! arise' !
 I', from the orient to the drooping west'

IV. The different members of a sentence expressing an antithesis, or contrast, require different inflections ; usually, the *rising* inflection in the former member, and the *falling* inflection in the latter ; or, when the different members of a sentence are united by *or* ; or, in negative sentences.

EXAMPLES.

Do you seek wealth', or power' ?
 Did you say statute', or statue' ?
 Is he ill', or is he well' ?
 Did he say call', or hall' ?
 There are also celestial' bodies, and bodies terrestrial'.
 He was virtuous', not vicious'.
 I came to bury' Cesar, not to praise' him.
 He is brave', not generous'.
 Study not for amusement', but for improvement'.
 He did not act wisely', but unwisely'.
 Shall I come to you with a rod', or in love' ?

V. Tender emotion generally inclines the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

My mother' ! when I learned that thou wast dead'.
 O' my son Absalom', my son', my son Absalom' !
 Jesus saith unto her, Mary'.
 He bleeds' ! he falls' ! his death-bed is the field' !
 Poor man' ! how I pity' him.

VI. The indirect question, or that which is not answered by yes or no, and its answer, should have the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Who say the people that I am' ? John the Baptist' ; but some say, Elias'.
 Where is Thomas' ? At school'.
 How many dollars make an eagle' ? Ten'.
 Where is Russia' ? In the north of Europe'.

VII. The language of authority, of surprise, of distress, or of denunciation and reprehension, commonly require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Up', comrades ! up' !
 Bid' him drive back' his car'.
 Come one', come all'.
 O, horrible' ! O, horrible' ! most' horrible !
 Angels' ! and ministers of grace', defend us.
 Jesus', Master' ! have mercy on us'.
 Wo unto you, Pharisees' ! hypocrites' !

VIII. In a *commencing* series or number of particulars, the last member must have the *rising* inflection, and all the others, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

To advise the ignorant', relieve the needy', comfort the afflicted', are duties that fall in our way.

His success', his fame', his life', were all at stake.

Discomposed thoughts', agitated passions', and a ruffled temper', poison every pleasure of life.

IX. In a *concluding* series the last member but one must have the *rising* inflection, and all the others, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Wine', beauty', music', pomp', are poor expedients to heave off the load of an hour from the heir of eternity'.

They passed o'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp ;

Rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death'.

Time, the greatest of tyrants, taxes our health', our limbs', our faculties', our strength', and our features'.

CIRCUMFLEX.

X. The circumflex is chiefly used to express irony, hypothesis, sarcasm, or contrast.

EXAMPLES.

Hear him, my lord : he is wondrous cōndescēding.

I have been so very hōt, that I am sure I have caught cōld !

Man never is, but always to bē, blest.

Thēy follow an adventurer whom they fēar ; wē serve a monarch whom we lôve.

MONOTONE.

XI. The monotone is used chiefly to express grand, sublime, solemn, or grave emotions, when no word in a sentence has either the *rising* or *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

And I sâw a greât white thrōne and Hîm that sât on it.

Sōund ōn, thōu dârk ūnslūmberîng sēa !

Ās when the sūn, nēw-rîsen, lōoks thrōugh the horizōntal mîsty âir.

God wâlketh on the ōcean. Brilliantly

The glâssy wâters mîrror back his smîles.

When the monotone is carefully and properly used, it renders the passage peculiarly expressive, and gives great dignity to delivery. All the preceding Rules, however, should be carefully studied by the scholar.

CHAPTER III.

MODULATION.

THE modulation of the voice is the proper management of its variations or tones in conversation, speaking, and reading, which the feelings and emotions of the subject naturally inspire, so as to produce pleasure and melody to the ear. To avoid monotony and give variety as well as relief to the ear, changes of tone, and changes of delivery are necessary.

The voice is modulated in three ways. It is varied in Pitch, from high to low tones. It is varied in Quantity or Loudness of sound. It is varied in Quality or Kind of sound.

PITCH OF THE VOICE.

In speaking or reading, every person assumes a certain pitch, either high or low. Great care should be taken that this be not too high or too low, so as either to confound or weary the hearer. It may be well, however, to practise the exercise of uttering sentences in the several variations of high and low, until the scholar has acquired skill in their management. There are three Pitches of the voice; the *low*, the *middle*, and the *high*. The *low* is used in expressing emotions of reverence, sublimity, or awe. The *middle* is usually used in common conversation. The *high* in calling to a person at a distance.

EXAMPLES.

Whom are we to charge as the deceiver of the state ?
 A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes.
 What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
 Give me another horse, bind up my wounds ;
 ————— soft ; I did but dream.
 If thou shalt fall, I have nor love, nor hope,
 In this wide world. My son, remember me !
 Try not the Pass ! the old man said,
 Dark lowers the tempest overhead !

The preceding sentences contain all the varieties necessary for

a full exercise of the *low*, *middle*, and *high* pitches of tones of voice, in their various changes. These variations of the voice should be, in every respect, such as are naturally suggested by sentiment and emotion ; for, every emotion requires its own particular pitch of voice to express it. This must be entirely determined by good judgment and taste, based on circumstances and sentiment. No definite rules can be given to meet every case. The advantages of a proper variation of voice are valuable as well to the speaker as to the hearer ; for, if the organs of voice become wearied by long exercise on one pitch, they will at once be relieved by changing to a different degree of elevation. The best means of avoiding extremes, in all cases, is thoroughly to learn the distinction between force and elevation ; and, to acquire the power of swelling the voice on a low tone.

QUANTITY.

Quantity has regard to or includes *fulness* of tone, *loudness*, and *time* or *duration* of sound. Quantity is mostly limited to the vowel sounds, the consonant sounds being very slightly affected by it. In quantity, the degrees of variation are very numerous, varying from a soft whisper to a vehement shout. As in the pitch of the voice, the degree of quantity used should depend on the nature and extent of the emotion to be expressed ; the hearer being thereby influenced in his amount of feeling by that entertained or felt by the speaker or reader. It requires very little skill in sounds, to perceive that *a* in *fat*, is shorter than *a* in *fate* : in the former case, the organs pass quickly over the vowel to the consonant ; in the latter, there is more continuance on the vowel. So is it in the utterance of a sentence.

EXAMPLES.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

Farewell, happy fields,

Where joy for ever dwells.

One fault he has : I know but only one.

Strike—for the sires who left you free !

I fear not death, and shall I then fear thee ?

QUALITY.

Quality has regard to the kind of sound used or expressed. The voice is highly susceptible of improvement in quality, as well as in other respects. Some voices are naturally more melodious than others in quality, though all may be greatly improved by proper discipline and culture. To render harsh, nasal, guttural, or uncouth tones of the voice smooth and musical, the following course should be practised. Let the pupil utter, again and again, sentences like the following; commencing their utterance with a whisper or gentle effusion of the breath, and gradually increase the tone in fulness and force up to the low, and then to the middle pitch; and, in some cases, up to the high pitch.

EXAMPLES.

Placid and grateful to his rest he sank.
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.
But in his motion, like an angel sings.
She was the rainbow to thy sight.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCENT.

ACCENT is a particular or forcible stress of the voice which is laid on one syllable of a word to distinguish it from other syllables in the same word in comparison, or to designate their comparative importance, and to promote ease, harmony, and distinctness of articulation. It is also employed to distinguish different parts of speech having the same form, and to express opposition of thought. Every word of more syllables than one, has one of them accented.

Accent is either *primary* or *secondary*. Primary accent is indispensable to all words of more than one syllable. Secondary accent is a less forcible stress of the voice than the primary, which

is used only in words of three or more syllables. The primary accent is marked thus, (') *after* the syllable ; as, in'fant, com-mand'ment. The secondary is marked thus, (`) *before* the syllable ; as, indus'tri'ous.

In words of several syllables, the unaccented syllables are often too slightly pronounced or almost entirely suppressed. To avoid or correct these errors, it will be highly useful to require the scholar to pronounce, as exercises, long words like the following, noting or sounding, with great precision, each syllable.

EXAMPLES.

In-dus'tri'ous-ly, 'ep-i-dem'ic, gra-tu'i'tous, con-tem'plate, ar-tif'i'cer, 'in-di-vis'i'ble, 'phil-o-soph'i'cal-ly, 'in-di'vis-i-bil'i'ty, 'im-ma'te-ri-al'i'ty, 'ag-ri-cul'tu'ríst, 'ex-com'mu-ni-ca'tion, 'an-ti'rev-o-lu'tion'a-ry, un-char'i'ta-ble'ness.

The use or placing of the accent is generally determined by custom.

I. The accented syllables should be uttered with a louder tone than the other syllables.

EXAMPLES.

He trav'elled ma'ny thou'sand miles.

He will make him an of'fer.

They will compel' him to do it.

It is no tri'fling mat'ter.

Bles'sed are the peace'makers.

II. In words which are used as different parts of speech, the accent is sometimes changed to note this distinction.

EXAMPLES.

ac'cent, to accent'.

con'cert, to concert'.

fre'quent, to frequent'.

prod'uce, to produce'.

prot'est, to protest'.

ref'use, to refuse'.

pre'fix, to prefix'.

sur'vey, to survey'.

at'tribute, to attrib'ute.

in'valid, inval'id.

III. The accent is sometimes changed or transposed from its customary place to render any particular syllable *emphatic*, by contrast or opposition of thought.

EXAMPLES.

He must *increase*, but I must *decrease*.

It is sown in *corruption*: it is raised in *incorruption*.

What fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness*?

His *ability* or *inability* to perform the act, materially varies the case.

There is a very great difference between *giving* and *forgiving*; between religion and *irreligion*.

CHAPTER V.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is a peculiar stress of voice which is laid on a certain word or words in a sentence or phrase; or it consists in a certain manner of uttering a word or phrase, to give it force and energy, by which its due importance and meaning are best expressed. The proper use of emphasis must, in all cases, be governed by feeling and emotion. The *degree* of emphasis should always depend on its importance in expressing the meaning and sense.

I. As a general rule, when words are contrasted *with*, distinguished *from*, or opposed *to*, other words either expressed or understood, they should be *emphatical*. To have a scholar read with correct emphasis, however, he should speak naturally, and with a lively interest in what he utters.

EXAMPLES.

Forgive, and ye shall be *forgiven*.

Seek, and ye shall *find*.

I could *honor* thy *courage*; but I must *detest* and *punish* thy *crimes*.

It is much better to be *injured* than to *injure*.

A *child* might understand it.

Will *you* ride to town to-day?

Will you *ride* to town to-day?

Will you ride to *town* to-day?

Will you ride to town *to-day*?

A *friendly* eye would never see such faults.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

He raised a mortal to the skies,

She drew an angel down.

II. Sometimes emphasis and inflection are combined.

EXAMPLES.

If we have no regard for our *own*' character, we ought to regard the character of *others*'.

To err is *human*' ; to forgive, *divine*'.

Man's *caution*' often into *danger*' guides.

For whatsoever a man *soweth*', that shall he also *reap*'.

III. Sometimes, several successive words are emphasized. In such cases, the emphasis increases on each assertion or repetition, each increasing in importance, the last being greater and more intense than the first. This is to be used when great or intense feeling is to be expressed.

EXAMPLES.

Shall we try argument'? Sir, we have been trying that for the *last* TEN YEARS.

Stay, *speak* ; SPEAK, I charge thee, SPEAK !

Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER !

Wo unto you, *Scribes*, PHARISEES, HYPOCRITES !

The *war* is inevitable ; and LET IT COME ! I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME !

Give me LIBERTY, or GIVE ME DEATH !

Wo, wo, WO, to the inhabitants of the earth !

POETIC PAUSES OR MANNER OF READING VERSE.

[The ordinary use and application of the Pauses or Stops have been so thoroughly explained in the Introduction to the Juvenile Reader, No. III., and in the Sequel, or Fourth Reader, that it is not considered necessary to enlarge upon those points in this work. The use and application of pauses in reading Poetry only will be treated of here.]

In reading Poetry or Verse there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own : and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of sense,

so as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter that few persons read poetry well.

There are generally two poetic pauses which belong to the melody of verse: the Cæsural Pause at or near the middle of every line; and the Final Pause which occurs at the end of the line or lines. These pauses frequently occur at the same place with the ordinary pauses, though they are independent of them. Great care, in the use of the cæsura, should be observed, in reading verse, or very much of the harmony will be lost. It should never be so placed as to injure the sense. When its use naturally coincides with the pause required by the sense of the passage, it is esteemed a great beauty. This cæsura, although usually placed near the middle, may, in some cases, be placed at other intervals. | There is, also, sometimes an additional pause employed. This occurs about midway between the beginning and middle, or the middle and end of the line. This is called the Demi-cæsura. Though an observance of these pauses is highly necessary, as they constitute the chief melody of poetry; yet, when they are made too prominent, or are too studiously observed, they lead to a monotonous, measured, or sing-song style, which can not be too carefully avoided.

The cæsura is marked thus (||); and, the demi-cæsura thus (|), in the examples here given.

The cæsura is marked in each line; but the demi-cæsura is marked in a portion only.

EXAMPLES.

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars || and blossoms in the trees.
 Our bugles | sang truce || for the night-cloud | had lowered,
 And the sentinel stars || set their watch | in the sky.
 In slumbers | of midnight || the sailor | boy lay,
 His hammock | swung loose || at the sport of the wind.
 We applaud virtue || even in enemies.
 Here rest | the great and good; || here they repose.
 A rock | in the wilderness || welcomed our sires.
 How dear | to this heart || are the scenes | of my childhood.
 Nature | to all things || fixed | the limits fit,
 And wisely | curbed || proud man's | pretending art.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

Often where no pause is allowed by the grammatical construction of the passage or sentence, the voice must rest in speaking or reading; especially is this the case, when the speaker or reader wishes particularly to fix the attention on a single word or expression, and also, to impress it deeply on the mind.

The Rhetorical Pause is, most generally, as much required by the sense as the Grammatical Pause. There can not, however, be any definite rule given as to the length of the rhetorical pause.

The speaker or reader must determine that himself by exercising his own taste and judgment. The rhetorical pause may be marked thus, (||||).

EXAMPLES.

Prosperity |||| gains friends, adversity |||| tries them.

Time |||| once passed |||| never returns.

Talents |||| without application |||| are no security for progress in learning.

The worst of slaves, are they |||| whom passion |||| rules.

The traveller began his journey |||| in the highest spirits |||| and with the most delightful anticipations.

Life |||| is short, and art |||| is long.

Honor |||| and shame |||| from no condition rise.

Trials |||| in this state of being |||| are the lot of man.

Sometimes a half rhetorical pause is used with great advantage. In using this, also, great care as well as taste and judgment should be exercised. The half rhetorical pause is marked thus, (|||).

EXAMPLES.

Silver ||| and gold |||| have I none.

Better ||| is a dinner of herbs |||| where love ||| is, than a stalled ox |||| and hatred ||| therewith.

Our bugles ||| sang truce |||| for the night-cloud ||| had lowered,

And the sentinels |||| set their watch ||| in the sky.

Industry |||| is the guardian ||| of innocence.

CHAPTER VI.

GESTURES.

IN beginning to speak in public, almost every person feels the natural and usual embarrassment which results from his new position. The strangeness or novelty of his situation often entirely destroys his self-possession ; and, in consequence of the loss of that, he almost invariably becomes awkward, his arms and hands hang clumsily, and really seem to be quite superfluous or useless members of the body. This embarrassment may sometimes be overcome by a powerful exercise of the attention upon the matter of which he is speaking ; but, it is more often overcome gradually, as the speaker becomes familiar with his position and subject. Then he will quite insensibly take the proper attitude, naturally and easily.

Gestures are the various motions, attitudes, or movements of the body and limbs of the speaker, pertaining to his manner of delivery. These should always be perfectly natural, and in accordance with the several sentiments and passions which the speaker intends or wishes to express. A speaker should endeavor always to feel what he speaks ; for, the perfection of speaking and reading is to utter or pronounce the words as if the sentiments were those of the speaker or reader, and as naturally as in common or ordinary conversation.

As the faults in ordinary gestures are very numerous, it will not be expected, either is it intended to give a minute system of rules and directions on the subject in this work ; but merely to give some general hints, by means of which the pupil, aided, if practicable, by the teacher, may form rules, or pursue a discipline for himself. A large volume might be written on the subject of gestures alone ; but, as all scholars in elocution can learn more readily and quickly as well as thoroughly by a few examples and instructions from the living model, it is deemed quite unnecessary to swell this volume with a detail of numerous laws and rules.

As an aid to the more proper understanding of this subject,

several figures have been introduced, designed to give the scholar a general idea of appropriate gestures, and also to enable him to exercise his own judgment and taste, in the use of such other gestures as will serve to illustrate and enforce the various sentiments and thoughts which he may wish to utter.

The use of such gestures as will give a graceful and impressive action is highly desirable, as it is one of the very highest accomplishments of the orator ; and, its importance gives it a just claim to the particular attention of all teachers of Elocution.

Representations of many of the Emotions, Passions, and Feelings of the Human Mind.

In Devotion or Adoration, the body is quite erect ; the head thrown somewhat back ; the hands clasped and placed on the breast ; the eyes turned upward, sometimes closed, however ; one foot placed a little in advance of the other. The position should be steady, unattended with gestures either of the hands or body. In cases, also, in which the person is in a kneeling posture, the body, head, and hands should be in the same position as when the person is in a standing posture. The voice mild and gentle.



DEVOTION.

In Supplication or Entreating, the head and shoulders are thrown quite back ; the hands laid one over the other and placed on the breast ; the eyes turned upward, sometimes closed, however ; the feet to be placed near each other. During the act of supplication there should be no gestures of the hands or body, except that, occasionally, when the suppliant is in great earnestness, the hands thus placed may be somewhat raised, particularly when supplication is made to another human being. The voice mild, but persuasive.



SUPPLICATION.



ADMIRATION.

In Admiration or Regard, the body is erect ; both arms extended ; the hands thrown open ; the feet placed side by side ; the eyes fixed, with much intense-ness, on the object or objects, sometimes raised, the whole mind and attention riveted to the subject. There should be no other gestures than that some-times when the admiration is very in-tense, the hands may be somewhat raised. The voice should be soft and flattering.



JOY.

In Joy or Mirth, the arms are ex-tended ; the right hand and arm somewhat elevated ; the left arm and hand elevated to a right angle with the body ; the hands both thrown open, sometimes waved ; the body thrown somewhat back, inclining to the left side. When to excess so as to produce laughter or mirth, the whole body is shaken ; the mouth is opened ; the nose is crisped ; the aperture of the eyes is lessened. The voice some-what elevated and quite animated.



NARRATION.

In Narration or Description, the body is erect ; the left arm extended and thrown out a little from the body, either with or without any thing in the hand ; the right arm a little bent, the hand thrown open, and a little distance from the body. In cases of very considerable excitement, the right arm may be somewhat raised ; the feet placed a little apart, and somewhat thrown out. The head should not be much moved, except in cases of great earnestness. The voice should be somewhat elevated, but firm and steady, with considerable uniformity of expression.

In Firmness or Determination, the arms are folded together ; the body erect and firm ; the head a little inclined to one side ; the eyes fixed and steady in their purpose ; the lips closed and somewhat contracted ; under great excitement, the body and head may be a little inclined forward and backward ; and, sometimes the hands clasped. The voice should be considerably elevated, not very loud, however. In Resolution or great Earnestness the gestures are a little changed by a small effort with the hands clasped and a little extended.



FIRMNESS.

In Argument or Debate, the body and head are erect ; the body a little inclined either to the right or left, more generally to the left ; the eyes fixed on some object ; the right arm from the elbow a little extended from the body, and generally with the fore finger projecting ; the left arm a little bent, the hand open, and placed near the body ; the feet placed near each other. In great earnestness there is oftentimes some motion upward and extension of the right arm, or both. The voice should be mild and persuasive, though firm and generally uniform, except under much excitement, when it should be raised.



ARGUMENT.

In Authority or Commanding, &c., the body is erect ; the head is kept steady and firm ; the right arm is projected or extended forward ; the hand is thrown open ; the left arm falls quietly by the side ; the countenance is open ; the eyebrows are drawn down a little, giving the person an air of gravity. In commanding, a peremptory tone of voice and a severe look are required. Generally a person in authority speaks with a firm but somewhat elevated tone of voice.



AUTHORITY.



AMAZEMENT.

In Amazement, Wonder, or Astonishment, the body is erect, sometimes thrown a little backward ; the muscular system rigid and firm ; the arms raised ; the hands are open outward, the arms drawn upward, the hands projected ; the countenance open ; the eyes quite opened, glaring, and sometimes fixed ; one foot placed a little before the other. The voice is generally quicker than usual, and quite unnatural. Sometimes the person is quite unable to speak when the wonder or astonishment is very great.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

In Disappointment, the body is erect ; the head is also erect and fixed ; the hands and arms fall suddenly by the side ; the countenance appears sad and melancholy ; the eyes are downcast and heavy ; the whole body and limbs quite motionless. The voice, if the person speaks at all, is quite suppressed and faltering, the words few, and often interrupted by sighs.



AVERSION.

In Aversion or Dislike, the body somewhat retreats ; the head is averted ; the arms are projected out against the object, the hands open or spread out to keep it off ; the feet retire ; the eyes are withdrawn ; the countenance presents a frown upon it. The voice is quite changed, and the words spoken in a suppressed tone.

In Despondency, Despair, or Melancholy, there is a relaxation of the nerves, languor without motion; the head hanging at the "side next the heart;" the eyes generally fixed on the ground; the hands hanging down without effort, and joined loosely together; the countenance gloomy, and motionless; the lower jaw falls; the words few, and interrupted by sighs. The tone of voice very much suppressed and faltering.



DESPONDENCY.

In Terror, Fear, or Horror, the body and one foot are drawn back; the whole body starts; the elbows are drawn back parallel to the sides; the hands are thrown open and forward to guard the person; the countenance has an air of wildness; the eyebrows are drawn down; the face generally becomes pale; the heart beats violently; the breath is quick, the voice weak and trembling. Sometimes terror or fear produces shrieks and fainting. Horror generally rivets the eyes of the person on its object.



TERROR.

In Distress, Grief, or Anguish, the body and head are thrown back; the palm of the hand is placed upon the forehead; the other hand is thrown out or backward from the body; the eyes generally inflamed or tearful. In grief or anguish, the eyes, and sometimes in distress also, the person weeps, and the eyes are lifted up to heaven. The voice is somewhat suppressed, and very frequently interrupted by sighs.



DISTRESS.



ANGER.

In Anger, the whole body is generally agitated; the right hand is thrown out with a clinched fist or hand; the eyes staring, rolling, sparkling; the eyebrows drawn over them, the forehead wrinkled, the nostrils stretched, every vein swelled, every muscle strained: when anger is violent, the mouth is opened, showing the teeth in a gnashing posture; and sometimes stamping of the feet; and the voice is rapid and interrupted.

Pride assumes a lofty look, sometimes the body thrown back; the eyes open; the mouth pouting; the words slow and stiff, with an air of importance; and, sometimes the arms akimbo.

Courage opens the countenance, and gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The voice is firm, and the accent strong and articulate.

Shame turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with blushes; casts down the head and eyes; draws down the eyebrows; makes the tongue to falter, or strikes the person dumb.

Remorse casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety. Sometimes the teeth gnash, and the right hand beats the breast.

As many persons who make the gestures tolerably well, place their hands and feet in very awkward and improper positions, a few figures of each are here inserted.





Many other figures, to represent the passions, &c., might be inserted; but, it is believed that a sufficient quantity has been inserted to answer the purpose intended, as stated at the commencement of this chapter.

PARTICULAR FAULTS IN GESTURES.

As there are a great many faults in the use of gestures, committed by almost all public speakers, it will be well, no doubt, to point out or hint at some of the most prominent and objectionable ones, for the consideration both of teacher and pupil.

1st. *Not standing erect and firm*, and in such a posture as to expand the chest and give full play to the organs of respiration and utterance. This fault should be very carefully guarded against.

2d. *Sustaining the weight of the body equally on both feet*. This course renders change exceedingly inconvenient, as will be found on trial; and, it is otherwise very objectionable, particularly as the attitude is such that it can not be shifted with ease, and without shuffling and hitching the limbs. The attitude most favorable is that in which the weight of the body is thrown upon one limb, the other being left free to be advanced or thrown back, as fatigue or correct action in delivery may require.

3d. *The speaker not looking the audience in the face*. The eyes should be constantly directed to the audience, but not on any individual so as to make him a special object of address. Sometimes this fault leads the eyes of the speaker entirely away from the audience; but, whenever the audience is spoken to, the eyes of the speaker should meet theirs.

4th. *Separating the feet too far from each other*, thus destroying the simplicity of the standing posture adapted to oratory, and giving to the person a swaggering air; or, where the feet are on a line with each other, a very awkward and ungainly appearance.

5th. *Changing the position too frequently*, which always indicates

uneasiness and anxiety. This should be rigidly avoided, as from sympathy, the audience will also become uneasy and anxious; and, of course, inattentive.

6th. *Showing an excessive or unnatural action of the countenance*, or an excess or extravagance of manner generally, especially an expression of *assumed* excitement. This is quite distinguishable and remote from the force, propriety, and effect of natural expression, which, when characterized by strength and loveliness, commands alike the judgment and the heart.

7th. *Turning the head too rapidly*, or in a jerking manner. Its movements on its axis should be moderate or slow, never rapid or sudden.

8th. *Not keeping the limb straight on which the body is sustained*, and not gently bending the free one. The body is, by this fault, thrown out of the erect position, and presents the appearance of a falling building. The supporting limb should be straight, but not rigid, and the knee of the other limb bent in an easy, natural manner. These directions are positively necessary to a graceful and erect position.

9th. *Keeping the same position for too long a period*. The feet should always change their position at marked transitions of thought; should advance in the more animated, and retire in the calmer parts of a discourse. They should not be moved at all without some reference to the sentiment and character of the discourse. These changes should never be carried so far, however, as to imply restlessness in the speaker.

10th. *Separating the fingers from each other*. The approximation of the fingers in the manner described in the natural position of the hand, is essential to force and expression in its general movements. Sometimes in its elevated positions and when held vertically, the fingers are properly separated, particularly in the expression of strong emotion; never, however, when the hand is employed to mark emphasis, in a downward direction, and seldom in ordinary public speaking.

11th. *Following the hand with the eye*, as if for the purpose of adjusting the gesture. This is particularly objectionable, and should always be avoided.

12th. *Too freely using the left hand*. The right hand should be principally employed in public speaking. The left may be used, when addressing persons on the left side: also, for the purpose of pointing out objects in that direction; occasionally for variety; and in the expression of strong emotion, in order to support the right hand. In public speaking, however, the action of the right should maintain a great predominance.

These faults and several others which might be stated are of not unfrequent occurrence, and are connected more or less with a certain stiffness of appearance, which conveys to the audience the notion or idea of distress on the part of the speaker, and should be faithfully guarded against by every person who wishes to render himself an agreeable and impressive public speaker.

COBB'S SPEAKER.

LESSON I.

ENLIGHTENED PHILANTHROPY.

[Extract from an Address delivered at Raleigh on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the North Carolina Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, April 14, 1848, by H. P. PEET, President of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.]

1. THE cause of enlightened philanthropy has made such rapid progress during the last half century, that the generous and sanguine, almost forgetting that injustice and violence, still, at times, desolate the earth, might well dream of the approach of the millennium. For what can more strongly mark the moral condition of that happy period, than to see the tree of knowledge, bearing the fruit of good, unmixed with evil? To see the researches of science devoted to the discovery of means for the relief of affliction?

2. To lift the degraded, to comfort the afflicted, to enlighten the ignorant, to supply eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and a tongue to the dumb, are tasks worthy of the highest ambition: tasks, which those, who would humbly follow in the footsteps of the Redeemer, and do what is given them to do in preparing the way for his second coming, are encouraged to undertake by many precious promises.

3. No one can read the rapt visions of the prophet, figuring the blessedness that is to overspread the earth under the Gospel dispensation, without being struck by the prominence given to the relief of the blind, and of the deaf and dumb. We can not

doubt that these prophecies look beyond the literal fulfilment, in comparatively few cases, during the life-time of the Savior, and are now receiving a more general, though less literal accomplishment, in the success and rapid increase of institutions of benevolence.

4. Of all the children of affliction, there are none whose lot appeals more strongly to our feelings of humanity, than that of the uninstructed deaf and dumb. Though bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, eating at our tables, sitting at our firesides, and even kneeling at our family altars; bearing the image of the Creator, gifted with faculties for intellectual and moral excellence, and possessing souls that must live, think, and feel for ever, they have been, for almost countless generations, shut out of the pale of social and religious privileges.

5. We may, without exaggeration, pronounce them less fortunate than the lower animals, for they had few or no enjoyments beyond those common to the latter, and the faculties that lay dormant within them, served but to show them glimpses of the higher enjoyments of the intellectual and spiritual world, beaming from the eyes of their more fortunate kindred, and awakening in themselves desires doomed to rest ever unsatisfied. Such was the life of the deaf mute, passed in mental and moral darkness, and deeper and more hopeless darkness rested on its closing hour.

6. But the light has dawned at last. The prophecy that *the deaf shall hear the word*,* has been in part fulfilled, and the *good tidings of great joy to all people*, are, in our day, proclaimed to those, who, of all men most needing the promises and consolations of the Gospel, had been, for centuries upon centuries, alone of all men, cut off from those promises and consolations. Surely if there is any act which we may reverently suppose to be acceptable to the God of Love, it is the act of taking by the hand our poor, ignorant, and afflicted deaf and dumb brother, and leading him to the blessed fountains of knowledge; of the knowledge that brightens the otherwise cheerless scenes of life; and of that higher knowledge that takes the sting from death.

* Isaiah xxix. 18.

LESSON II.

INSTRUCTION BY LECTURES.—B. F. BUTLER.

1. THE communication of instruction by oral discourses or lectures, well accords with the social nature of man, and with the other parts of his intellectual and moral constitution. As might therefore be expected, it is coeval with the history of civilization itself. Indeed, until the invention of the art of printing, it was the only method by which knowledge could be diffused among the mass of the community.

2. It was through this medium, that the inspired lawgiver of the Hebrews made known to his rude and intractable countrymen, the principles of religion, the rules of moral duty, and the institutions and requirements of civil and ecclesiastical polity. The solemn instructions, the stern reproofs, and the impassioned appeals of the teachers and prophets who succeeded him, were, for the most part, communicated, in the first instance, in this way.

3. It was by this method, also, that the Grecian philosophers, within the walls of their academies, or in the surrounding groves, taught those who frequented their respective schools. Socrates, the wisest and most useful of their number, carried the practice still farther. He did not confine himself to a school or to select hearers; he lectured and debated in all places, and on all occasions; to promiscuous crowds of the common people, as well as to graver assemblies of the higher classes. He was thus, (says Cicero,) the first who called down Philosophy from heaven; gave her a residence in cities; introduced her to the fireside; and made her familiar with the affairs and duties of ordinary life.

4. A teacher more illustrious than Socrates, one who really deserved the lofty panegyric of the Roman orator; the teacher who spake as never man spake, adopted the like method of imparting knowledge on the most sacred and momentous of subjects. His early followers, the men chosen to confound the wisdom, to confute the philosophy, and to overthrow the might of this world, pursued, substantially, the same course.

5. Although the art of printing has furnished new and marvelous facilities for instructing and influencing mankind, it has not superseded the popular lecture. No community exists in which the art of reading, at least of reading with fluency, and with quick apprehension of the matter read, is universal; and of those who possess this talent, many will not employ it to advantage. Others, with the ability and the inclination to read, have few or no books of a useful nature; or they may not find leisure to read such books as they possess. Then, too, the instruction which comes to us from the lips of the living teacher, appeals more directly to the senses, awakens a greater interest, and makes a more lasting impression, than the mere perusal of the same words.

6. When accompanied by the higher graces of eloquence and oratory, it becomes exceedingly attractive; the imagination is quickened and delighted; the taste is gratified; and the mind enjoys one of the richest pleasures of which it is susceptible. With only a moderate share of these advantages, it is yet one of the most agreeable and effective modes of imparting knowledge, of bringing it home "to the business and the bosoms" of individuals, and of diffusing it among the masses. Especially is this the case where the object of the instructor is to influence the affections as well as the understanding, and where urgent and pathetic appeals may properly compose a large part of the discourse.

7. The most impressive illustration of these principles is to be found in the history of the Christian ministry; and it may, without irreverence, be presumed, that reference was had to them in its establishment. For eighteen centuries it has shed over a benighted world the rays of heavenly truth; and this ministry of good it is destined to perform, with still increasing radiance, until at length "the LIGHT himself," in unclouded and eternal day, "shall shine revealed" to the whole family of man.

8. In modern times, and by a natural extension of its capabilities, popular addresses have been employed as a means of reaching the ear, and influencing the mind of the community on questions of a social and public nature, not within the ordinary cognizance of the pulpit. In Great Britain, and some other parts of Europe, as

well as in our own country, this mode of explaining, inculcating, and defending the views of the speaker upon such questions, has been long and frequently resorted to with much effect. In times of great political excitement, when the attention is easily roused, and the public mind is eager for discussion, its influence is great. It has also been used with great success in aid of the various enterprises for meliorating the condition of our species, which have conferred on this age so much and such substantial glory.

9. Not to specify other instances, the temperance reform, which, despite of some mistakes and imprudences, may justly be ranked among the greatest results of modern philanthropy, was mainly accomplished by it. If many wild and impracticable theories have, in this way, been put before the public; and, if the popular mind has often been agitated and sometimes deluded by them, it must yet be admitted, that much of the progress which has been made in political knowledge and in social improvement, within the last half century, is to be ascribed to this instrumentality.

10. There is yet another use of the popular lecture, which demands from us, on the present occasion, a more particular consideration. It has, of late, been much employed in our cities and large villages, for the discussion of literary and scientific subjects, and for the diffusion of knowledge on such topics; and this is a sufficient proof of its general adaptation to this end. But to exhibit its true value in this respect, and to point out the proper mode of employing it to advantage, it will be necessary to speak advisedly and with proper discrimination. In the first place, it should be distinctly understood, that it is impossible to gain thorough knowledge, in any particular department of literature or science, by merely listening to popular lectures.

11. The form which must be given to such discourses, in order to secure the attention of a promiscuous assembly, is inconsistent with the severity and minuteness which are often necessary to the proper treatment of the subject; and the rapidity with which the speaker passes from one proposition to another, prevents the hearer from giving that attention to each, which may, perhaps, be needful to a clear understanding of the address. In some instances,

also, the habit of attending upon such lectures, especially if frequent and on many different subjects, may beget a passion for this species of intellectual entertainment, which, so far from instructing, may only dissipate the mind, and prove, in the end, a hinderance rather than a help to full and accurate information.

LESSON III.

EDUCATIONAL WANTS OF THE WEST.

[Extract from a Sermon preached in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1848, by
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.]

1. To say that ten millions of people were suddenly cast into a capacious valley; to say that never before was there so vast a population suddenly rooted on a soil on which they were not born; to say that the West is a vast repository; a museum of men; a world in epitome, would give you no idea of what is actually true.

2. To say that this million-multitude, urging their impetuous course to the Westward from revolutionary Europe, hastening from the uprising deluge, have come with ideas as diverse as features; with customs not less foreign than their costumes; the canny Scotch; the mercurial Irish; the plodding English; the phlegmatic German; the effervescent French; the inveterate and unchangeable ever-wandering Jew; the New Englander and the Southerner; all this is to give only an outside picture to the imagination.

3. We glance lightly across the motley multitude; their rude abundance, their hard hospitality, their trafficking, their husbandry, their shades of agreement, or their strange and contrasting dissimilarities; and, although the mind finds perpetual amusement in such view, we ponder deeper questions, we ruminate upon deeper interests.

4. Those foreigners are not now foreign; they are denizens.

Those odd and outlandish ways are *causes*, nevertheless. This vast and various population is carrying a vast and various mind; they *think*, and make thought; they feel, and produce feeling; they will, and execute their volitions. They do not stand each in his place, like the trees of a girdled forest; like long, bare, gray trunks in a clearing, neither intertwined by root nor locked by branch; but they are living powers, roused by great causes to intense activity; they are moulding each other, and there is to be a RESULT.

5. The statesman, forecasting, asks what shall be this result, and all its economic bearings. The philanthropic citizen earnestly wishes to know whether so mighty a movement as this is to enrich or destroy us. Chiefly the Christian, long praying, "Thy kingdom come," and proudly rejoicing to believe our land destined to be the apostle of nations, turns hither his anxious heart to know what the end of all these things shall be. It is impossible to tell *what*. We may nearly discriminate whether it shall be glorious or wretched; but the degrees and characteristic peculiarities of either, none can tell.

6. We know that a fusion of races has always been for the advantage of the product; and we can hopefully anticipate upon physiological grounds, a nobler race of men in bodily equipment from this vast commingling of bloods than ever before walked and developed the earth. It is not the sluggish concourse of lazy streams, leaving the waters on the top to stagnate, while, by precipitation, it deposits mud below. It is the coming together of vigorous men, youthful, developed, energetic, and bearing their national traits susceptible of transmission.

7. In this generation, the Irish and German shall yield a race of children to be commingled in the next with the Southerner and the New Englander. In a third generation these again will mix with the hardy constitution of the Scotch, or the cheer and hilarious patience of the French. But the Southerner will retain his propensities; the Scot will die with his strongly marked peculiarities. The Irish and the German will be as broadly distinguished after living fourscore years upon our soil, as on the day they landed.

8. No man can have gone through the western country without being struck with the universal tendency to Equality, without having felt how sweet a thing it is for man to find out that he is a man. Each man seems to say in his mien, carriage, and deportment; "There is not a man in this community that is by race, or law, or custom, more a man than I am. My vote is worth as much as another man's. I am an independent citizen of a great nation."

9. Many will look with disgust upon the assumption of a peasant to stand upon an equality with those, in older societies, above him. They scorn a liberty that makes his vote equal to the vote of Bacon or Newton; as heavy, as decisive. But they who have longed to know how to raise up the masses of men, to give dignity and culture to rude and low, rejoice in any change or condition that brings upon men the responsibility of men, gives a sense of character, and educates them to the duties and rights of citizenship.

10. The men that were nothing here, have grown to be much there. There was no room for them here, the land was crowded. But, swept by Emigration, they subside in the Western valleys, and yield a harvest of fruits not possible before. Men that had no room to grow before they emigrated, shoot up with great force when set free from the pressure of older circumstances.

11. Emigration brings the mind out of a mechanical and conservative state into a *creative* one. The tendency here is to Conservatism. A young man begins to earn and continues to earn till 50 or 60 years of age; then there is a mutation. There is now the fear of losing what he has already gained. Age is the very nest in which misers are bred.

12. It is so with nations. When young they are vigorous, active, creative; but as they grow rich and have more to take care of, they too insensibly change, and their vocation is to be guardians of the wealth they have hoarded. The great characteristic of mind in our young settlements is, that it is wide awake, and little anxious about past acquisitions or congealed and consolidated institutions.

13. In our age, and in our country, Emigration brings the

human mind into the best condition for the propagation of religion and refinement. The stubbornness and prejudice of old and fixed ways are broken up. All things are new. The daily necessity is to receive new ideas ; to perform new actions. To create, to receive, to progress, is the very law of new communities. The repellencies of older society are not yet developed. The mind is hungry, active, absorbent.

14. It is said that emigration tends to barbarism, because men leave their institutions behind them ; but they have not left that instinct behind them by which they must have some institutions. They have left those which were old, rickety, and decayed as their houses ; but, thank God, they can make other and better. In old communities, laws are made to preserve the possessions of the rich ; in new settlements they are made to protect the poor, because they are made by the poor.

15. The great need of the mind in such a state, is institutions adapted to mould ; that shall educate them, not restrain, not oppress them. The mind never takes a firm, fixed aspect, except under *continued* influences. It is not action, but *courses* of action, that give stamp and character to men. That which men need is not a gleam or sheet of light, but a sun that shall shine all the time, giving them a permanent daylight ; they need centres of permanent influence. This is the true way of educating men.

LESSON IV.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.—IRVING.

1. THE fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of com-

plexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country.

2. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town can not easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favorably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities.

3. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the laboring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly; the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated, the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

4. In rural occupation, there is nothing mean or debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough but he can not be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower order of cities.

5. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heart-felt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country, bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is

one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country, and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

6. To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape.

7. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her; they have wooed her in her most secret haunts; they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze; a leaf could not rustle to the ground; a diamond drop could not patter in the stream; a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

8. The effects of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations, has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose, and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

9. The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of

hoary usage, and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, its scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar; the parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants; the stile and foot-path leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedge-rows, according to the immemorial right of way; the neighboring village, and its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported; the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape, evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues, and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

10. It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments, which their own hands have spread around them.

11. It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I can not close these desultory remarks better, than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity:

12. Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crowned with shade,

But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roofed shed,
This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place ;
Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
Can centre in a little quiet nest,
All that desire would fly for through the earth ;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed ; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven ;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.

LESSON V.

BATTLE WITH LIFE.—DICKENS' "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

1. BEAR thee up bravely,
Strong heart and true !
Meet thy woes gravely,
Strive with them too !
Let them not win from thee
Tear of regret,
Such were a sin from thee,
Hope for good yet !
2. Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul ;
Mournfully stooping
'Neath grief's control !
Far o'er the gloom that lies,
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

3. Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily bind.
Rise on thy eagle wings
Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be!
4. Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Droop not so gravely,
Bold heart and true!
Clear rays of streaming light
Shine through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright
E'en round the tomb!
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LESSON VI.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE IN RUSSIA.—R. K. PORTER.

1. NOTHING interesting presenting itself, we travelled onwards, through towns and villages, and over a dreary country, rendered many times more so by the season. All around was a vast wintry flat; and frequently not a vestige of man or of cultivation was seen, not even a solitary tree, to break the boundless expanse of snow. Indeed, no idea can be formed of the immense plains we traversed, unless you imagine yourself at sea, far, far from the sight of land.

2. The Arabian deserts can not be more awful to the eye than the appearance of this scene. Such is the general aspect of the country during the rigors of winter, with now and then an exception of a large forest skirting the horizon for a considerable length of way. At intervals as you shoot along, you see openings among

its lofty trees, from which emerge picturesque groups of natives and their one-horse sledges, whereon are placed the different articles of commerce, going to various parts of this empire.

3. They travel in vast numbers, and from all quarters, seldom fewer than one hundred and fifty in a string, having a driver to every seventh horse. The effect of this cavalcade at a distance is very curious; and in a morning, as they advance towards you, the scene is as beautiful as striking. The sun, then rising, throws his rays across the snow, transforming it to the sight into a surface of diamonds.

4. From the cold of the night every man and horse is incrustated with these frosty particles; and the beams falling on them too, seem to cover their rude faces and rugged habits with a tissue of the most dazzling brilliants. The manes of the horses, and the long beards of the men, from the quantity of congealed breath, have a particularly glittering effect.

LESSON VII.

EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.—E. D. CLARKE.

1. WITH what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this artificial mountain, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below.

2. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and, being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respira-

tion, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit.

3. The mode of ascent has been frequently described ; and yet from the questions that are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high ; and the breadth of each step is equal to its height ; consequently the footing is secure ; and although a retrospect in going up, be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling.

4. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required ; and an Arab guide is always necessary, to avoid a total interruption ; but on the whole, the means of ascent are such, that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.

5. These could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At last we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform, thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a tun ; although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid.

6. Travellers of all ages, and of various nations, have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival : it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking ; and, presently, every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

LESSON VIII.

VISITING THE POOR AND NEGLECTED.—REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. Not long since, I addressed you on the duty which is incumbent on us all, on every individual of the more prosperous classes, to visit the poor and neglected. I believe that the suggestions then made, commended themselves to your feelings and consciences. Some of you, I know, undertook the task.

2. But you found it more difficult than you expected. You felt that you needed a training for the purpose; and I believe that you have reluctantly intermitted your exertions. I can not altogether relinquish that object; it is the point to which society ought ultimately to come. But, perhaps, it is true, that "a ministry at large" must prepare the way for it.

3. At any rate, I say, if you will not, or can not, go yourselves to visit the poor, then send some minister of your beneficence and sympathy among them. And think not to send an inferior or ordinary man to them. I know of no ministerial function in the world that requires more delicacy, more discrimination, and judgment, and varied talent, than this.

4. Send, therefore, such a one among your poor and neglected brethren. He will be a messenger of mercy to them. He will be their adviser and friend. They want advice, they want friendship, far more than they want money. The voice of friendship from the classes above them, they have seldom heard. It fills their hearts with wonder, and their eyes with tears, to hear it. I speak of facts.

5. There are records of that blessed ministry which would make you weep with joy, if you could read them; gratitude beaming from many a lately sad and despairing brow, because the vicious husband, or father, or son, is restored to his suffering family; light exchanged for darkness in many a poor dwelling; comfort for miserable destitution; purity for pollution; peace for distraction; men and women that lately were raging like demons, cursing man and God, now sitting in peace and in their right mind; sitting to-

gether a happy family, and blessing, as more than light and life, the visitation of that beneficent ministry. Send that visitation, my brethren, to the poor; and "the blessing of many ready to perish shall come upon you."

6. Once more, I say, send that visitation to the poor, and send it in good hope and confidence. It is not necessary that the world should be given up to sin and misery. It is not necessary that cities or countries should grow dissolute as they grow wealthy and populous. There is power enough in society, were it but exerted, to save it from its worst vices and sufferings. Oh! would men but understand that great mystery of Christianity, too seldom solved by experience, that the offices of philanthropy are the most blessed and sublime privileges of our being; that it is not what we do for ourselves, but what we do for others, that makes our glory and happiness! would men but do each other good as they have done each other evil! and instead of kingdoms and armies banded together for strife and slaughter, would that the associated power of the human race were put forth to heal the wounds and woes of life!

7. Come that day, looked after and longed for through ages; seen dimly through the tears of faith and prayer; seen clearly and brightly only in the vision of prophecy; the day of the second coming of Christ; the reign for a thousand years, of truth and mercy on earth! Come that day, when "the rich and poor shall meet together," and God shall be acknowledged as "the Maker of them all!" Come the day, when cities shall be purged from their iniquities, and nations shall dwell in peace and happiness!

8. Brethren, are not some harbingers of that coming day; some stars in the east, shining before the pathway of nations? In that great school of virtue and knowledge which has been opened on earth for six thousand years, hath not something been already learned? Is not the world growing wiser, and will it not yet become too wise to bear the unnecessary miseries of war, and oppression, and vice?

9. Hath not the nation come into being *on these very shores*, which shall fulfil some of the hopes of long-suffering humanity?

Are not ours the communities? are not ours the cities, that shall perform this glorious work? Alas! that it should be a question, when it is in our own power to make it a sublime certainty. Men of our cities and of our communities! to you I put that question. Young men and old men! matrons and maidens! I put the question to you.

10. Young men! whose virtues or vices are rolling the mighty burden of consequences on future times; men of prosperous fortune and abounding wealth! to whom God has intrusted the most glorious stewardship ever committed to mortals; and ye of the softer sex! to whom modern philanthropy hath opened a sphere of exertion, fair as your noblest sentiments and most beautiful virtues could desire; I put the question to you; I put it to you all. And remember, that futurity; yes, the future welfare or woe of your children, shall answer it, in joy and gladness, or shall answer it in tears and blood!

LESSON IX.

CLAIMS OF THE INDIANS.—COL. DRAYTON.—SOUTHERN REVIEW.

1. WE are not unapprized of the existence of a class of moralists, who limit the right to land on this continent to the Aborigines, and to those who derive their title from them. We shall not formally discuss this position, which we conceive to be more proper for the abstraction of schoolmen, than for the investigation of statesmen and jurists. Those lawless Indian hordes, once so powerful and terrible, capable of crushing the united bands of our ancestors, have now dwindled into comparative insignificance.

2. Their numbers reduced, their warlike fire quenched; instead of inspiring fear, they are objects of commiseration. Policy and humanity dictate that they should be treated with considerate and liberal kindness, not, as some insist, because we have trampled upon their sovereignty, diminished their population, and usurped

their soil, but because from the natural course of circumstances, they have become empoverished and helpless, the rude savage invariably contracting the vices without participating in the virtues and useful attainments of his civilized neighbors.

3. We have never been able to discover any force in the argument, that as the Indians were the Aborigines of North America, and were scattered over its soil, they, therefore, by the law of nature, were the owners of it; but we do discover an infinity of injurious consequences arising from the acknowledgment of the exclusive empire of the savage, over a territory never cultivated by his arm, nor seen by his eye. We can perceive neither justice, nor wisdom, nor humanity, in arresting the progress of order and science, that unproductive and barren wastes may be reserved for the roaming barbarian.

4. We shall never justify the tyranny of the strong, the vigilant, and the enlightened, over the feeble, the indolent, and the simple. We contend for no more, than that our forefathers, with untroubled consciences, might seat themselves upon fields far distant from human habitations, might possess themselves of forests which the red man had never traversed, and of rivers and lakes, whose surface he had never ruffled, but in the distant pursuit of his enemy or his prey.

5. "All mankind," says Vattel, "have an equal right to the things that have not yet fallen into the possession of any one; and these things belong to the first possessor." "There is another celebrated question to which the discovery of the new world has principally given rise. It is asked, if a nation may lawfully take possession of a vast country, in which there are found none but erratic nations, incapable, by the smallness of their numbers, to people the whole?

6. "We have already said, that the earth belongs to the whole human race, and was designed to furnish it with subsistence: if each nation had resolved from the beginning, to appropriate to itself a vast country, that the people might live only by hunting, fishing, and wild fruits, our globe would not be sufficient to maintain a tenth part of its present inhabitants. People, then, have

not deviated from the views of nature in confining Indians to their narrow limits."

7. To lay down rules distinguishing cases, in which nations may, and in which they may not take possession of vacant lands, would be difficult, if not impracticable. It would, we presume, be denied by no one, that the means of the Indian's subsistence, in his accustomed modes, should not be invaded; but that what he neither uses nor needs, nor ever could have an opportunity of even claiming, may be appropriated by others, would seem to be equally just. Upon this, as upon many other questions under the law of nature, perplexities will occur: in disposing of them we ought to be governed by the precepts of religion and morals, which teach us, that power is not synonymous with right, and that peculiar forbearance should be observed towards the defenceless and the ignorant.

LESSON X.

TO THE SUSQUEHANNA, ON ITS JUNCTION WITH THE
LACKAWANA.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. RUSH on, glad stream, in thy power and pride,
To claim the hand of thy promised bride;
For she hastes from the realm of the darkened mine,
To mingle her murmured vows with thine;
Ye have met, ye have met, and your shores prolong
The liquid tone of your nuptial song.
2. Methinks ye wed, as the white man's son
And the child of the Indian king have done.
I saw thy bride, as she strove in vain
To cleanse her brow from the carbon stain;
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true,
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.

3. Her birth was rude in a mountain-cell,
And her infant freaks there are none to tell ;
Yet the path of her beauty was wild and free,
And in dell and forest she hid from thee ;
But the day of her fond caprice is o'er,
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.
 4. Pass on, in the joy of thy blended tide,
Through the land where the blessed Miquon* died.
No red man's blood, with its guilty stain,
Hath cried unto God from that broad domain.
With the seeds of peace they have sown the soil ;
Bring a harvest of wealth for their hour of toil.
 5. On, on, through the vale where the brave ones sleep,
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep ;
I have stood on the mountain, and roamed through the glen
To the beautiful homes of the western men ;
Yet naught in that reign of glory could see
So fair as the vale of Wyoming to me.
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LESSON XI.

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPITAL.

1. THE ancient city of Mexico covered the same spot occupied by the modern capital. The great causeways touched it in the same

* A name given by the native Indians of Pennsylvania to William Penn. His kind and pacific treatment of them won their affections, and the Delawares were accustomed to call him their "beloved elder brother."—"The great and good Miquon came to us," said they, "bringing peace and goodwill." His treaty made with them, under the great elm-tree at Shackamaxon, where Kensington now stands, has been eloquently styled, "The only treaty ratified without an oath, and the only one that was never broken."

points ; the streets ran in much the same direction, nearly from north to south, and from east to west ; the cathedral in the *plaza mayor* stands on the same ground that was covered by the temple of the Aztec war-god ; and the four principal quarters of the town are still known among the Indians by their ancient names.

2. Yet an Aztec of the days of Montezuma, could he behold the modern metropolis, which has risen with such phenix-like splendor from the ashes of the old, would not recognise its site as that of his own Tenochtitlan. For the latter was encompassed by the salt floods of Tezcuco, which flowed in ample canals through every part of the city ; while the Mexico of our day, stands high and dry on the main land, nearly a league distant, at its centre, from the water. The cause of this apparent change in its position is the diminution of the lake, which, from the rapidity of evaporation in these elevated regions, had become perceptible before the Conquest, but which has since been greatly accelerated by artificial causes.

3. The average level of the Tezucan lake, at the present day, is but four feet lower than the great square of Mexico. It is considerably lower than the other great basins of water which are found in the valley. In the heavy swell sometimes caused by long and excessive rains, the latter reservoirs anciently overflowed into the Tezcuco, which, rising with the accumulated volume of waters, burst through the dikes, and pouring into the streets of the capital, buried the lower part of the buildings under a deluge. This was comparatively a light evil, when the houses stood on piles so elevated that boats might pass under them ; when the streets were canals, and the ordinary mode of communication was by water.

4. But it became more disastrous, as the canals, filled up with the rubbish of the ruined Indian city, were supplanted by streets of solid earth, and the foundations of the capital were gradually reclaimed from the watery element. To obviate this alarming evil, the famous drain of Huehuetoca was opened at an enormous cost, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and Mexico, after repeated inundations, has at length been placed above the reach of the flood.

5. But what was gained to the useful in this case, as in some others, has been purchased at the expense of the beautiful. By this shrinking of the waters, the bright towns and hamlets, once washed by them, have been removed some miles into the interior, while a barren strip of land, ghastly from the incrustation of salts formed on the surface, has taken the place of the growing vegetation which once enamelled the borders of the lake, and of the dark groves of oak, cedar, and sycamore which threw their broad shadows over its bosom.

6. The *chinampas*, that archipelago of wandering islands, to which our attention was drawn in the last chapter, have, also, nearly disappeared. These had their origin in the detached masses of earth, which, loosening from the shores, were still held together by the fibrous matter with which they were penetrated. The primitive Aztecs, in their poverty of land, availed themselves of the hint thus afforded by nature. They constructed rafts of reeds, rushes, and other fibrous materials, which, tightly knit together, formed a sufficient basis for the sediment that they drew up from the bottom of the lake.

7. Gradually islands were formed, two or three hundred feet in length, and three or four feet in depth, with a rich stimulated soil, on which the economical Indian raised his vegetables and flowers for the markets of Tenochtitlan. Some of these *chinampas* were even firm enough to allow the growth of small trees, and to sustain a hut for the residence of the person that had charge of it, who with a long pole, resting on the sides or the bottom of the shallow basin, could change the position of his little territory at pleasure, which, with its rich freight of vegetable stores, was seen moving like some enchanted island over the water.

8. The ancient dikes were three in number. That of Iztapalapan, by which the Spaniards entered, approaching the city from the south. That of Tepejacac, on the north, which, continuing the principal street, might be regarded, also, as a continuation of the first causeway. Lastly, the dike of Hacopan, connecting the island-city with the continent on the west. This last causeway, memorable for the disastrous retreat of the Spaniards, was about

two miles in length. They were all built in the same substantial manner, of lime and stone, were defended by draw-bridges, and were wide enough for ten or twelve horsemen to ride abreast.

9. The rude founders of Tenochtitlan built their frail tenements of reeds and rushes on the group of small islands in the western part of the lake. In process of time, these were supplanted by more substantial buildings. A quarry in the neighborhood, of a red porous amygdaloid *tetrontli*, was opened, and a light, brittle stone drawn from it, and wrought with little difficulty. Of this their edifices were constructed, with some reference to architectural solidity, if not elegance. Mexico, as already noticed, was the residence of the great chiefs, whom the sovereign encouraged, or rather compelled, from obvious motives of policy, to spend a part of the year in the capital.

10. It was also the temporary abode of the great lords of Tezcuco and Hacopan, who shared nominally, at least, the sovereignty of the empire. The mansions of these dignitaries, and of the principal nobles, were on a scale of rude magnificence corresponding with their state. They were low, indeed; seldom of more than one floor, never exceeding two. But they spread over a wide extent of ground; were arranged in a quadrangular form, with a court in the centre, and were surrounded by porticoes, embellished with porphyry and jasper, easily found in the neighborhood, while not unfrequently a fountain of crystal water in the centre shed a grateful coolness over the atmosphere.

11. The dwellings of the common people were also placed on foundations of stone, which rose to the height of a few feet, and were then succeeded by courses of unbaked bricks, crossed occasionally, by wooden rafters. Most of the streets were mean and narrow. Some few, however, were wide and of great length. The principal street, conducting from the great southern causeway, penetrated in a straight line the whole length of the city, and afforded a noble vista, in which the long lines of low stone edifices were broken occasionally by intervening gardens, rising on terraces, and displaying all the pomp of Aztec horticulture.

LESSON XII.

INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH.—HUTTON'S BOOK OF NATURE.

Thus, in thy world material, MIGHTY MIND,
Not only that which solaces and shines,
The ROUGH, the GLOOMY challenges our praise.

1. THE treasures of the mineral kingdom, being more concealed, are not as alluring to the senses, and are of course, to most men, less interesting than animals or vegetables; but they present themselves to the reflecting mind under innumerable points of view that are interesting, chiefly as affording the materials on which nature, by her slow, but certain operations, is continually producing changes that tend to augment the multiplication of plants, for the preservation and accommodation of animals; while man, in the meanwhile, is endowed with faculties which enable him to avail himself of the qualities they possess for his own purposes.

2. When we penetrate the dark and subterraneous magazine of Nature, we find veins fraught with the richest METALS; from hence comes that which gives value to the monarch's crown, and weight to his sceptre; which, formed into coins, gives energy and life to traffic, rewards the toils of labor, and puts in the power of the affluent to warm the bosom of adversity, and make the widow and the orphan sing for joy; or, beaten out into an inconceivable thinness, is made to cover with a transcendent lustre some of the coarsest of nature's productions, and render them ornamental in the palace of the great.

3. Here also is laid up the pale brightness of the SILVER, which, formed into a variety of domestic utensils, sets off with peculiar lustre the choicest dainties of the rich man's table. And here is found the ponderous LEAD, from which the cool and clean cistern is formed, as well as those convenient and safe aqueducts, by which the useful element of water is conveyed into the very hearts of our dwellings.

4. Here too are stores of COPPER and TIN, by which sundry

utensils, formed of the former metal, are rendered more safe and fit for use : and here do we find in profuse abundance MINES, whose contents, although they may not be reckoned of equal value, have been found to be more beneficial in their services to man, than any of those already mentioned.

5. IRON furnishes the mechanic, the artist, and the laborer with their most useful implements and tools ; by Iron the farmer is enabled to tear up the most stubborn soil ; Iron secures our dwellings from the midnight thief, and confines, by its massy bars, the disturber of our peace to his gloomy cell ; by means of Iron, the vessel tossed with tempest is firmly attached to a place of safety, or prevented from being broken up by the raging elements, when overtaken by a storm in the midst of the watery waste.

6. In these dark vaults are also found that subtle, insinuating metal, QUICKSILVER, which so much resembles a fluid ; the uses of which in philosophy and medicine are so well known, as well as its importance in various arts and sciences.

7. From hence, also, are extracted a multitude of MINERAL SALTS and SALINE SUBSTANCES, together with a variety of SULPHUREOUS bodies. The astringent Alum, the green Borax, the volatile Nitre, the blue Vitriol of Hungary and Cyprus, the green of Germany and Italy, the shining Bismuth, the glittering Antimony, the brown-colored Cinnabar, the white Chalk, have all an origin in these dark apartments, as also that truly invaluable, black inflammatory substance, COAL, which ministers to our comfort in the room, presents its services in the kitchen, assists the chemist and philosopher in their experiments, renders the work of the artist more easy, transforms the coarsest materials into transparency itself, by which means the light of day is admitted into our dwellings, while the cold inclemency of the weather is excluded ; the astronomer is enabled to extend his researches to worlds before invisible to mortal eye ; the naturalist to observe the minutiae of creation ; and the feeble eyes of old age furnished with new and invigorating powers.

8. From hence, also, is derived that wonderful mineral whose magnetic quality guides the mariner with unerring precision, be-

yond the pillars of Hercules, and enables him to find his solitary way across the pathless deep.

9. Here, also, in these dark recesses are conveniently laid up, a variety of strata of STONES, and beds of FOSSILS; and hence derive their origin a number of valuable JEWELS and transparent GEMS, as well as the firm and compact Marble, the Alabaster, the Porphyry, and the hard pellucid Flint.

10. Here, also, are to be found those quarries of Stones from which are constructed secure and comfortable dwellings for man and beast; by which the arms of the pier are strengthened to repel the surges of the sea; the rampart is raised above the basis nature had formed; our property secured from the depredations of intruders; the arched bridge thrown across the broad and rapid stream, and the stupendous aqueduct carried over the deep-sunk glen.

11. Here, too, are deposited a variety of curious Fossils and extraneous substances, which baffle the wisdom of the wise and puzzle the reasoning of the naturalist to account for: and here are those vast layers of strata of earth, in all their variety, whose nature and uses are more apparent; where the vegetable kingdom derives its support and nutriment, the trees of the forests spread their wide-extended roots, and the tender herb and flower of the field take hold of the dust; where the pliable worm forces itself quietly along, the mole finds its darksome way, the foxes have holes, and the conies bury themselves.

12. Here is that tough and tenacious species of earth which administers its services to man in such a variety of shapes, and acts as a substitute for other commodities in situations where nature has denied them. Are some in want of stones for building? CLAY, by undergoing a process, becomes firm and hard, to withstand the most rigid blasts of winter. Are there no slate quarries in the neighborhood? Clay, in the shape of tiles, forms an excellent substitute. Are we in want of Lead for pipes to convey our water from a distance? Clay comes in seasonably to our aid.

13. In short, by this mean-looking, dirty, and despised substance, we are abundantly supplied with a great variety of utensils and

vessels, neat in their structure, cleanly in the use, and though cheap in the purchase, extremely valuable in point of utility. Here are also commodiously lodged, a variety of other useful earths, which it would encroach too much on our limits to attempt to enumerate.

14. These, with an innumerable variety of other useful and valuable materials, of which those we have mentioned may be considered as only a specimen, are safely locked up by PROVIDENCE *in this great store-house of Nature*, and *the key given to Industry*, to take out and apply as necessity may require, or circumstances direct; and in the disposition of which we may be at a loss what most to admire, the *bounty* of the Creator, in thus so largely making provision for our numerous wants, or his *wisdom* in placing them at such a convenient distance below the earth's surface, as neither to obstruct by their bulk the operations going on upon it, nor to be beyond the reach of moderate labor, when the necessities of man call aloud for their use.

15. How inconvenient would it have been, and what small space left for cultivation, had these useful layers of STONE and LIME, COAL and CLAY, been promiscuously scattered about in our fields and vineyards, or piled up in uncouth, naked, and deformed masses, without the slightest depth of soil for a covering; and how inaccessible to human labor and ingenuity, or to what an expense and loss of time must man have been put in coming at them, had they been sunk miles instead of feet into the bowels of the earth? Reflecting upon these things, we have good reason to exclaim, in *goodness* as well as "*in wisdom* hast thou made them all!"

LESSON XIII.

THE PRAIRIES.—JAMES HALL.

1. THE smaller prairies, or those in which the plain and woodland alternate frequently, are the most beautiful. The points of woodland which make into them like so many capes or promontories,

and the groves which are interspersed like islands, are in these lesser prairies always sufficiently near to be clearly defined to the eye, and to give the scene an interesting variety. We see plains, varying from a few hundred acres to several miles in extent, not perfectly level, but gently rolling and undulating, like the swelling of the ocean when nearly calm.

2. The graceful curve of the surface is seldom broken, except when here and there the eye rests upon one of those huge mounds, which are so pleasing to the poet, and so perplexing to the antiquarian. The whole is overspread with grass and flowers, constituting a rich and varied carpet, in which a ground of lively green is ornamented with a profusion of the gaudiest hues, and fringed with a rich border of forest and thicket. Deep recesses in the edge of the timber resemble the bays and inlets of a lake; while occasionally a long vista, opening far back into the forest, invites the eye to roam off and refresh itself with the calm beauty of a distant perspective.

3. The traveller as he rides along over these smaller prairies, finds his eye continually attracted to the edges of the forest, and his imagination employed in tracing the beautiful outline, and in finding out resemblances between these wild scenes and the most tastefully embellished productions of art. The fairest pleasure-grounds, the noblest parks of European noblemen and princes, where millions have been expended to captivate the senses with Elysian scenes, are but mimic representations, on a reduced scale, of the beauties which are here spread by nature; for here are clumps and lawns, groves and avenues, the tangled thicket, and the solitary tree, the lengthened vista, and the secluded nook, and all the varieties of scenic attraction, but on a plan so extensive as to offer a wide scope and endless succession of changes to the eye.

4. There is an air of refinement here that wins the heart, even here, where no human residence is seen, where no foot of man intrudes, and where not an axe has ever trespassed on the beautiful domain. It is a wilderness shorn of every savage association, a desert that "blossoms as the rose." So different is the feeling awakened from any thing inspired by mountain or woodland scenery, that the instant the traveller emerges from the forest into the

prairie, he feels no longer solitary. The consciousness that he is travelling alone, and in a wilderness, escapes him; and he indulges in the same pleasing sensations which are enjoyed by one who, having lost his way, and wandered bewildered among the labyrinths of a savage mountain, suddenly descends into rich and highly cultivated plains, and sees around him the delightful indications of taste and comfort.

5. The gay landscape charms him. He is encompassed by the refreshing sweetness and graceful beauty of the rural scene; and recognises, at every step, some well-remembered spot, or some ideal paradise, in which fancy had loved to wander, enlarged and beautiful, and as it were retouched by nature's hand. The clusters of trees so fancifully arranged, the forest outline so gracefully curved, seem to have been disposed by the hand of taste for the enjoyment of intelligent beings; and so complete is the illusion, that it is difficult to dispel the belief that each avenue leads to a village, and each grove conceals a splendid mansion.

6. Widely different was the prospect exhibited by the more northern and central districts of the state. Vast in extent, the distant forest was either beyond the reach of the eye, or was barely discernible in the shapeless outline of blue faintly impressed on the horizon. As the smaller prairies resemble a series of larger and lesser lakes, so these boundless plains remind one of the ocean waste. Here and there a solitary tree, torn by the wind, stood alone like a dismantled mast in the ocean. As I followed my guide through this lonely region, my sensations were similar to those of the voyager when his bark is launched upon the sea. Alone, in a wide waste, with my faithful pilot only, I was dependant on him for support, guidance, and protection.

7. With little to diversify the path, and nothing to please the eye but the carpet of verdure, which began to pall upon the sense, a feeling of dreariness crept over me; a desolation of the spirit, such as one feels when crossed in love, or when very drowsy on a hot afternoon after a full dinner. But these are feelings which, like the sea-sickness of the young mariner, are soon dispelled. I began to find a pleasure in gazing over this immense, unbroken waste,

in watching the horizon under the vague hope of meeting a traveller and in following the deer with my eyes as they galloped off, their agile forms growing smaller and smaller as they receded, until they shrank into nothing.

8. Sometimes I descried a dark spot at an immense distance, and pointed it out to my companion with a joy like that of the seaman who discovers a sail in the distant speck which floats on the ocean. When such an object happened to be in the direction of our path, I watched it with interest as it rose and enlarged upon the vision, supposing it at one moment to be a solitary horseman, and wondering what manner of man he would turn out to be; at another, supposing it might be a wild animal, or a wagon, or a pedestrian; until, after it had seemed to approach for hours, I found it to be a tree.

LESSON XIV

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.—M'CULLOCH.

1. THE invention of the compass is usually ascribed to Flavio Gioia, of Amalfi, in Campania, about the year 1302; and the Italians are strenuous in supporting this claim. Others affirm, that Marcus Paulus, a Venetian, having made a journey to China, brought back the invention with him in 1260. The French also lay claim to the honor of this invention, from the circumstance that all nations distinguish the *north* point of the card by a *fleur de lis*; and with equal reason, the English have laid claim to the same honor, from the name *compass*, by which most nations have agreed to distinguish it. But, whoever were the inventors, or at whatever period this instrument was first constructed, it does not appear that it was used in navigation in Europe, before the year 1420, or only a few years before the invention of printing.

2. In consequence of the discovery of this instrument, the coasts of almost every land on the surface of the globe have been explored, and a regular intercourse between the most distant nations opened.

The fate of the great human families, indeed, has been in a great measure decided by navigation. Is not the perpetual infancy of the Chinese owing chiefly to their ignorance of this art? On the contrary, if the Japanese and the Malays exhibit a character manly and enterprising, in comparison of that of other Asiatics, it was formed at the epoch when their squadrons traversed the great Eastern ocean, which is at present filled with their colonies.

3. What has kept the people of Africa stationary in ignorance but their inland situation, their destitution of gulfs and arms of the sea, their inaccessibility to navigation? What has given their ascendancy to the European nations but their knowledge of navigation, and the aptitude of their countries for carrying it on? Since the compass and Columbus appeared, has not a new world seen our vessels land on its shores? has not a new Europe arisen? and has not the Atlantic ocean become what the Mediterranean was before, the great highway and thoroughfare of the civilized world?

4. But the march of civilization is far from being terminated; the wonders we have witnessed may still be surpassed. The Europeans have not confined themselves to the shores of that Atlantic ocean, which, immense as it appeared to the Phœnician and the Greek navigators, is only an arm of the sea, compared to that great ocean, which under the names of the Indian, the Pacific, and the Eastern, extends from pole to pole. The American navigators have already crossed the whole of this aquatic hemisphere; already British colonists have begun to settle in the innumerable islands which form, to the southeast of Asia, a fifth part of the world; and Australasia, the most delightful country of the globe, will probably, ere many ages pass away, have reached the highest pinnacle of civilization.

5. Let another Cadmus carry thither that torch of religion and science which enlightens Europe! Let colonists, fraught with our learning, found a new Greece in Otaheite or the Pelew Islands, then those rising grounds, which now produce only aromatic herbs, will be covered with towns and palaces: bays, now shaded by a forest of palms, will display a forest of masts; gold and marble will be extracted from the bowels of mountains as yet untouched

by the miner; coral and pearls will be dragged from the bottom of the sea to adorn the new capitals; and, one day, perhaps, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, will find equals and rivals in countries, whose existence, at this moment, scarcely occupies their attention.

LESSON XV.

THE CROWDED STREET.—WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

1. LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
2. How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.
3. They pass; to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.
4. And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they can not speak.
5. And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door,
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
6. Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!

- Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?
7. Keen son of trade, with eager brow ;
Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air ?
8. Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again ?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?
9. Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light ;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
10. Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In his large love and boundless thought.
11. These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.
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LESSON XVI.

INTELLECT.—R. W. EMERSON.

1. THE making a fact the subject of thought raises it. All that mass of mental and moral phenomena, which we do not make objects of voluntary thought, come within the power of fortune ; they constitute the circumstance of daily life ; they are subject to

change, to fear, and hope. Every man beholds his human condition with a degree of melancholy. As a ship aground is battered by the waves, so man, imprisoned in mortal life, lies open to the mercy of coming events. But a truth, separated by the intellect, is no longer a subject of destiny. We behold it as a god upraised above care and fear.

2. And so any fact in our life, or any record of our fancies or reflections, disentangled from the web of our unconsciousness, becomes an object impersonal and immortal. It is the past restored, but embalmed. A better art than that of Egypt has taken fear and corruption out of it. It is eviscerated of care. It is offered for science. What is addressed to us for contemplation does not threaten us, but make us intellectual beings.

3. We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom, but in art. I knew, in an academical club, a person who always deferred to me, who, seeing my whim for writing, fancied that my experiences had somewhat superior; while I saw that his experiences were as good as mine. Give them to me, and I would make the same use of them. He held the old; he holds the new; I had the habit of tacking together the old and the new, which he did not use to exercise. This may hold in the great examples.

4. Perhaps, if we should meet Shakspeare, we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority; no! but of a great equality; only that he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce any thing like Hamlet and Othello, see the perfect reception this wit, and immense knowledge of life, and liquid eloquence finds in us all.

5. If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn, and then retire within doors, and shut your eyes, and press them with your hand, you shall still see apples hanging in the bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasselled grass, or the corn-flags; and this for five or six hours afterward. There lie the impressions on the retentive organ, though you knew it not. So lies the whole series of natural images with which your life has made you acquainted in your memory, though you knew it not; and, a thrill of passion flashes light on their dark chamber, and the

active power seizes instantly the fit image, as the word of its momentary thought. It is long ere we discover how rich we are.

6. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame; we have nothing to write, nothing to infer. But our wiser years still run back to the despised recollections of childhood, and always are we fishing up some wonderful article out of that pond, until, by and by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know, is in reality, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of the Universal History.

LESSON XVII.

SPEECH OF DR. PETER WILSON, A NATIVE IROQUOIS, BEFORE
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AT THE
UNIVERSITY, MAY 4, 1847.

[Dr. Peter Wilson, in his native tongue, Wa-o-wa-wâ-na-onk, or *They heard his voice*, said, he was very happy to meet the gentlemen of the Historical Society on this occasion, the Historical Society of *Ga-nun-no*, or the Empire State, as it is called by the Pale Faces.]

1. "You see before you," said he, "an Iroquois, yes, a native American! You have heard a history of the great Indian trails, the geography of the state of New York, before it was known to the Pale Faces. The land of *Ga-nun-no*, was once laced by these trails from Albany to Buffalo, trails that my people had trod for centuries, worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois, that they became your own roads of travel, when my people no longer walked in them.

2. "Your highways still lie in those paths, the same lines of communication bind one part of the 'Long House' to another. My friend has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. These are their monuments. The land of *Ga-nun-no*, the Empire State, is our monument. We wish to lay our bones under its soil among those of our fathers. We shall not long occupy much room in living; still less when we are gone."

3. The time was already far advanced, but he was happy to have the opportunity for a few remarks on a subject in which the Iroquois were deeply interested. He was glad to hear the remarks of his friend, Mr. Morgan, and to observe the interest they excited. He had nothing to add on that subject. He would speak of his mission, which was now more important to himself as well as his race.

4. He was here on behalf of a small band of his countrymen, who had been by fraud induced to leave their lands in the state of New York, and emigrate to the west of the Mississippi. They were a portion of the Iroquois, who were removed in 1846, deceived by the representations of the agents of the government. He had been to Washington to seek relief for them.

5. The facts were admitted by the department, with regard to the deceptions of the agent and the sufferings of this unfortunate people. They have also been substantiated here. After their arrival west of the Mississippi, disease came among them. A large portion were laid in the bosom of their mother earth. Some chiefs who had returned, represented their condition as deplorable. Not one but would return, but they have not means.

6. One chief, who returned, said to another as he saw his friends dying off, "You see we are going into our graves. Graves already prepared, people falling into them. Let us go back to the country of our fathers." The old chief refused to go. He had been deceived and had been made to deceive his people. "I shall not leave; leave my friends to death. More they die here; I will stay. I will leave my bones here. If you leave, go! You always told me it was good country. I stood by you. You deceived me. You have deceived my people. They not to blame." When his last hour arrived, he told his wife, "Lay my bones here; do not take them back to New York, but tell them I fell here as a brave warrior. I was at Chippewa and Fort Erie; never deserted my people; therefore I will leave my bones here among my people. I shall be contented."

7. After his death, all were sick. They were twelve miles from Fort Scott. The sun poured his rays upon them; they were forced

to crawl into the ravines to escape the burning heat. A company of soldiers, though put there to shoot down Indians, had the humanity to take pity on them. They ministered to them, gave them water and food.

8. The subject has been laid before the government. The department disclaimed the acts of its agents; but could do nothing without the action of Congress. He was advised to apply to the Legislature, and had done so; but nothing was to be expected from them at present, although they made an examination of the case.

9. The facts were plain. To dwell on them would be too long. The Indians were there suffering and desirous to return. He asked all friends of humanity to aid them. He approved the sympathy with suffering in other lands, and asked that the suffering remnant of the once powerful Iroquois might be included in the sphere of that generous philanthropy, which sent relief to the Greek, the Pole, and the inhabitants of the British Islands.

10. Dr. Wilson then referred to the history of the intercourse of the original inhabitants with the whites, and particularly the relations of the Iroquois to the English Colony of New York. The history of that intercourse was aggression, retaliation, extermination.

11. "I have been told," said he, "that the first object of this Society is to preserve the history of the State of New York. You, all of you, know, that alike in its wars and its treaties the Iroquois, long before the Revolution, formed a part of that history; that they were then one in council with you, and were taught to believe themselves one in interest. In your last war with England, your red brother, your elder brother, still came up to help you, as of old, on the Canada frontier!

12. "Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history? Glad were your forefathers to sit down upon the threshold of the 'Long House;' rich, did they then hold themselves, in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite end, to get a passage through and drive

you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians, the Iroquois might still have been a nation ; and I, too, might have had—a country !

13. There is a tradition among the Iroquois race that no white man can enter the regions of happiness of the Great Spirit, except General Washington ; and he only to within a certain distance, where the sweepings of the house are thrown out, and that is a great blessing. And what is the reason ? A great many persons say the Indians are bad, they are savages ; and they are taught this when a child ; perhaps the first book the child looks at he will see a picture of some Indians, yelling and shouting, and thus they are taught to consider them as savages.

14. But this is a mistake ; they are as kind as any other people ; the Great Spirit made the Indian and gave him feelings, the same as the Pale Faces. The Indian loves his child as much as the Pale Faces, and I am inclined to think even a little more. You never hear of an Indian disinheriting his child, for his religion teaches him to consider a child a blessing. Now when the Pale Faces heard of the confederacy of the Six Nations, they came from the east, and they said, ‘ The Great Spirit made us as well as you, and therefore he is our father and we are brothers.’

15. The Indian thought this good logic ; but they said, ‘ We have a father across the great salt water, the King of England ; and he is also your father ; and when his enemies fight against him, you must fight against his enemies ;’ and the Indian said he would. Well, the first thing we knew, the red-coats were fighting at Bunker Hill ; the son was fighting against his father : so we took our tomahawks and fought against these unnatural sons. But the sons conquered, and England was compelled to grant the independence of her colonies.

16. Then the Pale Faces came, and they said, ‘ You fought with us ; you have forfeited your right to this land and must go away ;’ but General Washington said, ‘ Come back, and remain in your land, and make your homes with us.’ Then the prophet said, the white men are bad, and can not dwell in the regions of the Great

Spirit, except General Washington, and he could only be admitted to the distance I have stated.

17. There was a Prophet of our race, in early times, who prophesied that the days would come when troubles would fall upon them, so that they would knock their heads together. When that time came, they were to search for a large palm-tree, and shelter their heads beneath its shadow; let their bodies be buried at its roots, and cause that tree to flourish and become the fitting monument of the Iroquois race. That time has now come; we are in trouble and distress; we knock our heads together in agony, and we desire to find the palm-tree, that we may lie down and die beneath it; we wish the palm-tree to be the State of New York, that it may be the monument of the Iroquois."

LESSON XVIII.

THE TURKS AT A FIRE.—DE VERE, SKETCHES.

1. I WAS not long at Constantinople before I came in for what is of very frequent occurrence there, namely, a fire. Indeed, I believe that, as a storm is said to be always going on in some part of the sea, so a conflagration, larger or smaller, is always raging in some part of the narrow wooden streets of Stamboul.

2. The people have few public amusements, and this is considered one of the best, if I may judge by the demeanor of the crowds, whose singular bearing was to me more interesting than the spectacle I witnessed in common with them. At first I knew not what it meant. I had observed that vast multitudes were moving with what, for a Turk, is haste, toward the court of one of their mosques, and, stationing themselves, as soon as they had reached it, on the steps, balustrades, and every spot whence a view was commanded.

3. Joining their company, I discovered the cause of the assembly in a whole street from which clouds of smoke were rising, and

from which it was every moment expected that the flames would burst. Nothing could exceed the business-like alacrity of those who struggled for a place in the balconies, or the placid enjoyment of those who had attained one. In expectation of the event, piles of carpets, pillows, and cushions had been already brought from the neighboring houses, and placed wherever room could be found.

4. On those comfortable seats the multitude had established themselves, the men in one part, sedately smoking, the women in another, now looking on, and now playing with their children. In a moment, refreshments of all sorts were provided ; sweetmeats, confectionery, and sherbet, by a number of rival purveyors, who advanced with unalarmed alacrity, amid the smoke and falling sparks, plainly considering the scene of destruction a sort of 'benefit,' got up for their especial behoof, and unceremoniously elbowing to one side the police, who rushed, with pails of water on their heads, to the rescue of the burning houses.

5. In a few minutes more, the flames burst out with a loud crash mounting high into the heavens, and flinging an exciting and pleasurable heat into the face of the crowds, who, without ever removing their pipes, (except to drink,) gazed with silent but impassioned interest on a scene which, to them, was no more a matter of surprise than a street-preacher would be in Edinburgh, a 'Funziane' at Rome, or PUNCHINELLO at Naples. Among the calm crowd of spectators were the proprietors of the burning houses, smoking like their neighbors, and well assured that their loss had been determined by Allah long before the prophet was born.

LESSON XIX.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.—MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

1. OF the most pleasing reminiscences of my sojourn at Macao is that derived from the acquaintance formed with Mr. Gutzlaff and his amiable lady. Mr. Gutzlaff is too well known as a traveller to require any explanation as to who or what he may be.

When speaking of China, Mr. Gutzlaff appeared perfectly enthusiastic, and willing to devote all his time and labors to the conversion and improvement of the natives.

2. On Sundays he usually preached to them in their own language. He has penetrated far into the interior of that vast empire, and describes those he has visited as being wonderful. In no country on the face of the globe, he observed, had the hand of man accomplished such stupendous works as in China. Their dikes and canals, he considers, the eighth and ninth wonders of the world. The conversation of Mr. Gutzlaff is extremely versatile and entertaining.

3. Mrs. Gutzlaff at that time had a large school at Macao, which on their invitation we visited several times. It was a pleasing scene to view Mrs. Gutzlaff sitting in the midst of her scholars, giving them instruction from the New Testament, in lieu of the four celebrated books of Confucius, which are considered the *summum bonum* of Chinese education. There were between thirty and forty pupils attached to this school, of whom only two were girls, and those *blind*! These scholars all reside under the same roof with Mr. Gutzlaff, at whose expense, as I was informed, they were fed and clothed.

4. Blindness and ophthalmia prevail to a distressing degree in China. One can not walk through the narrow, crooked streets of Macao without encountering many of these miserable beings. At the gate of Lazarus, in particular, there are always congregated the most wretched objects it is possible to conceive; the lame, the halt, and blind; poor famishing beggars, all rags and filth, here stretch themselves under the large India fig-trees, or around the brink of the fountain which is there excavated. There is probably no nation in which there is so much suffering as among the lower order of the Chinese.

5. The Caza Garden at Macao is celebrated for containing within its precincts the cave in which Luis De Camoens composed his *Lusiad*, and being one of the greatest lions of the place, on one bright and balmy afternoon, attended by our comradore, we strolled thither.

6. The *coup d'œil* as we entered the garden was truly beautiful; it was like an actual peep into fairy land. It is of great extent, covering some acres of ground, and embraces within its precincts some of the most retired and romantic spots one can imagine. It seems as if nature, in one of her wildest moods, had here combined all her powers to form a scene of perfect romance, with which art has so nicely blended as to increase, instead of diminishing, the effect.

7. Large masses of rocks from twenty to thirty feet in height, their summits crowned with beautiful trees, rise in different parts of the garden. Some of these rocks are entirely bare, while others are covered with a delicate creeping vine, or the roots of the banyan-tree form a beautiful and curious net-work over them. The walks are broad and bordered with a variety of trees and shrubs: the orange-tree, the double-flowering peach, magnolias, japonicas, pomegranates, beautiful roses and carnations, and many others whose names were unknown to me, but whose fragrance filled the air.

8. One roves through these delightful alleys, charmed by the sweet odor of roses and the melody of the birds. One moment finds you encircled by immense rocks, pile upon pile; a step or two farther, and you are beneath the shade of the banyan, its rich dark foliage waving over you, while the roots are twisting and twining in a thousand fantastic shapes over every thing around. At almost every turn, a new and beautiful view was presented to us. From one quarter rose the majestic Lapa; the waters of the inner harbor gently laving its base, while the numerous Portuguese and Chinese craft floating on its bosom, were plainly reflected in the calm transparence.

9. Again; you are looking down as from a precipice upon the busy tumult of a Chinese village, with its gay decorations of colored paper hung around the doors and walls as propitiatory offerings to "*Josh*;" the hum of voices, the yelping of their ugly yellow dogs, the beatings of gongs and cries of children coming "full and thick upon the ear." From another quarter the island of Kean-shan stretches far in the distance, and over the narrow neck of land

connecting it with Macao, a party of English and Americans were gayly galloping along the beach.

10. From the centre of the garden rises a high and irregular peak on which he erected a summer-house. To this we commenced our ascent; at one time almost sliding along a hard clay path as smooth as marble, or by steps excavated in the solid rock, the whole distance guarded by elephants, bisons, and dragons formed of clay, with orange and peach-trees, magnolias, and pinks sprouting from their backs. When we had nearly reached the summit, a quiet path diverged to the left; into this we turned, and in a few moments found ourselves before the cave of Camoens.

11. The cave is formed by the close approximation of three large rocks, which uniting at the top, form a circular little cell, not large enough, however, to contain more than two persons. Here it was, then, that the unfortunate poet, banished from his country, and from his fair mistress Catharine D'Attayde; here it was that, shut out as it were from the world, he sought to forget, amid the scenes of nature, the cruelty of his king and country.

12. But the muse, fickle goddess as she is, deserted him not; how could she? for every breeze that played amid the branches waving before his rocky abode, came laden with the richness of the orange blossom, and his ear caught no sound save the sweet melody of the birds, or the dashing of the surf on the rocky beach below him. When afterward, recalled to his country, a few years saw him a beggar in the streets of his own "fair Lisbon," dependant upon the alms bestowed by the hand of charity on his faithful slave, did not his heart yearn for this hallowed retreat?

13. Leaving the cave, we continued our ascent to the summer-house, from which the view is very fine. The Praya-Granda with its white dwellings, sweeping in such a graceful curve from the water; the several forts, convents and churches, crowning each lofty eminence around, and the extensive view of the ocean, with Lantau, the Nine Islands, and Lintin Peak in the distance, combined to render the landscape most enchanting.

14. As we returned, we passed through the *campo*, and ascended

Mont Charil, on which stands Fort Guia. The *campo* is a large open field, covering some acres, and ascends gradually to Mont Charil, the whole surface being thickly scattered with graves. In deed, every hill is a sepulchre in China. These graves are in the form of a horse-shoe; and, from little stakes placed at their side usually flutter small strips of white cloth or paper.

15. Once a year, in the month of August, the Chinese celebrate the "Festival of the Dead." They then visit the graves of their departed relatives, taking with them such provisions as they can afford, which they place at the head of the grave. They then burn quantities of gold and silver paper, believing that the ashes of the same will become money in the other world; this their friends receive, and will therefore be enabled to subsist comfortably until another festival returns!

16. The respect and affection the Chinese bear the dead are an object of admiration. They will deprive themselves of any comfort to procure the gold and silver paper for the use of the deceased; and unhappy indeed he who dies, knowing that he has no relative that may thus reverence his remains. This festival for the dead lasts nearly a week; and, during that time, it is said, the hills seem to be on fire.

17. Pursuing our walk through this vast cemetery, we soon reached the highest elevation of the *campo*, and looked down upon the green paddy fields stretched below us. These are on a flat which is sometimes overflowed; here they cultivate their rice and vegetables. There is no division by fences, but all is one bright green surface. Several Chinese laborers were busy watering their respective tracts; they have large reservoirs of water around the border of their land; two men stand, one on each side, holding a long wire or flexible pole, to the middle of which hangs a bucket; this they dash into the reservoir, and then swing the contents over the field. They perform this novel mode of watering with great apparent ease and rapidity.

18. We at length reached the summit of Mont Charil, and passing through a large gate, from which waved the flag of Portugal, we entered the fort. There was not an officer or soldier in

the garrison, they having all marched over to the Monte Fort, to celebrate the installation of a new governor; and while we were admiring and pointing out to each other particular views of beauty, the firing from the Monte Fort commenced; the loud reverberation echoing and re-echoing through the islands and hills around.

19. Every thing within the fort was neat and orderly; the court was paved with large flat stones; on the walls were mounted eighteen bronze and iron cannon, and at one extremity rises a huge stone cross. We entered the chapel attached to the fort; it is very small, the walls white and painted around the ceiling with wreaths of flowers, and in various niches are waxen images of the Virgin and Saints.

LESSON XX.

SOCIAL DUTIES.—G. B. EMERSON.

1. NEXT in importance are our social duties; those which arise from our relation to our fellow-creatures, and are comprehended in the second great commandment of the New Testament. These should be daily and regularly explained and enforced. The general neglect of this most important part of education seems to proceed partly from a belief that it is sufficiently provided for by the instruction of parents, and of the ministers of religion. If instruction in social duties were sufficiently given elsewhere, it would indeed be superfluous to insist upon it in school. But this is far from the case.

2. A large portion of the parents whose children fill the public schools, are either disinclined, or are unqualified by their want of education, or by the engrossing nature of their occupations, to give suitable instruction in social duties; or, what produces the same effect, they conceive themselves unqualified. At home, then, the instruction is often not obtained. Neither is it, in very

many cases, at church. Many children are of necessity unfrequent attendants at church; some go not at all, and to many more, the instructions of the pulpit are not suited. These are usually addressed to grown men; and if, occasionally, direct addresses are made to children, such as are present; they are naturally and properly much more occupied with religious than with social duties.

3. A regular course of instruction from the pulpit upon social duties, adapted to the capacities of children, is, I believe, very rare. This may be right, and I do not mean to say that it is not. But it certainly is not right, that, in a country like ours, regular, systematic instruction in the social relations and duties should no where be given. The schools are eminently a social institution. They are provided by law, maintained at the public expense, and intended for the instruction of the whole community in those things which are essential to the public good. They are, therefore, especially, on every account, the place in which instruction in social duties should be given.

4. The discovery has been made, and in some places men have begun to act upon it, that it is better to prevent the commission of crime, than to punish it when committed; that a merciful code of school laws may be made to take the place of a sanguinary code of criminal laws; that good schools are better than bad jails; that a kind schoolmaster is a more useful member of society than a savage executioner; that capital instruction is better than capital punishment; that it is better and easier to teach a boy to love a heavenly Judge, and keep his commandments, than to teach a man to fear an earthly judge, after he has broken the commandments; that it is more pleasant to spend a long life in the service of God and mankind, and the enjoyment of health and prosperity, than to divide a short life between the poor-house and the prison, and end it on a gallows; that it is better to prepare men to fill their own pockets honestly, than to tempt them to empty their neighbors' dishonestly.

5. If these are truths, the teacher has a most important public duty to perform. If it be true that, to form the child, by daily

instruction and daily training, to a regard for the laws of justice, integrity, truth, and reverence, so that he shall grow up mindful of the rights of others, a good neighbor, a good citizen, and an honest man, is better and more reasonable, than to leave him in these respects unformed or misled, and to endeavor afterward to correct his mistakes and enlighten his moral sense by the weekly instructions of the pulpit, and the influence of the laws of the land; the teacher *must* give regular and systematic instruction in social duties.

6. If these are truths, the teacher *has* a great work to perform. He has to lay deep the foundations of public justice. He has to give that profound and quick sense of the sacredness of right, and the everlasting obligation of truth, without which, law will have no sanctity, private contracts no binding force, the pulpit no reverence, justice no authority. If these are truths, and if it is a greater thing to form than to reform, it becomes all parents to look to it, what manner of men they have for their children's teachers.

LESSON XXI.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL BOY AT PLAY.—N. P. WILLIS.

1. Down the green slope he bounded. Raven curls
From his white shoulders by the winds were swept,
And the clear color of his sunny cheek
Was bright with motion. Through his open lips
Shone visibly a delicate line of pearl,
Like a white vein within a rosy shell,
And a dark eye's clear brilliance, as it lay
Beneath his lashes, like a drop of dew
Hid in the moss, stole out as covertly
As starlight from the edging of a cloud.
2. I never saw a boy so beautiful.
His step was like the stooping of a bird,

Fresh flung upon the river, that will dance
Upon the wave that stealeth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness.

7. The face
Of the delightful earth will to your eye
Grow dim ; the fragrance of the many flowers
Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
Of nature in her gentleness, will be
To manhood's senseless ear inaudible.
I sigh to look upon thy face, young boy !

LESSON XXII.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—MACAULAY.

1. If we would study with profit the history of our ancestors, we must be constantly on our guard against that delusion which the well-known names of families, places, and offices naturally produce, and must never forget that the country of which we read was a very different country from that in which we live. In every experimental science there is a tendency towards perfection. In every human being there is a wish to meliorate his own condition. These two principles have often sufficed, even when counteracted by great public calamities and by bad institutions, to carry civilization rapidly forward.

2. No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched, as the constant progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous. It has often been found that profuse expenditure, heavy taxation, absurd commercial restrictions, corrupt tribunals, disastrous wars, seditions, persecutions, conflagrations, inundations, have not been able to destroy capital so fast, as the exertions of private citizens have been able to create it.

3. It can easily be proved that, in our own land, the national wealth has, during at least six centuries, been almost uninterruptedly increasing; that it was greater under the Tudors than under the Plantagenets; that it was greater under the Stuarts than under the Tudors; that in spite of battles, sieges, and confiscations, it was greater on the day of the Restoration than on the day when the Long Parliament met; that, in spite of maladministration, of extravagance, of public bankruptcy, of two costly and unsuccessful wars, of the pestilence and of the fire, it was greater on the day of the death of Charles the Second than on the day of his restoration.

4. This progress, having continued during many ages, became at length, about the middle of the eighteenth century, portentously rapid, and has proceeded, during the nineteenth, with accelerated velocity. In consequence, partly of our geographical and partly of our moral position, we have, during several generations, been exempt from evils which have elsewhere impeded the efforts and destroyed the fruits of industry. While every part of the continent, from Moscow to Lisbon, has been the theatre of bloody and devastating wars, no hostile standard has been seen here but as a trophy. While revolutions have taken place all around us, our government has never once been subverted by violence. During a hundred years, there has been in our island no tumult of sufficient importance to be called an insurrection.

5. The law has never been borne down, either by popular fury or by regal tyranny. Public credit has been held sacred. The administration of justice has been pure. Even in times which might by Englishmen be justly called evil times, we have enjoyed what almost every other nation in the world would have considered as an ample measure of civil and religious freedom. Every man has felt entire confidence that the state would protect him in the possession of what had been earned by his diligence, and hoarded by his self-denial. Under the benignant influence of peace and liberty, science has flourished, and has been applied to practical purposes on a scale never before known.

6. The consequence is that a change to which the history of the old world furnishes no parallel has taken place in our country.

Could the England of 1685 be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred, or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognise his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognise his own street. Every thing has been changed, but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art.

7. We might find out Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the wars of the Roses. But, with such rare exceptions, every thing would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles which are now rich corn-land and meadow, intersected by green hedge-rows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country-seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks.

8. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns, and sea-ports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings. Such a change in the state of a nation seems to be at least as well entitled to the notice of an historian, as any change of the dynasty or of the ministry.

LESSON XXIII.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—SKETCHES OF TURKEY,
BY DR. DEKAY.

1. EVERY stranger is struck with the numerous contrivances around Constantinople for supplying it with pure and wholesome water. Under the Greek emperors, Constantinople was supplied with water by these means, and large reservoirs were established in different parts of the city. These latter, however, have now

gone into disuse, as expensive and inadequate for the purposes intended.

2. Under the present system, all the water-works about Constantinople are under the management of an officer, termed *soo naziri*, or inspector of waters. It is his business to keep them in good repair, and he is responsible for any accidents which may obstruct or diminish the supply. As no time is to be lost to repair injuries, this officer is clothed with great power, and he compels every one to assist in restoring the line of communication.

3. This resembles the *corvee* of old France in some measure, but is much more oppressive; for, the *soo naziri* fines them rigorously all who dwell in the vicinity of any breach or injury, unless they give immediate information of the disaster. So important are these water-courses considered, that the sultans have always been in the habit of making annually a formal visit of inspection, which is accompanied with much ceremony, and ordering such improvements and alterations as are deemed necessary.

4. It is impossible to travel any where in the vicinity of Constantinople without being struck with the great pains taken by the Turks to treasure up every rill, or the minutest trickle from the face of the rocks. These are carefully collected in marble or brick reservoirs, and the surplus is conveyed by pipes to the main stream. In passing through sequestered dells, the traveller frequently comes suddenly upon one of these sculptured marble fountains, which adds just enough of ornament to embellish the rural scene.

5. They are frequently decorated with inscriptions, setting forth the greatness and goodness of Providence, and inviting the weary traveller to make due acknowledgments for the same. Unlike our civilized ostentation, the name of the benevolent constructor never appears on these sculptured stones. The quaint Turkish adage, which serves as a rule of conduct, is well exemplified in this, as well as in many other instances; "Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes do not know it, God will."

6. Among the hills at various distances, from fifteen to twenty miles from the city, are constructed large artificial reservoirs. These are termed *bendts*, a word of Persian origin, and are built

in the following manner : advantage is taken of a natural situation, such as a narrow valley or gorge between two mountains, and a strong and substantial work of masonry is carried across, sufficiently high to give the water its required level. Four of these *bendts* were visited and examined, but there were several others which we did not see. A description of one of the largest will give an idea of the manner in which they are constructed.

7. A solid wall of marble masonry, eighty feet wide, and supported by two large buttresses, rises to the height of a hundred and thirty feet from the bottom of the valley. It is four hundred feet long, and the top is covered with large marble slabs of dazzling brilliancy. On the side next the reservoir, a substantial marble balustrade, three feet in height, gives a finish to this Cyclopean undertaking.

8. A tall marble tablet indicates the date of its erection, or more probably of its repair or re-construction. From the date, 1211, it appears to have been built about forty-six years ago. It is called the Validay Bendt, and is said to have been built by the mother of the reigning sultan. It is furnished with a waste-gate ; and, at a short distance below, the water from the reservoir is carried across a ravine by a short aqueduct.

9. About two miles from this is another *bendt*, erected in 1163, which corresponds to the year 1749. This is also a magnificent work, although inferior in size to the preceding. They both supply the aqueduct of Batchikeni, which, as has already been stated, furnishes the suburbs of Pera and Galata with water. Beyond Belgrade are other reservoirs. These supply Constantinople proper with water.

LESSON XXIV.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.—BIBLE.

1. THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge ; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother :

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head; and chains about thy neck.

2. My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

3. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

4. A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father; and attend to know understanding.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.

The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot.

5. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away:

For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall:

For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.

But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble.

6. He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

He that walketh uprightly walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known.

The tongue of the just is as choice silver: the heart of the wicked is little worth.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

7. It is as sport to a fool to do mischief.

The fear of the wicked, it shall come upon him; but the desire of the righteous shall be granted.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.

When a wicked man dieth, his expectation shall perish; and the hope of unjust men perisheth.

A tale-bearer revealeth secrets; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.

8. The merciful man doeth good to his own soul; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.

The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

9. A wise son heareth his father's instructions; but a scorner beareth not rebuke.

Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.

The wicked are overthrown, and are not; but the house of the righteous shall stand.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding.

10. A fool's wrath is presently known; but a prudent man covereth shame.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute.

The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor; but the way of the wicked seduceth them.

11. Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathereth by labor shall increase.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.

12. He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil; but the fool rageth, and is confident.

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly; and a man of wicked devices is hated.

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.

13. He that despiseth his neighbor sinneth; but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

The crown of the wise is their riches ; but the foolishness of fools is folly.

The backslider in heart shall be filled in his own ways.

LESSON XXV.

EARLY GENIUS.—WILLIAM LEGGETT.

1. It has often been remarked of those who give very early manifestations of genius, that they fall into early decay ; and, like the first flowers of spring, that they bloom but a little while, before they are withered by the frosts of disappointment, or beaten to the earth by the storms of misfortune.

2. Shakspeare, the confidant of nature, has evinced his knowledge of this fact, in that line of Richard, where the tyrant is made to mutter, "So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long ;" and an accurate observer, much older than he, Sophocles, a Greek writer, has remarked that mischances always attend on early genius.

3. The mind, indeed, in this respect may be compared to the earth : late springs produce from both the most abundant harvests ; and in both, the seeds which germinate into premature fecundity, being exposed to winds and frosts while the principle of life is weak within them, but seldom arrive at a strong and healthful state of existence.

4. Yet it may reasonably be doubted, notwithstanding the number of instances of untimely death which has befallen those who became early celebrated for their genius, whether the precocious ripening of the faculties of the mind necessarily presage brevity of life ; or whether, in the cases that could be mentioned, the fatality has not been the result of an ardor of application to scholastic pursuits, too severe and unremitted for the body to sustain.

5. The beautiful lines addressed by Lord Byron to the memory of Kirke White, might be applied, it is to be feared, with equal

justice to many a promising genius, who, with suicidal sedulousness, wastes his life in the silence of midnight research, and fails to attain the goal of his wishes, by setting out with a rapidity that can not be maintained.

6. But the number of those who have sunk into untimely graves after exhibiting precocious evidences of intellectual vigor, bears no proportion to the many who continue to live undistinguished from the mass of their fellow-men ; of those who, in their outset, having shorn off a few mental boundings, and curvettings, which denoted speed and agility, slacken, for the rest of their journey, into the ordinary pace of ordinary minds.

7. It is too often the case that the applause which is bestowed on the efforts of juvenile intellect, diminishes that diligence by which alone applause can continue to be deserved ; and that he who has performed more than was expected, will be induced to pause and banquet on the honor thus acquired, until he is passed on the road, by the steady perseverance of slower understandings.

8. They whom facility of acquisition renders confident of their abilities, naturally fall into negligence, thinking that they can at any time atone, by the rapidity of their progress, for the length and frequency of their delays. But it is easier to relax from industry to idleness, than to return from sloth to activity ; and when attention has been lulled by flattery, or dissipated by pleasure, it is difficult to renew its energies, collect again the stores of thought which have been scattered, and awaken curiosity from its trance, to re-engage in literary pursuits.

9. Permanent applause is the reward of unconditional greatness ; but that praise which is bestowed on early genius has reference to the circumstances by which it is surrounded, and will not be continued, unless its efforts increase with its years. Continual assiduity is necessary to continual excellence ; fame, like fortune, must be vigorously pursued ; but he who pauses in his career to snatch her wreath, will find it turn, like fairy money, to dust and rubbish in his grasp.

LESSON XXVI.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.—MONTGOMERY.

1. HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.
2. Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
3. Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.
4. Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather ;
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home !

LESSON XXVII.

MATERNAL WISDOM.—H. N. HUDSON.

1. IF there be any power on earth that is truly divine, it is in the maternal wisdom and prudence which give to the world a truly noble and exalted character. And if spiritual heroes be our greatest blessings, assuredly they are our best and truest benefactors who provide them for us. He who controls the physical resources of a nation, has indeed the power to make us prouder and wealthier, to awe and astonish us by the visible and tangible magnitude of his operations; but he has not the power to make us wiser or better, or to build up within us the force and magnanimity of soul which form the true palladium of a nation's prosperity.

2. Napoleon, with the men and means of France at his nod, could make all Europe but the chess-board of his ambition, and hang her nations as so many jewels in his imperial crown; but it belonged to an humble lady of Virginia to perform a service for mankind, which Napoleon was as far below performing as he felt above attempting. Doubtless we all know, and God forbid we should ever forget, what Washington achieved for us; but scarce any of us know or care to know the meek and unobtrusive being who achieved for us Washington himself.

3. The truth is, the finer and choicer productions of human agency, do not, and can not, receive their growth in the wider but grosser sphere of physical activity. To form and fashion a noble character, and to educate it into the freedom of truth and virtue, is a higher and deeper exercise of power, than to develop the physical resources and secure the outward freedom of a nation. It is not the power which acts *upon* us, but the power which acts *within* us, that truly moves the world. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The greatest of human achievements are the silent and invisible work of fireside influence; for genuine wisdom and worth, the highest and mightiest results of human effort, must perforce grow up unheard and unseen in the residence of infant spirits,

4. The abode of genuine power, therefore, is in the nursery of human souls; and the light of maternal instruction is the true light which lighteth almost every great and good man that cometh into the world. Nature is undoubtedly the chief agent in the production of great and good men; the germes and first principles of exalted character must of course come from the divine source of all beauty and excellence: but next to nature stands the being whose task and duty it is to breathe into these germes the breath of life, and to unfold the heavenly riches slumbering in their bosoms. Assuredly, if genuine creative might be lodged any where on earth, it is in the garden of spiritual vegetation; and the most sacred office and divinest prerogative of humanity belong to those whom nature herself elects to the motherhood of human souls.

5. Such, then, is the sphere, and such the task, which nature hath assigned to woman; a sphere which none but she can fill, a task which none but she can perform: and if many have had a pride that disdained them, none, assuredly, have had a wisdom above them. And perhaps the world does not afford a more disgusting and distressing sight than to see her whom Heaven has gifted and consecrated for this divine art, degrading herself into a mere material hodman, and only carrying mortar to build and plaster up the frail and fleeting tenements of the souls intrusted to her charge. Most truly, indeed, may we say, in reference to these things, that "wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop than when we soar;" for it grows most plenteously and acts most efficiently where fireside affection sheds over the intellect the dews of a mild but genial inspiration. It were doubtless well for us all, of whatever sex, to know and feel that we are never, while on earth, so near heaven, as when we are at home.

6. The noblest efforts and highest achievements of the mind must transpire on the consecrated spot which collects and concentrates the rays of the heart. It is while laboring here, therefore, that the greatest blessings come to us; and the greatest blessings go from us. The gods, it has been beautifully said, approve the depths and not the tumults of the soul. It is under the soft, sweet guardianship of a peace which public breath can neither give nor

take away, that wisdom most delights to fix her abode; and it is upon those whose minds as well as hearts are "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," that there comes

"the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the heavenly dream."

LESSON XXVIII.

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—IRVING.

1. THERE is something in the character and habits of the North American savage, taken in connexion with the scenery over which he is accustomed to range, its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains, that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the wilderness, as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring; fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations.

2. There seems but little soil in his heart for the growth of the kindly virtues; and yet, if we would but take the trouble to penetrate through that proud stoicism and habitual taciturnity which lock up his character from casual observation, we should find him linked to his fellow-man of civilized life by more of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him.

3. It was the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be doubly wronged by the white men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions by mercenary and frequently wanton warfare; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers.

4. The colonist has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavored to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter, to vilify than to discriminate. The appellations of savage and pagan, were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted

and defamed, not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

5. The rights of the savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the white man. In peace, he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic ; in war he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution or convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity ; and little mercy is to be expected from him when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

6. The same prejudices which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation, at the present day. Certain learned societies, it is true, have endeavored, with laudable diligence, to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes. The American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to inculcate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, and to protect them from fraud and injustice.

7. The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontiers, and hang on the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. That proud independence which formed the main pillar of savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbors.

8. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced upon their original barbarity the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, while it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, which fly from the sound of the axe, and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds.

9. Thus do we too often find the Indians on our frontiers to be the mere wrecks and remnants of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty, refining and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind, unknown in savage life, corrodes their spirits, and blights every free and noble quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish, and pusillanimous.

10. They loiter, like vagrants, about the settlements, among spacious dwellings replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes; but they are excluded from the banquet. Plenty revels over the fields; but they are starving in the midst of its abundance: the whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden; but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

11. How different was their state, while yet the undisputed lords of the soil! Their wants were few, and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments.

12. No roof then rose but it was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcomed to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all: thus do they pass their time merrily, not regarding our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of."

13. Such were the Indians, while in the pride and energy of their primitive natures. They resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shades of the forests, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

14. In discussing the savage character, writers have been too prone to indulge in vulgar prejudice and passionate exaggeration,

instead of the candid temper of true philosophy. They have not sufficiently considered the peculiar circumstances in which the Indians have been placed, and the peculiar principles under which they have been educated. No being acts more rigidly from rule than the Indian. His whole conduct is regulated according to some general maxims early implanted in his mind. The moral laws that govern him, are, to be sure, but few ; but then, he conforms to them all ; the white man abounds in laws of religion, morals, and manners ; but how many does he violate !

15. A frequent ground of accusation against the Indians, is their disregard of treaties, and the treachery and wantonness with which, in time of apparent peace, they will suddenly fly to hostilities. The intercourse of the white men with the Indians, however, is too apt to be cold, distrustful, oppressive, and insulting. They seldom treat them with that confidence and frankness which are indispensable to real friendship ; nor is sufficient caution observed not to offend against those feelings of pride or superstition, which often prompt the Indian to hostility quicker than mere considerations of interest.

16. The solitary savage feels silently, but acutely. His sensibilities are not diffused over so wide a surface as those of the white man ; but they run in steadier and deeper channels. His pride, his affections, his superstitions, are all directed towards fewer objects ; but the wounds inflicted on them, are proportionably severe, and furnish motives of hostility which we can not sufficiently appreciate.

17. Where a community is also limited in number, and forms one great patriarchal family, as in an Indian tribe, the injury of an individual, is the injury of the whole ; and the sentiment of vengeance is almost instantaneously diffused. One council-fire is sufficient for the discussion and arrangement of a plan of hostilities. Here, here all the fighting men and sages assemble. Eloquence and superstition combine to influence the minds of the warriors. The orator awakens their martial ardor, and they are wrought up to a kind of religious desperation by the visions of the prophet and the dreamer.

LESSON XXIX.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—N. P. WILLIS.

[Composed for and sung at the dedication of the "Home for the Friendless," 30th Street, New York, Dec. 1849.]

1. WHEN God, to shield from cold and storm,
Gave trees to build and fire to warm,
He did not mark for each his part,
But gave to each a human heart.
2. Each heart is told the poor to aid;
Not told as thunder makes afraid;
But, by a small voice, whisp'ring there:
Find thou, for God, the sufferer's share!
3. Oh, prompting faint, to careless view,
For work that angels well might do!
But wisely, thus, is taught below,
Quick pity for another's wo.
4. The world is stored; enough for all
Is scattered wide, 'tween hut and hall;
And those who feast, or friendless roam,
Alike from God receive a home.
5. Each houseless one demands of thee:
Can aught thou hast the poor man's be?
And Pity breathes response divine:
Take what I have from God, that's thine.
6. For child; for woman's fragile form,
More harsh the cold, more wild the storm;
But most they bless a shelt'ring door,
Whom dark temptations urge no more!
7. A HOME for these, oh God, to-day,
For blessing at thy feet we lay!
And, may its shelter, humbly given,
Be but a far-off door to Heaven.

LESSON XXX.

THE SALT-MINES OF EUROPE.—HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

1. THE salt-mines of Cheshire, and the brine-pits of Worcestershire, according to the best authority, not only supply salt sufficient for the consumption of nearly the whole of England, but also upwards of half a million of tuns for exportation. Rock-salt is by no means confined to England; it is found in many countries, especially where strata of more recent date than those of the coal measures abound. Though in some instances the mineral is pure and sparkling in its native state, it is generally dull and dirty, owing to the matter with which it is associated.

2. The ordinary shade is a dull red, from being in contact with marls, of that color. But notwithstanding, it possesses many interesting features. When the extensive subterranean halls have been lighted up with innumerable candles, the appearance is most interesting, and the visiter, enchanted with the scene, feels himself richly repaid for the trouble he may have incurred in visiting the excavations.

3. The Cheshire mines are from 50 to 150 yards below the surface. The number of salt-beds is five; the thinnest of them being only about six inches, while the thickest is nearly forty feet. Besides these vast masses, there is a large quantity of salt mixed up with the marl-beds that intervene. The method of working the rock-salt is like that adopted for the excavation of coal; but it is much more safe and pleasant to visit these than the other, owing to the roof of the excavations being much more secure, and the absence of all noxious gases, with the exception of carbonic acid gas.

4. In the thinner coal-seams, the roof, or rock lying above the coal, is supported by wooden pillars as the mineral is withdrawn; while, in the thicker seams, pillars of coal are left at intervals to support the superincumbent mass. The latter is the plan adopted in the salt-mines. Large pillars of various dimensions are left to support the roof at irregular intervals; but these bear a small pro-

portion to the mass of mineral excavated. The effect is most picturesque; in the deep gloom of the excavation, the pillars present tangible objects on which the eye can rest, while the intervening spaces stretch away into night.

5. The mineral is loosened from the rock by blasting, and the effect of the explosions, heard from time to time re-echoing through the wide spaces, and from the distant walls of rock, gives a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness to the scene. The great charm, indeed, on the occasion of a visit to these mines, even when they are illuminated by thousands of lights, is chiefly owing to the gloomy and cavernous appearance, the dim endless perspective, broken by the numerous pillars, and the lights half disclosing and half concealing the deep recesses which are formed and terminated by these monstrous and solid projections.

6. The pillars, owing to the great height of the roof, are very massive. For twenty feet of rock they are about fifteen feet thick. The descent to the mines is by a shaft; a perpendicular opening of six, eight, or ten feet square; this opening is used for the general purposes of ventilation, drainage, lifting the mineral, as well as the miners. It varies in dimensions according to the extent of the excavations. In some of the English mines the part of the bed of rock-salt excavated amounts to several acres; but in some parts of Europe the workings are even more extensive.

7. The Wilton mine, one of the largest in England, is worked 330 feet below the surface, and from it, and one or two adjacent mines, upwards of 60,000 tons of salt are annually obtained, two-thirds of which are immediately exported, and the rest is dissolved in water, and afterward reduced to a crystalline state by evaporating the solution. It is not yet two hundred years since the Cheshire mines were discovered.

8. In the year 1670, before men were guided by science in their investigations, an attempt was made to find coal in the district. The sinking was unsuccessful relative to the one mineral, but the disappointment and loss were amply met by the discovery of the other. From that time till the present, the rock-salt has been dug, and, as we have seen, most extensively used in England, while the

surplus supply has become an article of exportation. Previous to this discovery the consumption was chiefly supplied from the brine-pits of Worcestershire.

9. There is a remarkable deposit of salt in the valley of Cardona, in the Pyrenees. Two thick masses of rock-salt, says Ansted, apparently united at their bases, make their appearance on one of the slopes of the hill of Cardona. One of the beds, or rather masses, has been worked, and measures about 130 yards by 250; but its depth has not been determined. It consists of salt in a laminated condition, and with confused crystallization.

10. That part which is exposed, is composed of eight beds, nearly horizontal, having a total thickness of fifteen feet; but the beds are separated from one another by red and variegated marls and gypsum. The second mass, not worked, appears to be unstratified, but in other respects resembles the former; and this portion, where it has been exposed to the action of the weather, is steeply scarped, and bristles with needle-like points, so that its appearance has been compared to that of a glacier.

11. There is also an extensive salt-mine at Wieliczka, in Poland, and the manner of working it was accurately described some years since. The manner of descending into the mine was by means of a large cord wound around a wheel and worked by a horse. The visiter, seated on a small piece of wood placed in the loop of the cord, and grasping the cord with both hands, was let down two hundred feet, the depth of the first galleries, through a shaft about eight feet square, sunk through beds of sand, alternating with limestone, gypsum, variegated marls, and calcareous schists.

12. Below the stage, the descent was by wooden staircases, nine or ten feet wide. In the first gallery was a chapel, measuring thirty feet in length by twenty-four in breadth, and eighteen in height; every part of it, the floor, the roof, the columns which sustained the roof, the altar, the crucifix, and several statues, were all cut out of the solid salt; the chapel was for the use of the miners. It had always been said that the salt in this mine had the qualities which produced magic appearances to an uncommon de-

gree; but it is now ascertained that its scenery is not more enchanting than that of the mines in Cheshire.

13. Gunpowder is now used in the Polish as in the English mines; but the manner of obtaining the salt, at the time of the visit we are recording, was peculiar, and too ingenious to be passed over, even though it be now superseded by the more modern and more successful mode of blasting.

14. "In the first place, the over-man, or head miner, marked the length, breadth, and thickness of a block he wished to be detached, the size of which was generally the same, namely, about eight feet long, four feet wide, and two feet thick. A certain number of blocks being marked, the workman began by boring a succession of holes on one side from top to bottom of the block, the holes being three inches deep, and six inches apart.

15. An horizontal groove was then cut, half an inch deep, both above and below; and, having put into each of the holes an iron wedge, all the wedges were struck with moderate blows, to drive them into the mass; the blows were continued until two cracks appeared, one in the direction of the line of the holes, and the other along the upper horizontal line.

16. The block was now loosened and ready to fall, and the workman introduced into the crack produced by the driving of the wedges a wooden ruler, two or three inches broad, and, moving it backward and forward on the crack, a tearing sound was soon heard, which announced the completion of the work.

17. If proper care had been taken, the block fell unbroken, and was then divided into three or four parts, which were shaped into cylinders for the greater convenience of transport. Each workman was able to work out four such blocks every day, and the whole number of persons employed in the mine, varied from twelve hundred to about two thousand." The mine was worked in galleries; and, at the time of this visit, these galleries extended to at least eight English miles. Since then the excavations have become much more extensive.

18. The method of preparing rock-salt is very simple, and differs little from that employed in manufacturing salt from springs.

The first step in the process is, to obtain a proper strength of brine, by saturating fresh water with the salt brought from the mine. The brine obtained in a clear state is put into evaporating pans, and brought as quickly as possible to a boiling heat, when a skin is formed on the surface, consisting chiefly of impurities.

19. This skin is taken off, so also are the first crystals that are formed, and are thrown aside as useless, or used for agricultural purposes. The heat is kept at the boiling point for eight hours, during which period evaporation is going on ; the liquid becoming gradually reduced, and the salt meanwhile is being deposited. When this part of the process is finished, the salt is raked out, put into moulds, and placed in a drying stove, where it is dried perfectly, and made ready for the market.

LESSON XXXI.

SPEAK BOLDLY.—BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

1. SPEAK boldly, Freeman ! while to-day
The strife is rising fierce and high,
Gird on the armor while ye may
In holy deeds to win or die ;
The Age is Truth's wide battle-field,
The Day is struggling with the Night,
For Freedom hath again revealed
A Marathon of holy right.
2. Speak boldly, Hero ! while the foe
Treads onward with his iron heel ;
Strike steady with a giant blow,
And flash aloft the polished steel ;
Be true, O Hero ! to thy trust !
Man and thy God both look to thee !
Be true, or sink away to dust ;
Be true, or hence to darkness flee.

3. Speak boldly, Prophet ! Let the fire
Of Heaven come down on altars cursed,
Where Baäl priests and seers conspire
To pay their bloody homage first ;
Be true, O Prophet ! Let thy tongue
Speak fearless, for the words are thine ;
Words that by morning stars were sung,
And angels hymned in strains divine.
 4. Speak boldly, Poet ! Let thy pen
Be nerved with fire that may not die ;
Speak for the rights of bleeding men
Who look to Heaven with tearful eye.
Be true, O Poet ! Let thy name
Be honored where the weak have trod,
And in the summit of thy fame,
Be true to Man ! Be true to God !
 5. Speak boldly, Brothers ! Wake, and come !
The Anakim are pressing on !
In Freedom's strife be never dumb !
Gird flashing blades till all is won !
Be true, O Brothers ! Truth is strong !
The foe shall sink beneath the sod ;
While love and bliss shall thrill the song
That Truth to Man is Truth to God.
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LESSON XXXII.

MOUNT ETNA.—CLARKE'S WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

1. THIS single mountain contains an epitome of the different climates throughout the world, presenting at once all the seasons of the year, and all the varieties of produce. It is divided into three distinct zones or regions, which are known by the names of the

cultivated region, the woody or temperate region, and the frigid or desert region. The former of these extends through twelve miles of the ascent towards the summit, and is almost incredibly abundant in pastures and fruit-trees of every description.

2. It is covered with towns, villages, and monasteries; and the number of inhabitants distributed over its surface is estimated at 120,000. In ascending to the woody or temperate region, the scene changes; it is a new climate, a new creation. Below, the heat is suffocating; but here the air is mild and fresh. The turf is covered with aromatic plants; and gulfs, which formerly ejected torrents of fire, are changed into woody valleys. The last, or desert region, commences more than a mile above the level of the sea. The lower part is covered with snow in winter only; but on the upper half of this steril district the snow constantly lies:—

3. "Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes,
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
 Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

THOMSON.

4. On the vastness and beauty of the prospect from the summit of Etna, all authors agree. M. Houel was stationed there at sunrise, when the horizon was clear, and without a single cloud. The coast of Calabria was, he says, undistinguishable from the adjoining sea; but in a short time a fiery radiance began to appear from behind those Italian hills which bounded the eastern part of the prospect. The fleecy clouds, which generally appear early in the morning, were tinged with purple: the atmosphere became strongly illuminated, and, reflecting the rays of the sun, seemed to be filled with a bright refulgence of flame.

5. Although the heavens were thus enlightened, the sea still

retained its dark azure, and the fields and forests did not yet reflect the rays of the sun. The gradual rising of this luminary, however, soon diffused light over the hills which lie below the peak of Etna. This last stood like an island in the midst of the ocean, with luminous points multiplying every moment around, and spreading over a wider extent with the greatest rapidity.

6. It was, said he, as if the world had been observed suddenly to spring from the night of non-existence. The most sublime object, however, which the summit of Etna presents, is the immense mass of its own colossal body. Its upper region exhibits rough and craggy cliffs, rising perpendicularly, fearful to the view, and surrounded by an assemblage of fugitive clouds, to increase the wild variety of the scene.

7. Amidst the multitude of woods in the middle or temperate region are numerous mountains, which, in any other situation, would appear of a gigantic size, but which, compared to Etna, are mere molehills. Lastly, the eye contemplates with admiration the lower region, the most extensive of the three, adorned with elegant villas and castles, verdant hills and flowery fields, and terminated by the extensive coast, where, to the south, stands the beautiful city of Catania, to which the waves of the neighboring sea serve as a mirror.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE QUANTITY OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE.—DICK.

1. THE earth is a globe about 8000 miles in diameter, and 25,000 in circumference; and, consequently, its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles; a magnitude too great for the mind to take in at one conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavor to take a leisurely survey of its different parts.

2. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain of a moderate size, we should perceive an extent of view stretching 40

miles in every direction, forming a circle 80 miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5000 square miles. In such a situation, the scene around us, consisting of hills and plains, towns and villages, rivers and lakes, would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time.

3. But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms no more than the *forty-thousandth part* of the terraqueous globe; so that, before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of the world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes of a similar extent to pass in review before us; and, were a scene of equal magnitude to pass before us every hour, and were twelve hours each day allotted for the observation, it would require 9 years and 48 days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general* and *rapid* manner.

4. These remarks apply to the earth as a mere superficies. But the earth is a solid globe; and its solid contents are no less than 259,332,805,350 cubical miles; a mass of material substance, in proportion to which, all the lofty mountains which rise above its surface are less than a few grains of sand, when compared with the largest artificial globe. Were the earth a hollow sphere, surrounded merely with an external shell, ten miles thick, its internal cavity would be sufficient to contain a quantity of materials *one hundred and thirty-three times* greater than the whole mass of continents, islands, and oceans on its surface, and the foundations on which they are supported.

5. We have the strongest reasons, however, to conclude, that the earth, though not a solid mass from the surface to the centre, has, at least, a solid exterior crust of two or three hundred miles in thickness. What an enormous mass of materials, then, is comprehended within the limits of that globe on which we tread! How great must be the power of that Being who commanded it to spring from nothing into existence, who "measures the ocean in the hollow of his hand, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and hangeth the earth upon nothing!"

6. When we contemplate, by the light of science, those mag-

nificent globes which float in the concave of the sky, the earth, with all its sublime scenery, stupendous as it is, dwindles into an inconsiderable ball. If we pass from our globe to some of the other bodies of the planetary system, we shall find, that one of these stupendous orbs is more than 900 times the size of our world, and encircled with a ring which would nearly reach from the earth to the moon; and that another is of such a size, that it would require 1500 globes of the bulk of the earth to form one equal to it in dimensions.

7. The whole of the bodies which compose the solar system, (without taking the sun and the comets into account,) contain a mass of matter, about 2500 times greater than that of the earth. The sun himself is 520 times larger than all the planetary globes taken together; and one million three hundred thousand times larger than the terraqueous globe.

8. If we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes similar to the sun in size and in glory, and, doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence.

9. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed, proves that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light. But bodies encircled by such refulgent splendor, would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence. Every star is, therefore, concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a centre, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort.

10. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to *thirteen hundred and*

twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth, may be perceived, by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs, which are perceived by the unassisted sight, do not form the eighty-thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments.

11. Dr. Herschell has informed us that, when exploring the most crowded parts of the milky-way, with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these too continued for many minutes; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time, there passed no less than *one hundred and sixteen thousand stars* through the field of view of his telescope!"

12. It has been computed, that nearly *one hundred millions* of stars might be perceived by perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored. And yet all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than the smallest particle of vapor to the immense ocean.

13. Here, then, with reverence, let us pause, and wonder! Over all this vast assemblage of material existence God presides. Amidst the diversified objects and intelligences it contains, he is eternally and essentially present. At his Almighty fiat it emerged from nothing into existence; and, by his unerring wisdom all its complicated movements are perpetually directed. Surely that man is little to be envied who is not impressed by such contemplations, with a venerable and overwhelming sense of Creative Power.

LESSON XXXIV.

CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE WESTERN INDIANS.—GEORGE CATLIN.

1. IMPRESSIONS of the most vivid kind, are rapidly and indelibly made by the fleeting incidents of savage life; and, for the mind that can contemplate them with pleasure, they afford abun-

dant materials for its entertainment. The mind susceptible of such impressions, catches volumes of incidents which are easy to write ; it is but to unfold a web which the fascinations of this country and its allurements have spun over the soul : it is but to paint the splendid panorama of a world entirely different from any thing seen or painted before, with its thousands of miles, and tens of thousands of grassy hills and dales, where naught but silence reigns, and where the soul of a contemplative mould is seemingly lifted up to its Creator.

2. What man ever ascended to the pinnacle of one of Missouri's green-carpeted bluffs, a thousand miles severed from his own familiar land, and giddily gazed over the interminable and boundless ocean of grass-covered hills and valleys which lie beneath him, where the gloom of silence is complete ; where not even the voice of the sparrow or cricket is heard ; without feeling a sweet melancholy come over him, which seemed to drown his sense of every thing beneath him ?

3. In traversing the immense region of the classic West, the mind of a philanthropist is filled with feelings of admiration. But to reach this country, one is obliged to descend from the light and glow of civilized atmosphere, through the different grades of civilization, which gradually sink to the most deplorable condition along the extreme frontier ; thence through the most pitiable misery and wretchedness of savage degradation, where the genius of natural liberty and independence has been blasted and destroyed by the contaminating vices and dissipations, introduced by the immoral part of civilized society.

4. Through this dark and sunken vale of wretchedness, one hurries, as through a pestilence, until he gradually rises again into the proud and chivalrous pale of savage society, in its state of original nature, beyond the reach of civilized contamination. Here he finds much, upon which to fix his enthusiasm, and much to admire. Even here the predominant passions of the savage breast, of ferocity and cruelty, are often found ; yet restrained and frequently subdued by the noblest traits of honor and magnanimity.

5. Here exists a race of men who live and enjoy life and its

luxuries, and practise its virtues, very far beyond the usual estimation of the world, who are apt to judge the savage and his virtues, from the poor, degraded, and humble specimens which alone can be seen along our frontiers. From the first settlements of our Atlantic coast to the present day, the bane of this blasting frontier has regularly crowded upon them, from the northern to the southern extremities of our country; and, like the fire in a prairie, which destroys every thing where it passes, it has blasted and sunk them, all but their names, into oblivion, wherever it has travelled.

6. It is to this tainted class alone that the epithet of "poor, naked, and drunken savage," can be, with propriety, applied; for, all those numerous tribes which I have visited, and are yet uncorrupted by the vices of civilized acquaintance, are well clad, in many instances cleanly, and in the full enjoyment of life and its luxuries. It is a sad and melancholy truth to contemplate, that all the numerous tribes who inhabited our vast Atlantic States, have not "fled to the West;" that they are not to be found here; that they have been blasted by the fire which has passed over them, have sunk into their graves, and every thing but their names travelled into oblivion.

7. The distinctive character of all these Western Indians, as well as their traditions relative to their ancient locations, prove beyond a doubt, that they have been for a long time located on the soil which they now possess; and, in most respects, distinct and unlike those nations who formerly inhabited the Atlantic coast, and who, according to the erroneous opinion of a great part of the world, have fled to the West.

8. It is for these inoffensive and unoffending people, yet unvisited by the vices of civilized society, that I would proclaim to the world, that it is time, for the honor of our country; for the honor of every citizen of the republic; and for the sake of humanity, that our government should raise her strong arm to save the remainder of them from the pestilence which is rapidly advancing upon them.

9. My heart has sometimes almost bled with pity while among them, and witnessing their innocent amusements, as I have contemplated the inevitable bane that was rapidly advancing upon

them ; without that check from the protecting arm of government, which alone can shield them from destruction. What degree of happiness these sons of Nature may attain to in the world, in their own way ; or in what proportion they may relish the pleasures of life, compared to the sum of happiness belonging to civilized society, has long been a subject of much doubt, and one which I can not undertake to decide.

10. I have long looked with the eye of a critic, into the jovial faces of these sons of the forest, unfurrowed with cares ; where the agonizing feeling of poverty had never stamped distress upon the brow. I have watched the bold, intrepid step, the proud, yet dignified deportment of Nature's man, in fearless freedom, with a soul unalloyed by mercenary lusts, too great to yield to laws or power except from God. As these independent fellows are all joint-tenants of the soil, they are all rich, and none of the steepings of comparative poverty can strangle their just claims to renown.

11. Who, I would ask, can look, without admiring, into a society where peace and harmony prevail ; where virtue is cherished ; where rights are protected, and wrongs are redressed ; with no laws, but the laws of honor, which are the supreme law of the land ? Trust to boasted virtues of civilized society for awhile, with all its intellectual refinements, to such a tribunal, and then write down the degradation of the "lawless savage," and our transcendent virtues.

LESSON XXXV.

EXCELSIOR, OR THE YOUTHFUL ASPIRANT.—LONGFELLOW.

1. THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device,
EXCELSIOR !

2. His brow was sad ; his eyes beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
EXCELSIOR !
3. In happy homes, he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
EXCELSIOR !
4. "Try not the Pass !" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead !
The roaring torrent's deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
EXCELSIOR !
5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
EXCELSIOR !
6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monk of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR !
7. A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
EXCELSIOR !

8. There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR !
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LESSON XXXVI.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.—BUCKE.

1. This desert, which is in Africa, is equal in extent to one half of Europe : it is the largest in the world. Here nature presents herself in character of frightful sterility. Gloomy, barren, and void uniformity, here produces sensations of the most distressing and disconsolate melancholy.

2. A heat prevails, too, under which nature herself seems to sink ; the mind experiences no delight from the imagination ; the souls feels no inspiration of poetry. Curiosity is entombed, as it were ; and the imagination pictures nothing to animate the dreadful waste, but wild boars, panthers, lions, and serpents. In this great desert, so extensive and vast is the prospect, that Adams travelled with the Moors twenty-nine days without seeing a single plant ; not even a blade of grass !

3. In boundless seas, impenetrable forests, and in vast savannas, there resides grandeur, heightened by an awful repose. Here the mind pauses for materials wherewith to heighten the desolation and despair. This silence, this solitude ; more horrific are they to the imagination than the perspective of whole ages of action, of difficulty and labor.

4. Napoleon, in crossing the desert to inspect the forts of Suez, and to reconnoitre the shores of the Red Sea, passed only one tree in all the journey ; the whole of which was tracked with bones and bodies of men and animals. The night was cold, and there was no fuel. His attendants gathered the dry bones and

bodies of the dead, that lay bleaching in the desert; of these they made fires.

5. Napoleon remarked that the desert always had a peculiar influence on his feelings. It seemed to him, he said, "the Image of IMMENSITY; it showed no boundaries, and had neither beginning nor end; it was an ocean on *terra firma*." The sands of the desert were, probably, once the sands of the sea.

6. While surveying nature under these aspects, where all is inanimation and mystery, in the midst of a profound and frightful silence, the mind bends beneath the weight of an oppression like that of nightmare. No quadruped, no bird, no insect, gives relief to a circular horizon of unvaried aspect. In the night, however, the heavens exhibit a moving picture of magnificence, not to be paralleled in any other part of the globe; the God of nature seeming to have directed all his powers to produce a scene, at once to command the admiration, and to overwhelm the faculties of the soul.

LESSON XXXVII.

CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON.—DR. J. W. FRANCIS.

1. IN that important negotiation with the government of France, which resulted in the acquisition of Louisiana, CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON was the prominent and efficient agent. Its transfer by the Spanish government to France, in 1802, had excited the most lively feelings of the American republic. By this unexpected measure, they were made the neighbors to a power, which, under the giant energies of the First Consul, threatened, in case of rupture, the very existence of our republic.

2. Immediately preceding the entrance into it of the French authorities, the Spanish powers prohibited the inhabitants of the western country the use of New Orleans as a place of deposit for their productions, contrary to the treaty with his Catholic majesty. A universal spirit of indignation animated the American people;

and there were not wanting those who recommended an immediate recourse to arms. The discussions on this question in the Congress of the United States elicited debates, in which De Witt Clinton and Gouverneur Morris, representatives of this state in the American Senate, sustained the different views of the rival parties of this country.

3. In pursuance of the sounder counsels of those who urged the propriety of negotiation and peace, the Executive of the United States deputed, as minister to the Court of France, the late President Monroe; but previous to his arrival, MR. LIVINGSTON, in an elaborate and interesting memoir, addressed to the French government, had prepared them for the cession of the greater part of Louisiana.* To further this great object, he had also personally importuned the First Consul.

4. The result of CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON'S efforts was prompt and successful. On the fifth of April, the First Consul announced to his bureau of state, his determination to sell whatever of American territory he had obtained from Spain. Seven days afterward, Mr. Monroe arrived in Paris, and gave the consent of the American government to this negotiation. The menacing posture of affairs between France and England facilitated the objects of these arrangements, and resulted in the transfer of the entire country to the American republic, for a sum less than was adequate for the preparation of a single campaign.

5. By this important treaty, contrary to the anticipations of the timid or interested, the confederacy of our states was placed on an invulnerable basis; territory was added to our country, nearly equal in extent to that of the original states of our union; and the blessings of free government secured to millions, who had otherwise groaned under the vassalage of foreign dominion.

6. The vast deserts of Louisiana are daily becoming the cheerful residence of an intelligent and Christian population, with American blood flowing in their veins, and beating responsive to republican feelings; and the field of New Orleans is now added to those of

* Livingston's Memorial.

Bunker Hill, Stillwater, and Chippewa, as trophies of American valor and patriotism.

7. After the signing of this eventful treaty, the three ministers arose, says one of them, the Count Marbois, when Mr. LIVINGSTON, expressing the general satisfaction, said, with prophetic sagacity, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art, or dictated by force; equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day, the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank; the English lose all exclusive influence in the affairs of America.

8. Thus one of the principal causes of European rivalries and animosities is about to cease. The United States will re-establish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. These treaties will thus be a guarantee of peace and concord among commercial states.

9. The instruments which we have just signed, will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another, and multiply, truly worthy of the regard of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and the scourges of bad government."

LESSON XXXVIII.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.—GEORGE W. KENDALL.

1. THE 18th of August was an eventful day to us; one which few of the party can ever forget. The night previous, we encamped without water for our cattle and horses; and, the little we obtained for our own use was of the worst quality, and swallowed only to allay the intolerable thirst brought on by a long day's march under the hot sun.

2. The hard buffalo chase had jaded my horse severely, and at such a time I well knew he needed water more than ever; but, not a drop could I procure for him. In the middle of the afternoon, we altered our course somewhat to the north, to avoid the bad travelling we found immediately on our route. Small parties of men were out in every direction in search of water, but they met with no success.

3. By this time, the want of the reviving element was plainly seen in our horses; their wild and glaring eyes, with their broken, nervous, and unsteady action, showing the intensity of their suffering. The mules, too, suffered much from the want of water, but nothing in comparison with the horses and oxen. The endurance of the mule is never so well tested as on a journey where both water and grass are scarce.

4. I have said that we continued our journey until the middle of the afternoon. About that time, and without seeing any sign ahead that could lead us to expect there was so great a change in the face of the country, we suddenly reached the brow of a precipitous bluff, some two or three hundred feet in height, which overlooked a large valley, of broken and rugged appearance.

5. This valley was four or five miles in width, a ridge of rough hills bounding it on the northern side; and, not only the descent to the valley, from the bluff on which we stood, but the whole surface below, was covered by dry cedars, apparently killed the previous year by fire. The spot upon which we stood was a level plain, covered with rank and coarse grass several feet in height. This grass, no rain having fallen for weeks, had become as dry as tinder.

6. While consulting as to what course we should pursue, some one of our party discovered water at the distance of three or four miles across the valley below, a turn in the river bringing it to view. We immediately determined, if possible, to effect the descent of the steep and ragged bluff before us, and at least give our suffering animals a chance to quench their thirst, even if the water should prove too brackish for our own use. Some thirty-five or forty of the advance-guard instantly determined upon

undertaking the toilsome and dangerous descent; and, to give my horse the earliest turn at the water, I accompanied this party.

7. After winding and picking our way for a full hour, pitching down precipices that were nearly perpendicular, and narrowly escaping frightful chasms and fissures of the rocks, we were all enabled to reach the valley with whole bones; but, to do this we were frequently obliged to dismount from our horses, and, in some places, fairly to push them over abrupt descents which they never would have attempted without force. I have said that this bluff was some two or three hundred feet in height: we travelled at least a mile to gain this short distance, so devious and difficult was our path.

8. The side of the bluff was formed of rough, sharp-pointed rocks, many of them of large size; and, every little spot of earth had, in former years, given nourishment and support to some craggy cedar, now left leafless and desolate by fire. Shoots of young cedars, however, were springing up where they could find root-hold; but, they were not destined to attain the rank and standing of their sires.

9. After reaching the valley, we soon found the sandy bed of what had been a running stream in the rainy season. Immediately on striking it, our tired nags raised their heads, pricked up their ears, and set off at a brisk trot, instinctively knowing that water was in the vicinity. The horse scents water at an incredible distance, and frequently travellers upon the prairies are enabled to find it by simply turning their horses or mules loose. A tiresome ride of three or four miles now brought us to the river.

10. On reaching its banks, nothing could restrain our nags from dashing headlong down. Equally thirsty ourselves, we had fondly hoped that the waters might prove fresh and sweet; but, they were even more brackish than any we had yet tasted. Repulsive as it was, however, we swallowed enough to moisten our parched lips and throats, and ten minutes after were even more thirsty than before. Our horses, fonder of this water than of any other, drank until apparently they could swallow no more.

11. While some of our party were digging into the sand at the

edge of the stream, with the hope of finding fresher water, and others were enjoying the cooling luxury of a bath, a loud report, as of a cannon, was heard in the direction of the camp, and a dark smoke was seen suddenly to rise. "An Indian attack!" was the startling cry on all sides; and instantly we commenced huddling on our clothes and bridling our horses. One by one, as fast as we could get ready, we set off for what we supposed to be the scene of conflict.

12. As we neared the camping ground it became plainly evident that the prairie was on fire in all directions. When within a mile of the steep bluff, which cut off the prairie above from the valley, the bright flames were seen flashing from the dry cedars, and a dense volume of black smoke, rising above all, gave a painful sublimity to the scene. On approaching nearer, we were met by some of our companions, who were hurriedly seeking a passage up the steep.

13. They had heard from those on the prairie above, that the high grass had caught fire by accident and that with such velocity had it spread, that several of the wagons, and among them that of the commissioners, had been consumed. This wagon contained, in addition to a large number of cartridges, all the trunks and valuables of the mess to which I was attached, making me doubly anxious to gain the scene of action, and learn the worst.

14. It afterward proved that the explosion of the cartridges in the wagon was what we had mistaken for the report of our six-pounder. With redoubled exertions we now pushed forward towards the camp; but, before we could reach the base of the high and rugged bluff, the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep, yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado.

15. As the flames would strike the dry tops of the cedars, reports resembling those of the musket would be heard; and, in such quick succession did these reports follow each other, that I can compare them to nothing save the irregular discharge of infantry; a strange accompaniment to the wild roar of the devouring element.

The wind was blowing fresh from the west, when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames, with a speed absolutely astounding, over the very ground on which we had travelled during the day.

16. The wind lulled as the sun went down behind the mountains in the west; and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had descended was cut off by the fire, and night found our party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table-land above. Our situation was a dangerous one, too; for, had the wind sprung up and veered into the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping; with such velocity did the flames extend.

LESSON XXXIX.

A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.—CONCLUDED.—GEORGE W. KENDALL.

1. IF the scene had been grand previously to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold as night in vain attempted to throw her dark mantle over the earth. The light from acres and acres, I might say miles and miles, of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminated earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than that of the noon-day sun.

2. Ever and anon, as some one of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of this earth. A lurid and most unnatural glow, reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render still more haggard and toilsome his burnt and blackened features.

3. I was fortunate enough, about nine o'clock, to meet one of our men, who directed me to a passage up the steep ascent. He had just left the bluff above, and gave me a piteous recital of our situation. He was endeavoring to find water after several hours of increasing toil; and I left him, with slight hopes that his search would be rewarded.

4. By this time I was alone, not one of the companions who had started with me from the river being in sight or hearing; one by one they had dropped off, each searching for some path by which he might climb to the table-land above. The first person I met, after reaching the prairie, was Mr. Falconer, standing with the blackened remnant of a blanket in his hand, and watching lest the fire should break out in the western side of the camp; for, in that direction the exertions of the men, aided by a strong westerly wind, had prevented the devouring element from spreading. Mr. Falconer directed me to the spot where our mess was quartered.

5. I found them sitting upon such articles as had been saved from the wagon, their gloomy countenances rendered more desponding by the reflection from the now distant fire. I was too much worn down by fatigue and deep anxiety to make many inquiries as to the extent of our loss; but hungry, and almost choked with thirst, I threw myself upon the blackened ground, and sought forgetfulness in sleep. It was hours, however, before sleep visited my eyelids. From the spot on which I was lying, a broad-sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width; the heavens in that direction so brilliantly lit up that they resembled a sea of molten gold.

6. In the west, a wall of impenetrable blackness appeared to be thrown up, as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction. The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard, as it sped on, as with the wings of lightning, across the prairies; while in the valley far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in manner closely resembling a magnificent pyrotechnic display; the general combination forming a scene of grandeur and sublimity which the pen shrinks from describing, and to which the power of words is wholly unequal.

7. Daylight, the next morning, disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south, and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by

the fire; and, the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass but laid bare, in painful distinctness, the awful chasms and rents in the steep hill-side before us, as well as the valley spreading far and wide below. Afar off, in the distance, a dense, black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of the devastating element was still onward.

8. Two of our wagons only had been entirely destroyed, but nearly all had suffered. A part of the baggage in the commissioners' wagon had been saved by the extraordinary exertions of some of the men; and, just as they had relinquished the work, the explosion of cartridges, which had first alarmed the party in the valley, scattered the burning fragments of the wagon in every direction.

9. My friend Falconer was so disfigured that I hardly knew him. His hair and eyebrows were scorched completely off, his face was a perfect blister, his clothes burnt from his back, and, without a hat, he seemed as though some insurance-office had met with a heavy loss. Object of pity, however, as he appeared to be, I still could not help smiling at the sad and wo-begone figure he presented. Among the few trunks saved I fortunately found mine, containing nearly all my money, clothing, watch, and other valuables.

10. The loss of a carpet-bag, which contained my boots and the rough articles I wore upon the road, was all I had to regret in the way of private property. Not so with the mess to which I was attached. The remnant of coffee we still had left was burnt entirely too much; our pots, pans, and kettles, knives and forks, were converted into old iron; every thing was gone; we had nothing to eat, however, except half rations of miserably poor beef, and the necessity of falling back upon first principles, or, in other words, eating with our fingers, annoyed us but little.

11. The wagon of the commissioners contained, besides our private baggage, a quantity of jewellery, blankets, cartridges, rifles, muskets, &c. These were all destroyed. The other wagon which was consumed was loaded with goods, and from this nothing was saved. At one time, the ammunition wagon, containing

a large quantity of powder, was on fire, and only saved by the daring exertions of some of our men.

12. It may appear singular to some of my readers, that so much damage could be caused by the burning of grass alone, for on the spot where the wagons were drawn up, there was nothing else; but, it should be remembered, that this grass was very high, had been killed by the dry weather, and flashed up and spread almost with the rapidity of a train of powder, on being ignited.

13. It is very easy, when a fire upon the prairies is seen coming towards a party, to escape its dangers by kindling the grass immediately about, and taking possession of the newly burnt ground before the distant flames come up; but, in this instance, the fire commenced on the windward side, and with a frightful rapidity flashed directly along our line of wagons. The only wonder at the time was, how any thing had been saved from the furious element that roared and crackled around.

LESSON XL.

THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF AMERICA.—WILLIAM KENT.

1. TURNING first to the natural advantages of America, who can cast his eye over the broad map of his country, without an expansion of feeling, and a proud exultation, which doubt can not shake, nor ridicule repress? If ever the hand of nature visibly pointed to the seat of an empire, it will be on the continent of North America. It is not national vanity that prompts the remark, since enlightened foreigners are the loudest to declare it; and I now speak under the vivid impression of a late French work, by *Michael Chevalier*, on the Internal Communications of the United States. Of all foreigners, by the way, the *French* seem the best to apprehend the physical and political qualities of our country; while the *English*, on the other hand, seem environed in their discussions of America by ignorance and prejudice, hopeless and invincible.

2. If we wish to place before an inquirer a book which shall minutely explain the structure and workings of our complicated political system, while it abounds in comprehensive, and even sublime views of the progress and destiny of America, where can we so well resort as to the writings of the accomplished and philosophical *De Tocqueville*? And we find nowhere so perfect a description of the physical resources, and great natural features of the continent, as in the works of *Chevalier*, who is, at this moment, endeavoring to allure his countrymen to the arts of peace, and the benefits of internal improvements, by the example of the infant republics of the west.

3. It is not surprising that France is dear to America, or that our hopes and wishes, sometimes without the concurrence of our judgment, accompanied her in the vicissitudes of her revolutionary, and even her imperial wars; since, besides the substantial national benefits, which, in our emergency, we have obtained from France, it is from her writers alone we receive impartial apprehension of our national qualities, with the enchanting influence of French courtesy and politeness.

4. Your time will not be profitably employed by a lecture on the geography of the United States; yet it may be permitted to compress into one or two sentences some of the leading thoughts of *Chevalier*, who, in his glance at the divisions and the water-courses of the United States, conveys the most vivid idea of their wonderful advantages and resources. The Union, then, consists of three great natural divisions.

5. The first is the *Atlantic region*, stretching from Maine to Florida; bounded on the west by the Alleghanies, containing the thirteen states that fought the battle of the revolution, and have now obtained considerable longevity and population, and now possess the arts and refinements of civilized life.

6. The second is the *Oregon region*, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, in the possession of only roving Indians, and where some unsettled claims as to boundaries must, perhaps, be one day settled with the English or the Russians.

7. The third is the great *Central region*, the valley of the Mis-

issippi, and its tributaries ; “ an immense triangle, of which the vertex is at the south, and the base at the north ; possessed of a temperate climate, traversed by vast and beautiful water-courses, covered by forests, whose majestic vegetation astonishes the European traveller, and adding to subterranean treasures, the indispensable requisite to the greatness of nations ; a soil, to which grand diluvian movements, and accumulated deposits of decayed vegetation, have given powers of remarkable fertility.”

8. To bring more vividly its picture before you, let the memory accompany the currents of its mighty rivers, compared with which the rivers of Europe, and, indeed, of the Eastern world, shrink into insignificance. On the north, the chain of the great lakes, those magnificent reservoirs of immense masses of crystal waters, supply unfailing fountains to the noble *St. Lawrence*, whose equal stream, the same in summer and in winter, in the meltings of spring, and the drought of autumn,

“ Like to the *Pontic Sea*,
Whose icy current, and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb,”

glides in a rocky channel to the Straits of Belleisle.

9. Farther west, nature appears on a more extended scale. From the north, rising in the smaller lakes, proceeds the *Mississippi* proper, limpid, beautiful and majestic, watering a fertile region, and passing mines of metal shortly to furnish materials for the industry, and accessions to the wealth of the nation.

10. From the east comes down to join it, with no tribute flood, our own *Ohio*, exhibiting already, in its matchless valley, fertility and agricultural productiveness, overpowering to the imagination, flowing, first, through the *land of the forest*, of primeval and overshadowing woods, lofty in stature, and exuberant in foliage, attesting the richness of the soil, and the ardors of the sun ; and passing thence into the *land of the prairie*, where luxuriant herbage covers the traveller, and whose gently swelling plains, like vast undulations, present, in their season, with wild fertility, the similitude of an “ ocean of flowers !”

11. On the right, in the boldest contrast, wild, turbid, and uncontrollable, rushes in the mighty *Missouri*, "coming down 3,000 miles from among the savages, and impressing its barbarian character on the Mississippi." Consistent throughout, no fair lakes have produced this Titanian torrent, and no fertility marks its progress. Draining for the space of nine degrees of latitude, it draws its waters from the clefts and gorges, the torrents and glaciers of the *Rocky Mountains*; and, rushing thence eastward, through deserts steril and wild as the steppes of Tartary, when the heat of summer has dried up its tributaries, it rolls its sullen and turbid waves through silent, deserted territories.

12. And, lastly, we behold those great rivers forming the *lower Mississippi*, pouring its multitudinous waves to their confluence with the ocean, attesting the volume of its flood in the undermining banks, the extended marshes, the low lagunes, while the rankness of vegetation, the tropical fruits, the miasmas, and the very monsters engendered by its slime, exhibit the ardors of a southern sun, and the almost diseased energy of nature!

13. Over these extended regions whose water-courses have been thus alluded to, as best conveying to a momentary glance an idea of their natural unity, the cornucopia of nature has poured its boundless profusion; the fruit, the corn, the vine, the olive, the cotton, the cane; the production of every climate of the temperate zones. Nor is the race of men, to whom the sovereignty of these regions is evidently committed, unequal to develop their resources, and to wield their powers, which the exuberance of nature lays at their feet.

LESSON XLI.

A WELL CULTIVATED MIND FORMS AN ESSENTIAL INGRÉDIENT OF
FEMALE EXCELLENCE.—DR. GARDINER SPRING.

1. WE have yet to learn, that the Supreme Creator has denied to woman the same capacity for intellectual exertion, which he has communicated to man; and that with the same training, the

same auxiliaries, and the same incitement, she might not maintain her equal progression in every enterprise that demands simply intellectual endowment. But this is a point of no easy decision, and of little utility could it be equally decided.

2. There are those who so far depreciate the intellectual worth of females, as to believe that all that is important in female education, is limited by a thorough acquaintance with domestic philosophy; and, that to furnish our daughters with any thing beyond this, and particularly to instruct them in any of the branches of solid learning and science, is a superfluity that ill befits their condition and employment.

3. But how contracted are such views, and how far do they fall short of qualifying females for some of the more useful and important duties of their sex! Mind is a glorious endowment; and, there is no reason why the mind of a female should not be cultivated with unwearied assiduity.

4. Particularly to a female of keen perception, intuitive judgment, vivid fancy, and ready and attentive memory, every facility of developing and improving her intellectual faculties, which her means and condition of life can furnish, should be afforded. I know of nothing which a woman may not study and acquire to advantage.

5. If she is ambitious of deserving well, if she is diligent, as her experience and reflection become matured, I would not only have her well grounded in all the branches of a good English education, but I would delight to see her plodding her steady course through the departments of classical knowledge; introduced to the masters of science in every age; familiar with the history of other times, and the biography of other men; well acquainted with the power of numbers; not meanly instructed in physical and intellectual philosophy; and especially, taught to think and reason, and to express her thoughts with propriety, force, and elegance.

6. No reason exists why the temple of science should be interdicted to an enterprising female; and, why its ascent should be deemed so rough and difficult that her modest foot may not attempt it. Every step she gains will reward her exertion, and

facilitate her progress; and, though it may not be her ambition to flourish in the republic of letters; yet if she would be esteemed and honored in human society, and become one of its most invaluable blessings, she need not fear extending her acquisitions.

7. But while we advert to her intellectual cultivation, let us not slightly pass over the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance with *moral science*. There, every female should be at home. The wonders of the Bible have interested and amazed the strongest intellects in creation. And if a female would be interested in subjects that can expand, and captivate, and transform her mind, that can crucify her affections to the pursuits and enjoyments of the world, then must her heart be endeared to the excellences of the Bible.

8. All these courses will strengthen and cultivate her intellectual powers, and fit her for usefulness. And if she be pious, how is her character invested with additional power, when it can put in requisition the force and furniture of a well-disciplined and richly cultivated mind. The greater variety of intellectual accomplishments she possesses, the more respectable she will become, and the more influence will she exert in any sphere which she is destined to occupy.

LESSON XLII.

PASSING THROUGH AN ICEBERG.

[Extract from a Journal kept by a Seaman who served in the Arctic Expedition of 1850-51.]

1. JUNE 30, 1850.—Moored to an iceberg; weather calm; sky cloudless, and “beautifully blue;” surrounded by a vast number of stupendous bergs, glittering and glistening beneath the refulgent rays of a mid-day sun.

2. A great portion of the crew had gone on shore to gather the eggs of the wild sea-birds that frequent the lonely ice-bound preci-

pices of Baffin's Bay, while those on board had retired to rest, wearied with the harassing toils of the preceding day.

3. To me, walking the deck and alone, all nature seemed hushed in universal repose. While thus contemplating the stillness of the monotonous scene around me, I observed in the offing a large iceberg, completely perforated, exhibiting in the distance an arch, or tunnel, apparently so uniform in its conformation, that I was induced to call two of the seamen to look at it, at the same time telling them that I had never read or heard of any of our Arctic voyagers passing through one of those arches so frequently seen through large bergs, and that there would be a novelty in doing so, and if they chose to accompany me, I would get permission to take the dingy, (a small boat,) and endeavor to accomplish the unprecedented feat. They readily agreed, and away we went.

4. On nearing the arch, and ascertaining that there was a sufficiency of water for the boat to pass through, we rowed slowly and silently under, when there burst upon our view one of the most magnificent specimens of nature's handiwork ever exhibited to mortal eyes; the sublimity and grandeur of which no language can describe; no imagination conceive.

5. Fancy an immense arch of 80 feet span, 50 feet high, and upward of 100 in breadth, as correct in its conformation as if it had been constructed by the most scientific artist; formed of solid ice of a beautiful emerald green, its whole expanse of surface smoother than the most polished alabaster, and you may form some slight conception of the architectural beauties of this icy temple, the wonderful workmanship of time and the elements.

6. When we had got about half way through the mighty structure, on looking upward, I observed that the berg was split the whole breadth of the arch, and in a perpendicular direction to its summit, showing two vertical sections of regular surfaces, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," here and there illumined by an arctic sun which darted its golden rays between, presenting to the eye a picture of ethereal grandeur which no poet could describe, no painter portray.

7. I was so enraptured with the sight, that for a moment I fan-

cied the "blue vault of heaven" had opened, and that I actually gazed on the celestial splendor of a world beyond this. But, alas! in an instant the scene changed, and I awoke as it were from a delightful dream, to experience all the horrors of a terrible reality. I observed the fracture rapidly close, then again slowly open.

8. This stupendous mass of ice, millions of tons in weight, was afloat, consequently in motion, and apparently about to lose its equilibrium, capsize, or burst into fragments. Our position was truly awful; my feelings at the moment may be conceived, but can not be described. I looked downward and around me; the sight was equally appalling; the very sea seemed agitated. I at last shut my eyes from a scene so terrible, the men at the oars, as if by instinct, "gave way," and our little craft swiftly glided from beneath the gigantic mass.

9. We then rowed around the berg, keeping at a respectable distance from it, in order to judge of its magnitude. I supposed it to be about a mile in circumference, and its highest pinnacle 250 feet.

10. Thus ended an excursion, the bare recollection of which, at this moment, awakens in me a shudder; nevertheless, I would not have lost the opportunity of witnessing a scene so awfully sublime, so tragically grand, for thousands sterling; but I would not again run such a risk for a world.

11. We passed through the berg about two P. M., and at ten o'clock the same night it burst, agitating the sea for miles around. I may also observe that the two men who were with me in the boat, did not observe that the berg was rent until I told them, after we were out of danger, we having agreed previously to entering the arch, not to speak a word to each other, lest echo itself should disturb the fragile mass.

12. Arctic voyagers differ as to what portion of an iceberg is under water. Some say one-fifth; some one-seventh; some more. I refer the reader to the works of Ross and Parry as the best authorities.

LESSON XLIII.

ENVIRONS OF MEXICO.—INTERVIEW OF CORTES AND MONTEZUMA.—
FROM PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

1. WITH the first faint streak of dawn, the Spanish general was up, mustering his followers. They gathered, with beating hearts, under their respective banners, as the trumpet sent forth its spirit-stirring sounds across water and woodland, till they died away in distant echoes among the mountains. The sacred flames on the altars of numberless *teocallis*, dimly seen through the gray mists of morning, indicated the site of the capital, till temple, tower, and palace were fully revealed in the glorious illumination which the sun, as he rose above the eastern barrier, poured over the beautiful valley. It was the eighth of November, 1519; a conspicuous day in history, as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World.

2. Cortes with his little body of horse formed a sort of advanced guard to the army. Then came the Spanish infantry, who in a summer's campaign had acquired the discipline, and the weather-beaten aspect of veterans. The baggage occupied the centre; and the rear was closed by the dark files of Tlascalan warriors. The whole number must have fallen short of seven thousand; of which less than four hundred were Spaniards.

3. For a short distance, the army kept along the narrow tongue of land that divides the Tezcucan from the Chalcan waters, when it entered on the great dike, which, with the exception of an angle near the commencement, stretches in a perfectly straight line across the salt floods of Tezcuco to the gates of the capital. It was the same causeway, or rather the basis of that, which still forms the great southern avenue of Mexico. The Spaniards had occasion more than ever to admire the mechanical science of the Aztecs, in the geometrical precision with which the work was executed, as well as the solidity of its construction. It was composed of huge stones well laid in cement; and wide enough, throughout its whole extent, for ten horsemen to ride abreast.

4. They saw, as they passed along, several large towns, resting on piles, and reaching far into the water; a kind of architecture which found great favor with the Aztecs, being in imitation of that of their metropolis. The busy population obtained a good subsistence from the manufacture of salt, which they extracted from the waters of the great lake. The duties on the traffic in this article were a considerable source of revenue to the crown.

5. Everywhere the Conquerors beheld the evidence of a crowded and thriving population, exceeding all that they had yet seen. The temples and principal buildings of the cities were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the level beams of the morning. The margin of the great basin was more thickly gemmed, than that of Chalco, with towns and hamlets. The water was darkened by swarms of canoes filled with Indians, who clambered up the sides of the causeway, and gazed with curious astonishment on the strangers.

6. And here, also, they beheld those fairy islands of flowers, overshadowed occasionally by trees of considerable size, rising and falling with the gentle undulation of the billows. At the distance of half a league from the capital, they encountered a solid work or curtain of stone, which traversed the dike. It was twelve feet high, was strengthened by towers at the extremities, and in the centre was a battlemented gate-way, which opened a passage to the troops. It was called the Fort of Xoloc, and became memorable in aftertimes as the position occupied by Cortes in the famous siege of Mexico.

7. Here they were met by several hundred Aztec chiefs, who came out to announce the approach of Montezuma, and to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. They were dressed in the fanciful gala costume of the country, with the *maxtlatl*, or cotton sash, around their loins, and a broad mantle of the same material, or of the brilliant feather-embroidery, flowing gracefully down their shoulders. On their necks and arms they displayed collars and bracelets of turquoise mosaic, with which delicate plumage was curiously mingled, while their ears, under lips, and occasionally their noses, were garnished with pendants formed of precious stones,

or crescents of fine gold. As each cacique made the usual formal salutation of the country separately to the general, the tedious ceremony delayed the march more than an hour. After this, the army experienced no farther interruption till it reached a bridge near the gates of the city.

8. It was built of wood, since replaced by one of stone, and was thrown across an opening of the dike, which furnished an outlet to the waters, when agitated by the winds, or swollen by a sudden influx in the rainy season. It was a draw-bridge; and the Spaniards, as they crossed it, felt how truly they were committing themselves to the mercy of Montezuma, who, by thus cutting off their communications with the country, might hold them prisoners in his capital.

9. In the midst of these unpleasant reflections, they beheld the glittering retinue of the emperor emerging from the great street which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state, bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather-work, powdered with jewels, and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were bare-footed, and walked with a slow, measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground. When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted, and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan, his nephew and brother, both of whom, as we have seen, had already been made known to the Spaniards.

10. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strowed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him. Such was the homage paid to the Indian despot,

showing that the slavish forms of Oriental adulation were to be found among the rude inhabitants of the Western World.

11. Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak, *tilmatli*, of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot around his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the *chalchiviltl*, a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs, were conspicuous. On his head he wore no other ornament than a *panache* of plumes of the royal green which floated down his back, the badge of military, rather than of regal, rank.

12. He was at this time about forty years of age. His person was tall and thin, but not ill made. His hair, which was black and straight, was not very long; to wear it short was considered unbecoming persons of rank. His beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than is often found in his dusky, or rather copper-colored race. His features, though serious in their expression, did not wear the look of melancholy, indeed, of dejection, which characterizes his portrait, and which may well have settled on them at a later period. He moved with dignity, and his whole demeanor, tempered by an expression of benignity not to have been anticipated from the reports circulated of his character, was worthy of a great prince. Such is the portrait left to us of the celebrated Indian emperor, in this his first interview with the white men.

13. The army halted as he drew near. Cortes, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and, supported by a few of the principal cavaliers, advanced to meet him. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. In Montezuma, Cortes beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the burden of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince saw the strange being whose history seemed to be so mysteriously connected with his

own; the predicted one of his oracles, whose achievements proclaimed him something more than human. But, whatever may have been the monarch's feelings, he so far suppressed them as to receive his guest with princely courtesy, and to express his satisfaction at personally seeing him in his capital.

14. Cortes responded by the most profound expressions of respect, while he made ample acknowledgments for the substantial proofs which the emperor had given the Spaniards of his munificence. He then hung around Montezuma's neck a sparkling chain of colored crystal, accompanying this with a movement as if to embrace him, when he was restrained by the two Aztec lords, shocked at the menaced profanation of the sacred person of their master. After the interchange of these civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother to conduct the Spaniards to their residence in the capital, and again entering his litter, was borne off amidst prostrate crowds in the same state in which he had come. The Spaniards quickly followed, and with colors flying and music playing soon made their entrance into the southern quarter of Tenochtitlan.

LESSON XLIV.

THE BIBLE.—REV. RALPH HOYT.

1. BIBLE! Blessed Bible!
 Treasure of the heart!
 What sweet consolation,
 Doth thy page impart;
 In the fiercest trial,
 In the deepest grief,
 Strength, and hope, and comfort,
 In each holy leaf.
2. Bible, let me clasp thee,
 Anchor of the soul!
 When the storm is raging,
 When the waters roll,

When the frowning heavens
Darken every star,
And no hopeful beacon,
Glimmereth afar,
Be my refuge, Bible !
Then be thou my stay,
Guide me on life's billow,
Light the dreary way.

3. Tell me of the morrow,
When a sun shall rise,
That shall glow for ever,
In unclouded skies ;
Tell me of that haven
In the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely
In a sea of love.

4. Bible, let me clasp thee !
Chronicle divine,
Of a world's redemption,
Of a Saviour, mine !
Wisdom for the simple,
Riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding,
For the sick, a cure.
Rest for all the weary,
Ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful,
Life beyond the grave

5. Bible ! Blessed Bible !
Treasure of the heart,
What sweet consolation,
Doth thy page impart ;

In the fiercest trial,
In the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort,
In each holy leaf.

LESSON XLV.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.—AUDUBON.

1. ON my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wild prairies, which in that portion of the United States vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. The track which I followed was an old Indian trace; and, as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest.

2. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirt of some woodland. I did so; and, almost at the same instant, a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered from its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

3. I reached the spot, and, presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my attention was

a finely-formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows upon his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three rackoon-skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not.

4. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which, in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a rackoon in the top of a tree, the arrow split upon the cord, and sprang back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it for ever.

5. Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I was to expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that, on removing the ashes, I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it.

6. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

7. The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on

the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from his greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and, again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

8. Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance with my companion, and became well assured, that whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

9. I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, returned to the hut, and gave a favorable account of my observation. I took up a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

10. A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard; and, from the corner of my eyes, I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal, (meaning the Indian, who they knew understood not a word of English,) was in the house.

11. The mother, (for so she proved to be,) bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail; and, with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the

corner. I felt that he perceived the danger of my situation. The Indian exchanged a glance with me.

12. The lads had eaten and drunken themselves into such a condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped, would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge.

13. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him!" She then directed them to kill the Indian while she despatched me.

14. I turned, made ready my gun silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first that should attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The old hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced upon my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me, that they should have arrived at that moment.

15. The tale was told in a moment. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The wounded Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose that we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers told me that they themselves had once been in a somewhat similar situation.

16. The next morning our captives were unbound; and, after

inflicting upon them a proper chastisement, and suitably rewarding the friendly Indian, we set off towards the settlements. During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wandering extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any danger to be encountered on the road; and, I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

LESSON XLVI.

THE CREATOR TO BE REMEMBERED IN YOUTH.—ECCLESIASTES,
CHAPTER XII.—BIBLE.

1. REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened;

2. And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

3. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern:

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

4. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher ; all is vanity.

And, moreover, because the Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge ; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order, many proverbs.

The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words ; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

5. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And farther, by these, my son, be admonished : of making many books there is no end ; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

6. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter ; Fear God, and keep his commandments : for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

LESSON XLVII.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.—J. T. HEADLY.

1. Now for a chapter of statistics. I hate them, but in no other way can you get an idea of the size of St. Peter's. I will not give you feet and inches, but say that you could pile about twelve such as Trinity Church, New York, into St. Peter's, and have considerable room left for walking about. By taking off the steeples, you could arrange two rows of them in the church, three in a row ; then clap on the steeples again under the dome, and they would reach a trifle more than half way to the top. You could put two churches like the Trinity under the dome, and have the entire nave of the church and both side-aisles wholly unoccupied.

2. Take three Astor-houses, and place them lengthwise, and they would extend the length of the inside of St. Peter's : make a

double row of them, and they would fill it half way up to the roof, pretty snug. Thirty or forty common churches could be stowed away in it without much trouble; and, the four columns that support the dome are each larger than an ordinary dwelling-house. But this is nothing: the marble, the statuary, the costly tombs, the architecture, the art, are indescribable.

3. I will now describe the closing up of Easter Sunday. It is a principle in all Catholic ceremonies, never to wind off gradually, as is too frequently the case among Protestants, but to have the last display the most magnificent of all. Thus, on Easter Sunday, the closing up of Holy Week, the Papal throne crowds its entire pomp into its ceremonies. * * * * *

4. This great building, covering several acres, is illuminated on its entire outer surface. It is caused by suspending four thousand four hundred lanterns upon it, covering it from the dome down. To accomplish this, men have to be let down with ropes, over every part of the edifice, and left dangling there for more than an hour. Even from the base of the church, they appear like insects creeping over the surface. Hanging down the precipitous sides of the immense dome, standing four hundred feet high in the air, is attended with so much danger, that the eighty men employed in it always receive extreme unction before they attempt it.

5. There are two illuminations. The first is called the silver one, and commences about eight o'clock in the evening. These four thousand four hundred lamps are so arranged as to reveal the entire architecture of the building. Every column, cornice, frieze, and window; all the details of the building, and the entire structure, are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing, yet utterly bewildering. It seems an immense alabaster building, lit from within.

6. The long lines of light made by the columns, with the shadows between, the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it; the magnificent semicircular colonnades all inherent with light, and every one of the one hundred and ninety-two statues along its top surmounted with a lamp, and the immense dome rising over all like a mountain of molten silver, in the deep darkness

around, so completely delude the sense, that one can think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly lighted and hung in mid-heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance. The Pincian hill is the spot from which to view it. All around is buried in deep darkness, except that steadily shining glory. Not a sound is heard to break the stillness, and you gaze, and gaze, expecting every moment to see the beautiful vision fade. But it still shines calmly on.

7. This illumination lasts from eight to nine; and just as the bell of the Cathedral strikes nine, sending its loud and solemn peal over the city, a thousand four hundred and seventy-five torches are suddenly kindled, besides the lanterns. The change is instantaneous and almost terrific. The air seems to waver to and fro in the sudden light; shape and form are lost for a moment, and the vision which just charmed your senses is melted and flowing together.

8. The next moment old St. Peter's again draws its burning outline against the black sky, and stands like a mountain of torches in the deep night, with a fiery cross burning at the top. How the glorious structure burns, yet unconsumed! The flames wrap it in their fierce embrace, and yet not a single detail is lost in the conflagration. There is the noble *façade* in all its harmony, and yet on fire! There are the immense colonnades wavering in the light, changed only in that they are now each a *red* marble shaft. The statues stand unharmed, and all fiery figures.

9. The dome is a vast fire-ball in the darkness, yet its distinct outline remains as clear as at the first. The whole mighty edifice is there, but built all of flame; columns, frieze, cornice, windows, domes, cross: a temple of fire, perfect in every part, flashing, swaying, burning in mid-heavens. The senses grow bewildered in gazing on its intense brilliancy, and the judgment pronounces it an optical illusion, unreal, fantastical.

10. Yet the next moment it stands corrected: that *is* St. Peter's flaming, unwasted in the murky heavens. Hour after hour it blazes on, and the last torch is yet unextinguished when the gray twilight of morning opens in the east.

LESSON XLVIII.

TRIBUTE TO THE ENTERPRISING SPIRIT OF THE NEW ENGLAND
COLONISTS.—BURKE.

1. As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration.

2. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south.

3. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but that is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils.

4. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

5. When I contemplate these things ; when I know that the colonies, in general, owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection : when I reflect upon these effects ; when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

LESSON XLIX.

THE CHIPPEWA CHIEFS AND GENERAL TAYLOR.—FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

1. ON the third day after the arrival of General Taylor at Washington, the Indian chiefs requested me to seek an interview for them. They were about to leave for their homes, on Lake Superior, and greatly desired to see the new President before their departure. It was accordingly arranged, by the general, to see them the next morning, at nine o'clock, before the usual reception hour.

2. Fitted out in their very best, with many items of finery which their taste for the imposing had added to their wardrobe, the delegation and their interpreter accompanied me to the reception-room, and General Taylor cordially took them by the hand. One of the chiefs arose, and addressed the President, elect, nearly as follows :

3. "Father ! We are glad to see you, and we are pleased to see you so well after your long journey.

4. "Father ! We are the representatives of about twenty thousand of your red children, and are just about leaving for our homes, far off in Lake Superior ; and, we are very much gratified,

that, before our departure, we have the opportunity of shaking hands with you.

5. "Father! You have conquered your country's enemies in war; may you subdue the enemies of your administration while you are President of the United States, and govern this great country, like the great father, Washington, before you, with wisdom and in peace.

6. "Father! This our visit through the country and to the cities of your white children, and the wonderful things that we have seen, impress us with awe, and cause us to think that the white man is the favored of the Great Spirit.

7. "Father! In the midst of the great blessings with which you and your white children are favored of the Great Spirit, we ask of you, while you are in power, not to forget your less fortunate red children. They are now few, and scattered, and poor. You can help them.

8. "Father! Although a successful warrior, we have heard of your humanity! And now that we see you face to face, we are satisfied that you have a heart to feel for your poor red children. Father! Farewell!"

9. The tall, manly-looking chief having finished and shaken hands, General Taylor asked him to be seated; and, rising himself, replied nearly as follows:

10. "My Red Children! I am very happy to have this interview with you. What you have said I have listened to with interest. It is the more appreciated by me, as I am no stranger to your people. I resided for a length of time on your borders, and have been witness to your privations, and am acquainted with many of your wants.

11. "Peace must be established and maintained between yourselves and the neighboring tribes of the red men; and, you need, in the next place, the means of subsistence.

12. "My Red Children! I thank you for your kind wishes expressed for me personally, and as President of the United States.

13. "While I am in office, I shall use my influence to keep you at peace with the Sioux, between whom and the Chippewas

there has always been a most deadly hostility, fatal to the prosperity of both nations. I shall also recommend that you be provided with the means of raising corn and the other necessities of life.

14. "My Red Children! I hope that you have met with success in your present visit, and that you may return to your homes without an accident by the way; and, I bid you say to your red brethren, that I cordially wish them health and prosperity. Farewell."

15. This interesting interview closed with a general shaking of hands; and, during the addresses, it is creditable to the parties to say, that their feelings were reached.

LESSON L.

"OH MOTHER, WOULD THE POWER WERE MINE."—MARGARET
DAVISON.

1. Oh mother, would the power were mine,
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breathe each trembling, new-born thought,
Within thy fondly listening ear;
As when in days of youth and glee
My hopes and fancies wandered free.
2. But, mother, now a shade has past
Athwart my brightest visions here,
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapped
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount has died within.
3. The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more;
And oh, how vain and trivial seem,
The pleasures that I prized before.

My soul with trembling steps and slow,
 As struggling on through doubt and strife,
 Oh may it prove, as time rolls on,
 The pathway to eternal life ;
 Then, when my cares and fears are o'er,
 I'll sing thee as in days of yore.

4. I said that hope had passed from earth ;
 'T was but to fold her wings in heaven ;
 To whisper of the soul's new birth,
 Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven.
 When mine are washed in tears away,
 Then shall my spirit swell its lay.

5. When God shall guide my soul above,
 By the soft cords of heavenly love,
 When the vain cares of earth depart,
 And tuneful voices swell my heart,
 Then shall each word, each note I raise,
 Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise ;
 And all not offered at his shrine,
 Dear mother, I will place on thine.

LESSON LI.

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

1. THE atmosphere rises above us with its dome, arching towards the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us, like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision ; “ a sea of glass like unto crystal.”

2. So massive is it that when it stirs it tosses about great ships, like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to

destruction before it; and yet is so subtile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap ball sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wing.

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blast braces into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

4. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the twilight, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens. The cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail, storm, nor fog, diversify the face of the sky.

5. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead towards the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat, dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and every creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose.

6. In the morning, the sun would burst at one bound from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the earth, till her eyelids open, and like a man, she goeth forth again to her labors till the evening.

LESSON LII.

EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.—ROCHESTER GEM.

1. ALL parents, in Prussia, are bound by law to send their children to the public elementary schools, or to satisfy the authorities that their education is sufficiently provided for at home. This regulation is of considerable antiquity; it was confirmed by Frederick the Great, in 1769, and was introduced into the Prussian Landrecht, or code, in 1794, and finally it was adopted in the law of 1819, which forms the basis of the actual system of Prussia.

2. The obligation in question extends not only to parents and guardians, but to all persons who have power over children, such as manufacturers, and masters of apprentices, and applies to children of both sexes, from their seventh to their fourteenth year complete. Twice a year, the school committee and the municipal authorities make a list of the children in their district whose parents do not provide for their education, and require the attendance of all who are within the prescribed age.

3. This attendance is dispensed with if satisfaction is given that the children will be properly instructed elsewhere; but the parents are nevertheless bound to contribute to the school to which their children would naturally belong. Lists of attendance, kept by the schoolmaster, are delivered every fortnight to the school committee.

4. In order to facilitate the regular attendance of the children, and yet not altogether deprive the parents of their assistance, the hours of lessons in the elementary schools are arranged in such a manner as to leave the children, every day, some hours for domestic labors. The schoolmasters are prohibited by severe penalties from employing their scholars in household work. The schools are closed on Sundays; but, the evenings, after divine service and the catechism, may be devoted to gymnastic exercises.

5. Care is taken to enable poor parents to obey the law, by providing their children with books and clothes. "It is to be hoped, (says the law,) that facilities and assistance of this kind, the moral and religious influence of clergymen, and the good advice

of members of the school committees and the municipal authorities, will cause the people gradually to appreciate the advantages of a good elementary education ; and will infuse among young persons the desire of obtaining knowledge, which will lead them to seek it of their own accord."

6. If, however, the parents omit to send their children to school, the clergyman is first to acquaint them with the importance of the duty which they neglect ; and, if his exhortation is not sufficient, the school committee may summon them, and remonstrate with them severely. The only excuses admitted are, a certificate of illness by a medical man, the absence of the children with their parents, or the want of clothes.

7. If all remonstrances fail, the children may be taken to school by a policeman, or the parents, guardians, or masters, brought before the committee and fined, or imprisoned in default of payment, or condemned to hard labor for the benefit of the commune. These punishments may be increased up to a certain limit for successive infractions of the law.

8. Whenever the parents are condemned to imprisonment or hard labor, care is to be taken that their children are not abandoned during the time of their punishment. Parents who neglect this duty to their children, are to lose all claim to pecuniary relief from the public, except the allowance for instruction, which, however, is not to pass through their hands. They are likewise declared incapable of filling any municipal office in their commune.

9. If all punishments fail, a guardian is to be allotted to the children, and a co-guardian to wards, in order specially to watch over their education. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic ministers are enjoined to exhort parents to send their children regularly to school ; and they are prohibited from admitting any children to their examinations for confirmation and communion, who do not produce certificates showing that they have finished their attendance at school, or that they still regularly attend it, or that they receive or have received a separate education.

LESSON LIIL.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE CRADLE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY, WITH PEN AND PENCIL.—BENSON J. LOSSING'S "PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION."

"How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth! in crown of living fire
Up comes the day! As if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire
Laugh in the waking light."—RICHARD H. DANA.

1. It was a glorious October morning, mild and brilliant, when I left Boston to visit Concord and Lexington. A gentle land-breeze during the night had borne the clouds back to their ocean birthplace, and not a trace of the storm was left, except in the saturated earth. Health returned with the clear sky, and I felt a rejuvenescence in every vein and muscle when, at dawn, I strolled over the natural glory of Boston, its broad and beautifully-arborescent Common.

2. I breakfasted at six, and at half-past seven left the station of the Fitchburg Rail-way for Concord, seventeen miles northwest of Boston. The country through which the road passed is rough and broken, but thickly settled. I arrived at the Concord station, about half a mile from the centre of the village, before nine o'clock, and, procuring a conveyance, and an intelligent young man for a guide, proceeded at once to visit the localities of interest in the vicinity.

3. We rode to the residence of Major James Barrett, a surviving grandson of Colonel Barrett, about two miles north of the village, and near the residence of his venerated ancestor. Major Barrett was eighty-seven years of age when I visited him; and his wife, with whom he had lived nearly sixty years, was eighty. Like most of the few survivors of the Revolution, they were remarkable for their mental and bodily vigor.

4. Both, I believe, still live. The old lady, a small, well-formed woman, was as sprightly as a girl of twenty, and moved about the

house with the nimbleness of foot of a matron in the prime of life. I was charmed with her vivacity, and the sunny radiance which it seemed to shed throughout her household; and the half hour that I passed with that venerable couple, is a green spot in the memory.

5. Major Barrett was a lad of fourteen when the British incursion into Concord took place. He was too young to bear a musket, but, with every lad and woman in the vicinity, he labored in concealing the stores, and in making cartridges for those who went out to fight. With oxen and a cart, himself, and others about his age, removed the stores deposited at the house of his grandfather, into the woods, and concealed them, a cart-load in a place, under pine boughs.

6. In such haste were they obliged to act on the approach of the British from Lexington, that, when the cart was loaded, lads would march on each side of the oxen, and goad them into a trot. Thus all the stores were effectually concealed, except some carriage-wheels. Perceiving the enemy near, these were cut up and burnt; so that Parsons found nothing of value to destroy or carry away.

7. From Major Barrett's we rode to the monument erected at the site of the old North Bridge, where the skirmish took place. The road crosses the Concord River a little above the site of the North Bridge. The monument stands a few rods westward of the road leading to the village, and not far from the house of the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who gave the ground for the purpose. The monument is constructed of granite from Carlisle, and has an inscription upon a marble tablet inserted in the eastern face of the pedestal.

8. The view is from the green shaded lane which leads from the highway to the monument, looking westward. The two trees standing, one upon each side, without the iron railing, were saplings at the time of the battle; between them was the entrance to the bridge. The monument is reared upon a mound of earth, a few yards from the left bank of the river. A little to the left, two rough, uninscribed stones from the field, mark the graves of the

two British soldiers who were killed and buried upon the spot. We returned to the village at about noon, and started immediately for Lexington, six miles eastward.

9. Concord is a pleasant little village, including within its borders about one hundred dwellings. It lies upon the Concord River, one of the chief tributaries of the Merrimac, near the junction of the Assabeth and Sudbury Rivers. Its Indian name was *Musketaquid*. On account of the peaceable manner in which it was obtained, by purchase, of the aborigines, in 1635, it was named Concord. At the north end of the broad street, or common, is the house of Colonel Daniel Shattuck, a part of which, built in 1774, was used as one of the depositories of stores when the British invasion took place. It has been so much altered, that a view of it would have but little interest as representing a relic of the past.

10. The road between Concord and Lexington passes through a hilly but fertile country. It is easy for the traveller to conceive how terribly a retreating army might be galled by the fire of a concealed enemy. Hills and hillocks, some wooded, some bare, rise up everywhere, and formed natural breast-works of protection to the skirmishers that hung upon the flank and rear of Colonel Smith's troops. The road enters Lexington at the green whereon the old meeting-house stood when the battle occurred.

11. The town is upon a fine rolling plain, and is becoming almost a suburban residence for citizens of Boston. Workmen were enclosing the green, and laying out the grounds in handsome plats around the monument, which stands a few yards from the street. It is upon a spacious mound; its material is granite, and it has a marble tablet on the south front of the pedestal, with a long inscription.* The design of the monument is not at all

* The following is a copy of the inscription:

"Sacred to the Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!!! The Freedom and Independence of America; sealed and defended with the blood of her sons. This monument is erected by the Inhabitants of Lexington, under the patronage and at the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory of their Fellow-citizens, Ensign Robert Monroe, Messrs.

graceful; and, being surrounded by tall trees, it has a very "dumpy" appearance. The people are dissatisfied with it, and doubtless, ere long, a more noble structure will mark the spot where the curtain of the revolutionary drama was first lifted.

12. After making the drawings here given, I visited and made the sketch of "Clark's House." There I found a remarkably intelligent old lady, Mrs. Margaret Chandler, aged eighty-three years. She has been an occupant of the house, I believe, ever since the Revolution, and has a perfect recollection of the events of the period. Her version of the escape of Hancock and Adams is a little different from the published accounts.

13. She says that on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, some British officers, who had been informed where these patriots were, came to Lexington, and inquired of a woman whom they met, for "Mr. Clark's house." She pointed to the parsonage; but in a moment, suspecting their design, she called to them and inquired if it was Clark's *tavern* that they were in search of.

14. Uninformed whether it was a *tavern* or *parsonage* where their intended victims were staying, and supposing the former to be the most likely place, the officers replied, "Yes, Clark's tavern." "Oh," she said, "Clark's tavern is in that direction," pointing towards East Lexington. As soon as they departed, the woman hastened to inform the patriots of their danger, and they immediately

Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who fell on this Field, the first victims of the Sword of British Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever-memorable Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775. The Die was Cast!!! The blood of these Martyrs in the Cause of God and their Country was the Cement of the Union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness, and Resolution of their Fellow-citizens. They rose as one man to revenge their Brethren's blood, and at the point of the Sword to assert and defend their native Rights. They nobly dared to be Free!!! The contest was long, bloody, and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the Solemn Appeal; Victory crowned their Arms, and the Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United States of America was their glorious Reward. Built in the year 1799."

arose and fled to Woburn. Dorothy Quincy, the intended wife of Hancock, who was at Mr. Clark's, accompanied them in their flight.

15. I next called upon the venerable Abijah Harrington, who was living in the village. He was a lad of fourteen at the time of the engagement. Two of his brothers were among the minute men, but escaped unhurt. Jonathan and Caleb Harrington, near relatives, were killed. The former was shot in front of his own house, while his wife stood at the window in an agony of alarm. She saw her husband fall, and then start up, the blood gushing from his breast. He stretched out his arms towards her, and then fell again. Upon his hands and knees he crawled towards his dwelling, and expired just as his wife reached him.

16. Caleb Harrington was shot while running from the meeting-house. My informant saw almost the whole of the battle, having been sent by his mother to go near enough, and be safe, to obtain and convey to her information respecting her other sons, who were with the minute men. His relation of the incidents of the morning was substantially such as history has recorded. He dwelt upon the subject with apparent delight, for his memory of the scenes of his early years, around which cluster so much of patriotism and glory, was clear and full.

17. I would gladly have listened until twilight to the voice of such experience ; but, time was precious, and I hastened to East Lexington, to visit his cousin Jonathan Harrington, an old man of ninety who played the fife, when the minute men were marshalled on the green, upon that memorable April morning. He was splitting firewood in his yard with a vigorous hand when I rode up ; and, as he sat in his rocking-chair, while I sketched his placid features, he appeared no older than a man of seventy.

18. His brother, aged eighty-eight, came in before my sketch was finished, and I could not but gaze with wonder upon these strong old men, children of one mother, who were almost grown to manhood when the first battle of our Revolution occurred ! Frugality and temperance, co-operating with industry, a cheerful temper, and a good constitution, have lengthened their days, and

made their protracted years hopeful and happy. The aged fifer apologized for the rough appearance of his signature, which he kindly wrote for me, and charged the tremulous motion of his hand to his labor with the axe. How tenaciously we cling even to the appearance of vigor, when the whole frame is tottering to its fall!

19. Mr. Harrington opened the ball of the Revolution with the shrill war-notes of the fife, and then retired from the arena. He was not a soldier in the war, nor has his life, passed in the quietude of rural pursuits, been distinguished, except by the glorious acts which constitute the sum of the achievements of a GOOD CITIZEN.

LESSON LIV.

“LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.”—JESSIE GLENN.

1. “LET not your heart be troubled,” though deep within your soul,
From the ocean of affliction, wave after wave may roll;
Though when each mighty billow, with its fearful weight is past,
Around thy heart spray after spray, may linger to the last,
“Let not your heart be troubled!” believe in God and Me;
Be not afraid: a peace I give, *My* peace I leave with thee.
2. “Let not your heart be troubled,” though the beautiful must die;
Though the form so loved and cherished, cold in the grave must lie;
“Let not your heart be troubled,” for my Father’s house is fair,
And for you within its mansions a place I will prepare!
Then the ruby lip may fade away, the brilliant eye grow dim,
While the spirit of the loved and lost may find a home with Him.

3. "Let not your heart be troubled," though the world seem cold
to thee,
Though the glances of affection, you never more may see;
Remember, there is One on high, who counts each step you
take,
And though the world should leave you, He never will forsake.
"Let not your heart be troubled," then, submit but to His will,
He'll never leave you comfortless, He will be with you still.
4. "Let not your heart be troubled," when your bid the earth
good-by,
When folded in the snow-white shroud, low in the grave you
lie!
Your soul may pierce the pearly gates, the golden streets
may tread.
Joined to the band of harpers, though numbered with the
dead.
"Let not your heart be troubled," then, the grave but leads to
Me,
And where I am, My chosen ones for evermore may be.
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LESSON LV.

THE GOODNESS OF CHARITY.—BIBLE.

1. THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ;

5. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

6. Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

7. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part ;

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

8. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

9. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

10. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

LESSON LVI.

GOVERNMENTS OF WILL, AND GOVERNMENTS OF LAW.—WAYLAND.

1. THE various forms of government under which society has existed, may, with sufficient accuracy, be reduced to two ; governments of will, and governments of law.

2. A government of will supposes that there are created two classes of society, the rulers and the ruled, each possessed of different and very dissimilar rights. It supposes all power to be vested, by divine appointment, in the hands of the rulers ; that they alone may say under what form of governments the people shall

live; that law is nothing other than an expression of their will; and that it is the ordinance of heaven that such a constitution should continue unchanged to the remotest generations; and that to all this the people are bound to yield passive and implicit obedience.

3. Thus say the Congress of Sovereigns, which has been styled the Holy Alliance: "All useful and necessary changes ought only to emanate from the free-will and intelligent conviction of those, whom God has made responsible for power." You are well aware, that on principles such as these rest most of the governments of continental Europe.

4. The government of law rests on principles precisely the reverse of all this. It supposes that there is but one class of society, and that this class is the people; that all men are created equal, and, therefore, that civil institutions are voluntary associations, of which the sole object should be to promote the happiness of the whole. It supposes the people to have a perfect right to select that form of government under which they shall live, and to modify it, at any subsequent time, as they shall think desirable.

5. Supposing all power to emanate from the people, it considers the authority of rulers purely a delegated authority, to be exercised in all cases according to a written code, which code is nothing more than an authentic expression of the people's will. It teaches that the ruler is nothing more than the intelligent organ of enlightened public opinion, and declares that, if he ceases to be so, he shall be a ruler no longer.

6. Under such a government may it with truth be said of Law, that "her seat is the bosom" of the people, "her voice the harmony" of society; "all men, in every station, do her reverence; the very least as feeling her care, and the very greatest as not exempted from her power; and, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." I need not add, that our own is an illustrious example of the government of law.

7. Now which of these two is the right notion of government, I need not stay to inquire. It is sufficient for my purpose to re-

mark, that, whenever men have become enlightened by the general diffusion of intelligence, they have universally preferred the government of law. The doctrines of what has been called legitimacy have not been found to stand the scrutiny of unrestrained examination. And, besides this, the love of power is as inseparable from the human bosom as the love of life.

8. Hence, men will never rest satisfied with any civil institutions, which confer exclusively upon a part of society that power, which they believe should justly be vested in the whole; and hence it is evident, that no government can be secure from the effects of increasing intelligence, which is not conformed in its principles to the nature of the human heart, and which does not provide for the exercise of this principle, so inseparable from the nature of man.

LESSON LVII.

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER.—GENERAL HAYNE.—SOUTHERN
REVIEW.

1. It is due to the country, that not a single trophy of the revolution should be suffered to be destroyed; and, we should be sorry to see recorded on one of them, the memorable inscription on the beautiful naval monument in Washington, "mutilated by Britons." We would, if we could, preserve them all, in their simple majesty and beauty, to kindle in the bosom of our American youth, to the latest posterity, the sacred glow of patriotism. We have always considered the moral and political lessons, taught by the history of the revolution, as the most precious inheritance derived from our fathers.

2. The exploits of our heroes, the wisdom of our statesmen, constitute a portion of our national wealth, which, we had fondly hoped, would have withstood the assaults of time itself. If we were called upon to decide by what measures those who live in the present age could confer the greatest blessings on posterity,

we should say, without hesitation, by leaving behind them those great examples of wisdom and of virtue, which are the most enduring monuments of national greatness.

3. To the youth of any country, and especially of a free country, what incentive to noble actions can be offered, equal to the examples of the poets, orators, statesmen, and warriors, who have immortalized the country which gave them birth, and adorned the age in which they lived. It is not, therefore, without feelings of mortification and regret, that we have witnessed, of late years, repeated attempts to strip from American history some of the most brilliant trophies of the revolution.

4. It may be true, that our history, like all others, is "of a mingled yarn of truth and falsehood;" but, we fear that any person who employs himself, at this day, in picking out the threads, will impair the beauty, if he does not destroy the strength of the fabric. It is too late now, to make a fresh distribution of the honors awarded by their cotemporaries to the worthies of the revolution.

5. The partners of their toils, the very witnesses of their exploits, are slumbering in the dust; and, we may be assured, that, if with the feeble and glimmering lights we now possess, we attempt to correct the supposed errors in our revolutionary history, we shall leave it much more imperfect than we found it.

6. Let all Americans, therefore, unite in guarding the fair fame of the patriots and sages, whose names are embalmed in our history, as we would guard the bones of our fathers. Let the chapel which gratitude has bound around their brows, be as enduring as the blessings we owe to their exertions.

LESSON LVIII.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.—IRVING.

1. I WAS as yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged

title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot.

2. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanor was easy and natural, with that lofty grace, and noble frankness, which bespeak free-born souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority.

3. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field-sports, in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

4. In contrast to these was the family of a wealthy citizen, who had amassed a vast fortune; and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighborhood, was endeavoring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church *en prince*. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed.

5. A fat coachman, in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close around his rosy face, was seated on the

box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen, in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses; either because they had caught a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

6. I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the church-yard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall; a great smacking of the whip, straining and scrambling of horses, glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vain-glory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing out pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

7. There was an extraordinary hurry of the footman to alight, pull down the steps, and prepare every thing for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round, red face out of the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'Change, and shake the Stock Market with a nod.

8. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, every thing was fine about her: it was nothing but driving about; and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

9. Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome, but had a supercilious air, that chilled

admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra fashionable in dress; and, though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an excursive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies, which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

10. I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricule, with out-riders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by themselves, eying every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially; for their bodies, in compliance with the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done every thing to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

11. I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country; the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied with true nobility of soul; but I have remarked in all countries where artificial distinctions exist, that the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well-assured of their own standing are least apt to trespass on that of others: whereas, nothing is so offensive as the as-

pirings of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating its neighbor.

12. As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behavior in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervor of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper. They betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

13. The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing, that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

14. When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders, to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

15. When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came; in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust, and the aspiring family was rapt out of sight in a whirlwind.

LESSON LIX.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—MRS. HEMANS.

1. LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
2. Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!
3. Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!
4. We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?
5. Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season; *all* are ours to die!
6. Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there;
7. Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest!

LESSON LX.

CHARACTER OF THE PURITANS.—MACAULAY.

1. THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul.

2. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world.

3. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands: their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

4. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a myste-

rious and terrible importance belonged ; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest ; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished and decayed.

5. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God !

6. Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men ; the one, all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the other, proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker ; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or awoke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire.

7. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh, who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

8. The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose, which some writers

have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were, in fact, the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world.

9. Enthusiasm had made them stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; and not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

10. Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach.

LESSON LXI.

EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION
TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—CAPT. FREMONT.

1. Dec. 14. Our road was over a broad mountain, and we rode seven hours in a thick snow-storm, always through pine forests, when we came down upon the head waters of another stream, on which there was grass. The snow lay deep on the ground, and only the high swamp grass appeared above. The Indians were thinly clad, and I had remarked during the day that they suffered from the cold.

2. This evening, they told me that the snow was getting too deep on the mountain, and I could not induce them to go any farther. The stream we had struck issued from the mountain in an easterly direction, turning to the southward a short distance below; and, drawing its course upon the ground, they made us comprehend that it pursued its way for a long distance in that direction, uniting with many other streams, and gradually becoming a great river.

3. Without the subsequent information, which confirmed the opinion, we became immediately satisfied that this water formed the principal stream of the *Sacramento* river; and, consequently, that this main affluent of the bay of San Francisco had its source within the limits of the United States, and opposite a tributary to the Columbia, and near the head of the Tlamath river; which goes to the ocean north of 42° , and within the United States.

4. Dec. 15. A present, consisting of useful goods, afforded much satisfaction to our guides; and, showing them the national flag, I explained that it was a symbol of our nation; and they engaged always to receive it in a friendly manner. The chief pointed out a course, by following which we would arrive at the big water, where no more snow was to be found. Travelling in a direction, N. 60° E. by compass, which the Indians informed me would avoid a bad mountain to the right, we crossed the Sacramento where it turned to the southward, and entered a grassy level plain; a smaller Grand Rond; from the lower end of which the river issued into an inviting country of low rolling hills.

5. Crossing a hard-frozen swamp on the farther side of the Rond, we entered again the pine forest, in which very deep snow made our travelling slow and laborious. We were slowly but gradually ascending a mountain; and, after a hard journey of seven hours, we came to some naked places among the timber, where a few tufts of grass showed above the snow, on the side of a hollow; and here we encamped. Our cow, which every day became poorer, was killed here, but the meat was rather tough.

6. Dec. 16. We travelled, this morning, through snow about three feet deep, which, being crusted, very much cut the feet of

our animals. The mountain still gradually rose; we crossed several spring-heads covered with quaking asp; otherwise it was all pine forest. The air was dark with falling snow, which every where weighed down the trees. The depths of the forest were profoundly still; and below, we scarcely felt a breath of the wind which whirled the snow through their branches.

7. I found that it required some exertion of constancy to adhere steadily to one course through the woods, when we were uncertain how far the forest extended, or what lay beyond; and, on account of our animals, it would be bad to spend another night on the mountain. Towards noon the forest looked clear ahead, appearing suddenly to terminate; and, beyond a certain point we could see no trees.

8. Riding rapidly ahead to this spot, we found ourselves on the verge of a vertical and rocky wall of the mountain. At our feet, more than a thousand feet below, we looked into a green prairie country, in which a beautiful lake, some twenty miles in length, was spread along the foot of the mountains, its shores bordered with green grass. Just then the sun broke out among the clouds, and illuminated the country below, while around us the storm raged fiercely.

9. Not a particle of ice was to be seen on the lake, or snow on its borders, and all was like summer or spring. The glow of the sun in the valley below brightened up our hearts with sudden pleasure; and we made the woods ring with joyful shouts to those behind; and gradually, as each came up, he stopped to enjoy the unexpected scene. Shivering on snow three feet deep, and stiffening in a cold north wind, we exclaimed at once that the names of Summer Lake and Winter Ridge should be applied to these two proximate places of such sudden and violent contrast.

10. We were now immediately on the verge of the forest land, in which we had been travelling so many days; and, looking forward to the east, scarce a tree was to be seen. Viewed from our elevation, the face of the country exhibited only rocks and grass, and presented a region in which the artemisia became the principal wood, furnishing to its scattered inhabitants fuel for their fires,

building material for their huts, and shelter for the small game which ministers to their hunger and nakedness.

11. Broadly marked by the boundary of the mountain-wall, and immediately below us, were the first waters of that Great interior Basin which has the Wahsatch and Bear river mountains for its eastern, Sierra Nevada for its western rim; and the edge of which we had entered upwards of three months before, at the Great Salt lake.

12. When we had sufficiently admired the scene below, we began to think about descending, which here was impossible, and we turned towards the north, travelling always along the rocky wall. We continued on for four or five miles, making ineffectual attempts at several places; and at length, succeeded in getting down at one which was extremely difficult of descent.

13. Night had closed in before the foremost reached the bottom; and, it was dark before we all found ourselves together in the valley. There were three or four half dead, dry cedar-trees on the shore, and those who first arrived kindled bright fires to light on the others. One of the mules rolled over and over two or three hundred feet into a ravine, but recovered himself, without any other injury than to his pack; and, the howitzer was left mid-way the mountain until morning. By observation, the latitude of this encampment is $42^{\circ} 57' 22''$.

14. It delayed us until near noon the next day to recover ourselves and put every thing in order; and, we made only a short camp along the western shore of the lake, which, in the summer temperature we enjoyed to-day, justified the name we had given it. Our course would have taken us to the other shore, and over the highlands beyond; but, I distrusted the appearance of the country, and decided to follow a plainly beaten Indian trail leading along this side of the lake. We were now in a country where the scarcity of water and of grass makes travelling dangerous, and great caution was necessary.

LESSON LXII.

BRAIN WORK AND HAND WORK.—CHARLES STREET.

1. In a garret cold and dreary
 Sat a laborer deep in thought,
 And his brow looked worn and weary,
 As though hardly he had wrought ;
 And I watched his throbbing brain,
 Like a wild bird to be free,
 Struggling to fly back again
 To its cageless liberty ;
 And the muscles and the fibres,
 And the flesh upon the bone,
 Like a mass of burning embers
 Self-consumingly they shone.
2. And I turned my vision backward
 To the scenes of other days,
 While the sword within the scabbard
 Of the mind yet feebly lays ;
 Ere the boy, grown into manhood,
 Felt the cravings of his soul,
 Ere keen hunger shivering stood
 On his threshold crying *fool !*
 For the midnight oil he'd wasted
 Scanning books o'er page by page,
 For neglect of luxuries tasted
 In this money-making age.
3. And I saw an infant sleeping,
 Softly pillowed by the side
 Of a widowed mother weeping,
 Fearing death might take its guide,
 And to stranger hands and cold
 Leave the darling of her heart ;

To the swearer ; to the scold ;
 'Mid the rocks without a chart ;
God of mercy ! help the helpless,
 Teach them how to earn their bread ;
Oh ! to trust alone, 'tis madness,
 To the labor of the head.

4. By the willing arm that fails not,
 By the workings of the hand,
In this free and hallowed spot,
 In this great and mighty land,
Where before us rivers deep,
 Forests wide and mountains high,
Where, beneath the rocky steep,
 Treasures all exhaustless lie ;
By a will of stern resolve,
 Making all things own his sway,
Man may thus the mystery solve
 How to live ; while live he may.
5. Not to fling away existence,
 Toiling early, toiling late,
Not to succumb for subsistence,
 Calling penury your fate.
Brain alone will not support thee,
 Trace the history of the past ;
Study well and study deeply,
 You will find the truth at last.
Brain and Hand and Hand and Brain,
 Let each urge the other on,
And, *the dollars* shall again
 Reward thee when thy work is done.

LESSON LXIII.

WASHINGTON IN RETIREMENT.—SPARKS.

1. No part of Washington's career commands more admiration than his private life, after he had retired from the Presidency of the United States. Having served his country as a soldier and a chief magistrate, he had yet something to do : to set a great and noble example in the surrender of power and personal ambition.

2. The following passages will show, that in this, as in every thing else, he seems to be superior to almost all other men. Being established again at Mount Vernon, and freed from public toils and cares, Washington returned to the same habits of life and the same pursuits, which he had always practised at that place.

3. In writing to a friend, a few weeks after his return, he said, that he began his daily course with the rising of the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day. "By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me.

4. "The usual time of sitting at table, a walk and tea, bring me within the dawn of candlelight ; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve, that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table, and acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year."

5. And in this manner a year passed away, and with no other variety than that of the change of visitors, who came from all parts, to pay their respects, or gratify their curiosity. The feelings of Washington on being relieved from the solicitude and burdens of office, were forcibly expressed in letters to his friends.

6. "At length," said he, in writing to Lafayette, "I am become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac ; and, under the

shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all, and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception.

7. "I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heart-felt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

1. Disturb not his slumber, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
2. Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border as flowery dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.
3. Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis liberty's mound;
The name is immortal; our freedom is won;
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
4. Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave,
O'er the land that can boast of a WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.

LESSON LXIV.

THE FORMER AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—BANCROFT.

1. SOMBRE forests shed a melancholy grandeur over the useless magnificence of nature, and hid in their deep shades the rich soil which the sun had never warmed. No axe had levelled the giant progeny of the crowded groves, in which the fantastic forms of withered limbs, that had been blasted and riven by lightning, contrasted strangely with the verdant freshness of a younger growth of branches.

2. The wanton grape-vine, seeming by its own power to have sprung from the earth, and to have fastened its leafy coils on the top of the tallest forest-tree, swung in the air with every breeze, like the loosened shrouds of a ship. Trees might every where be seen breaking from their root in the marshy soil, and threatening to fall with the first rude gust; while the ground was strown with the ruins of former forests, over which a profusion of wild flowers wasted their freshness in mockery of the gloom.

3. Reptiles sported in the stagnant pools, or crawled unharmed over piles of mouldering trees. The spotted deer crouched among the thickets; but not to hide, for there was no pursuer; and, there were none but wild animals to crop the uncut herbage of the productive prairies. Silence reigned, broken, it may have been, by the flight of land-birds or the flapping of water-fowls, and rendered more dismal by the howl of beasts of prey.

4. The streams, not yet limited to a channel, spread over sand-bars, tufted with copses of willow, or waded through wastes of reeds. The smaller brooks spread out into sedgy swamps that were overhung by clouds of moschetoës; masses of decaying vegetation fed the exhalations with the seeds of pestilence, and made the balmy air of the summer's evening as deadly as it seemed grateful. Vegetable life and death were mingled hideously together. The horrors of corruption frowned on the fruitless fertility of uncultivated nature.

5. And man, the occupant of the soil, was wild as the savage scene, in harmony with the rude nature by which he was surrounded; a vagrant over the continent, in constant warfare with his fellow-man; the bark of the birch his canoe; strings of shells his ornaments, his record, and his coin; the roots of the forest among his resources for food; his knowledge in architecture surpassed both in strength and durability by the skill of the beaver; drifts of forest-leaves his couch; mats of bulrushes his protection against the winter's cold; his religion the adoration of nature; his morals the promptings of undisciplined instinct; disputing with the wolves and bears the lordship of the soil, and dividing with the squirrel the wild fruits, with which the universal woodland abounded.

6. How changed is the scene from that on which Hudson gazed! The earth glows with the colors of civilization; the banks of the streams are enamelled with richest grasses; woodlands and cultivated fields are harmoniously blended; the birds of spring find their delight in orchards and gardens, variegated with choicest plants from every temperate zone; while the brilliant flowers of the tropics bloom from the windows of the green-house and the saloon.

7. The yeoman, living like a good neighbor near the fields he cultivates, glories in the fruitfulness of the valleys, and counts with honest exultation the flocks and herds that graze in safety on the hills. The thorn has given way to the rose-bush; the cultivated vine clambers over rocks where the brood of serpents used to nestle; while industry smiles at the changes she has wrought, and inhales the bland air which now has health on its wings.

8. Man is still in harmony with nature, which he has subdued, cultivated, and adorned. For him the rivers that flow to the remotest climes, mingle their waters; for him the lakes gain new outlets to the ocean; for him the arch spans the flood, and science spreads iron pathways to the recent wilderness; for him the hills yield up the shining marble and the enduring granite; for him the forests of the interior come down in immense rafts; for him the marts of the city gather the produce of every clime, and libraries collect the works of genius of every language and every age.

9. The passions of society are chastened into purity; manners are made benevolent by civilization; and the virtue of the country is the guardian of its peace. An active daily press, vigilant from party interests, free even to dissoluteness, watches the progress of society, and communicates every fact that can interest humanity; the genius of letters begins to unfold his powers in the warm sunshine of public favor. And while idle curiosity may take its walk in shady avenues by the ocean side, commerce pushes its wharves into the sea, blocks up the wide rivers with its fleets, and, sending its ships, the pride of naval architecture, to every clime, defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.

LESSON LXV.

EXTRACT FROM A FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.—REV. DR. J. M. MASON.

1. It must ever be difficult to compare the merits of Washington's characters, because he always appeared greatest in that which he last sustained. Yet if there is a preference, it must be assigned to the Lieutenant General of the armies of America. Not because the duties of that station were more arduous than those which he had often performed, but because it more fully displayed his magnanimity. While others become great by elevation, Washington becomes greater by condescension.

2. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! Thrice-favored country, which boasts of such a citizen! We gaze with astonishment; we exult that we are Americans. We augur every thing great, and good, and happy.

3. But whence this sudden horror? What means that cry of agony? Oh! 'tis the shriek of America! The fairy vision is fled: WASHINGTON is no more! "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" Daughters of America, who

erst prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress-grove, and water it with tears. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

4. The death of WASHINGTON, Americans, has revealed the extent of our loss. It has given us the final proof that we never mistook him. Take his affecting testament, and read the secrets of his soul. Read all the power of domestic virtue. Read his strong love of letters and of liberty. Read his fidelity to republican principle, and his jealousy of national character. Read his devotedness to you in his military bequests to near relatives. "These swords," they are the words of Washington, "these swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof."

5. In his acts, Americans, you have seen the man. In the complicated excellence of character he stands alone. Let no future Plutarch attempt the iniquity of parallel. Let no soldier of fortune; let no usurping conqueror; let not Alexander or Cesar; let not Cromwell or Bonaparte; let none among the dead or the living, appear in the same picture with WASHINGTON; or let them appear as the shade to his light. On this subject, my countrymen, it is for others to speculate, but it is for us to feel. Yet in proportion to the severity of the stroke ought to be our thankfulness that it was not inflicted sooner. Through a long series of years has God preserved our Washington a public blessing; and, now that he has removed him for ever, shall we presume to say, What doest thou?

6. Never did the tomb preach more powerfully the dependance of all things on the will of the Most High. The greatest of mortals crumble into dust the moment he commands, Return, ye children of men. Washington was but the instrument of a benignant God. He sickens, he dies, that we may learn not to trust in men, nor to make flesh our arm. But though Washington is dead, Jehovah lives. God of our fathers! be our God, and the God of

our children! Thou art our refuge and our hope; the pillar of our strength; the wall of our defence, and our unfading glory!

7. Americans! This God, who raised up Washington and gave you liberty, exacts from you the duty of cherishing it with a zeal according to knowledge. Never sully, by apathy or by outrage, your fair inheritance. Risk not, for one moment, on visionary theories, the solid blessings of your lot. To you, particularly, O youth of America! applies the solemn charge. In all the perils of your country, remember Washington. The freedom of reason and of right has been handed down to you on the point of the hero's sword. Guard with veneration the sacred deposit. The curse of ages will rest upon you, O youth of America! if ever you surrender to foreign ambition, or domestic lawlessness, the precious liberties for which Washington fought, and your fathers bled.

8. I can not part with you, fellow-citizens, without urging the long remembrance of our present assembly. This day we wipe away the reproach of republics, that they know not how to be grateful. In your treatment of living patriots, recall your love and your regret of WASHINGTON. Let not future inconsistency charge this day with hypocrisy. Happy America, if she gives an instance of universal principle in her sorrows for the man, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the affections of his country!"

LESSON LXVI.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. THERE is much clamor in these days of progress, respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said, that "In contentions for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to

the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, *as woman*, be forfeited or sacrificed?

2. "I have given her as a help meet," said the Voice that can not err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amidst the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No; a *help meet*, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

3. Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from His unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shrine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted by pride, or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

4. The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep "foot-prints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

5. Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive; the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind in its formation?" Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and suffering; over all forms of ignorance and want; amidst all ministrations of love from the cradle-dream to the sepulchre?

6. So, let us be content and diligent; ay, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

LESSON LXVII.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY IN THE LEGISLATURE
OF VIRGINIA, IN FAVOR OF PERMITTING THE BRITISH REFUGEES
TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

1. MR. CHAIRMAN,—The personal feelings of a politician ought not to be permitted to enter these walls. The question before us is a national one, and in deciding it, if we act wisely, nothing will be regarded but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I, for one, am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs; and I flatter myself that I am not the only man in this house, who is capable of making such a sacrifice.

2. We have, sir, an extensive country, without population. What can be a more obvious policy, than that this country ought to be peopled? People form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedily than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth.

3. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected, in every quarter, by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

4. Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them; or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and

be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the world.

5. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration, encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed.

6. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power ; and, I venture to prophesy, there are those now living, who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth ; able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid.

7. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

LESSON LXVIII.

GRAVES OF THE POOR.—GRAY.

1. PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :
2. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
3. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;

- Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
4. Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
 5. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
 6. Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;
 7. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
 8. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 9. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 10. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

LESSON LXIX.

DERBYSHIRE (ENGLAND) CAVERNS.—ANONYMOUS.

1. THE young party rose the next morning with high expectations of entertainment, from the examination of a chain of caverns that is situated at the foot of a vast range of rocks, thrown up naturally on the side of a steep mountain, upon which stands an old castle, said to have been built in the time of Edward the Black Prince.

2. The entrance is very spacious, and forms a circular arch, opening, to the astonishment of the beholder, into a gray, sparry rock of limestone. Here they were met by the guide, who gains a livelihood by conducting strangers into the recesses of the cavern. They followed their conductor into the outer porch. At first the light was pretty strong, but every step they advanced the gloom increased.

3. The melancholy twilight of this vast vault is enlivened by two manufactories that are carried on within the place. The busy scene, so unexpected, was very pleasing, especially to Louisa, whose little heart began to flutter as she entered these dreary regions. On one side were the young girls belonging to the inkle manufactory, turning the wheels, winding thread, and amusing their companions with cheerful songs; while the rope-makers opposite to them were spinning cords, and twisting cables, or forming them into coils.

4. She was not less surprised at observing two houses in this subterranean apartment, entirely separate from the rock, with roofs, chimneys, doors, and windows, and inhabited by several families. The young girls surrounded them in groups, some offering to show them the manufactories, others presented pieces of spar found in the cavern, in hopes they would purchase some. Mrs. Middleton, after satisfying them with a little money, took each of her daughters by the hand, and kept close behind Mr. Franklin and the boys, who followed the steps of the guide.

5. After he had furnished each of the company with a lighted

flambeau, he opened the door that led to a subterraneous gallery at the bottom of the grand vestibule, as it may be called. For some time curiosity overcame fear, and they proceeded with firm steps, (though the projections of the rocks hung so low in many places that they could not walk upright,) except now and then that Louisa silently squeezed her mother's hand.

6. They advanced, sometimes stooping, sometimes erect, a hundred and forty feet, without complaint, till they reached the banks of a small rivulet, with a skiff floating upon it, ready to carry them to the other side: it was not very deep, but wholly enclosed in the solid rock; it stretched so far into the low vault, that they could not see an end of it.

7. Here the guide stopped, and told them, that the caverns beyond this rivulet exceeded, in wonder and beauty, any thing that imagination could suggest; but that it was impossible to see them, unless they would submit to be ferried over, one at a time, stretched out at length on some clean straw, in the little boat they saw on the water. Catharine hesitated; Louisa entreated to go back; but Arthur, always fearless, jumped into the boat, and laid himself flat upon his back.

8. The guide then stepped into the water, and pushed forward the little bark with one hand, while he held the torch in the other. The rest followed by turns, till none were left but Mrs. Middleton and Louisa, who, persuaded by her mother that there was no cause for fear, and encouraged by the example of her companions, summoned courage to enter the boat. On landing, they found themselves in a cavern of vast extent, arched over with the solid rock at a prodigious height.

9. At the farther end of this huge cave was another water to cross; but they were grown bolder by habit, and went over without difficulty. This likewise led to a cavern of great magnitude. At its entrance a pile of rock projects; water continually trickles away slowly from the top, and leaves a sediment of a stony nature. Persevering in their subterranean journey, they advanced beyond this to another cavern, called the Chancel. The vaults here are very lofty; and, in the sides of the rock are hollow places, that,

with the aid of a little fancy, may be conceived to represent Gothic windows and doors.

10. Large sparry icicles, some as clear as crystal, hang from the roof upon the crags that project, and appear like the drapery of curtains. The rocky floor is as smooth as a pavement, which, with the reflection of the torches, the gloomy solemnity of the place, and the chill damp, produced an inexpressible awe on every mind. While their attention was steadfastly fixed on the objects before them, they were struck, on a sudden, with harmonious sounds, that seemed to echo from the lofty roof.

11. Every eye was in an instant turned towards the place whence the melody proceeded, when they beheld, in a niche at the other end, about forty-eight feet from the bottom, five figures in white garments, immovable as statues, holding a torch in each hand, and singing an air adapted to the occasion. These female choristers, they afterward found, had been placed in that situation by the contrivance of the guide, to produce an extraordinary effect upon the spectators.

12. The soothing effects of the music gave them fresh spirits, and they advanced cheerfully still farther to several smaller caverns, which are intersected by the windings of a pretty large stream, whose gentle murmurs added to the general air of melancholy solemnity.

13. Having advanced to the shores of a small river, which, from the depth of the rocks that hung over it, could not be passed, they were obliged to turn back, and retrace the same recesses of this hollow mountain that led them thither.

LESSON LXX.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL GREATNESS OF AMERICA.—PHILLIPS.

1. AMERICANS! you have a country vast in extent, and embracing all the varieties of the most salubrious climes; held, not by charters wrested from unwilling kings, but the bountiful gift

of the Author of nature. The exuberance of your population is daily divesting the gloomy wilderness of its rude attire, and splendid cities rise to cheer the dreary desert.

2. You have a government deservedly celebrated as "giving the sanctions of law to the precepts of reason;" presenting, instead of the rank luxuriance of natural licentiousness, the corrected sweets of civil liberty. You have fought the battles of freedom, and kindled that sacred flame which now glows with vivid fervor through the greatest empire in Europe.

3. We indulge the sanguine hope, that her equal laws and virtuous conduct will hereafter afford examples of imitation to all surrounding nations: that the blissful period will soon arrive, when man shall be elevated to his primitive character; when illuminated reason and regulated liberty shall once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker; when all the inhabitants of the globe shall be freemen and fellow-citizens, and patriotism itself be lost in universal philanthropy.

4. Then shall volumes of incense incessantly roll from altars inscribed to liberty. Then shall the innumerable varieties of the human race unitedly "worship in her sacred temple, whose pillars shall rest on the remotest corners of the earth, and whose arch will be the vault of heaven."

LESSON LXXI.

THE EAGLE AND THE SWAN.—FROM THE GERMAN.

THE SWAN.

1. My tranquil life is passed the waves among,
Light ripples tracing as I glide along,
And the scarce ruffled tide, as in a glass,
Reflects my form unaltered as I pass!

THE EAGLE.

2. In the clefts of the rocks my wild dwelling I form,
I sail through the air on the wings of the storm,
'Mid dangers and combats I dart on my prey,
And trust the bold pinion that bears me away!

THE SWAN.

3. Won by the charm of Phœbus, in the wave
Of heavenly harmony I dare to lave,
Couched at his feet, I listen to the lays,
In Tempè's vale, that echo to his praise!

THE EAGLE.

4. I perch at the right hand of Jove on his throne,
And the thunderbolt launch when his signal is shown,
And my heavy wings droop, when in slumber I lie,
O'er the sceptre that sways the wide earth from on high!

THE SWAN.

5. *Me* charms the heaven's blue arch, serene and bland,
And odorous flowers attract me to the land,
While, basking in the sun's departing beams,
I stretch my white wings o'er the purpled streams!

THE EAGLE.

6. I exult in the tempest, triumphant and bold,
When the oaks of the forest it rends from their hold,
I demand of the thunder, the spheres when it shakes,
If, like me, a wild joy in destruction it takes!

THE SWAN.

7. Oft in the glassy tide the stars I view,
And that blue heaven the waves give back anew,
And dim regret recalls me to the home,
In higher spheres, reluctant whence I roam!

THE EAGLE.

8. With joy, from the hour that my young life begun,
I have soared to the skies, I have gazed on the sun,
I can not stoop down to the dust of the earth,
Allied to the gods, I exult in my birth!

THE SWAN.

9. When a calm death succeeds to tranquil life,
Its links detaching without pain or strife,
And to my voice restores its primal power,
Its dying tones shall hail the solemn hour!

THE EAGLE.

10. The soul, like the phenix, springs forth from the pyre,
All free and unveiled, to the skies to aspire,
To hail the bright vision that bursts on its view,
And its youth at the dark torch of death to renew!

LESSON LXXII.

HOW WE WENT WHALING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—
DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

1. At Algoa Bay, in the eastern provinces of the Cape Colony, there is, and has been for thirty years, a whaling establishment. By what instinct these monsters of the deep ascertain the settlement of man on the shores they frequent, it would be difficult to say. But that they do so, and that they then comparatively desert such coasts, is undoubted. Where one whale is now seen off the south-eastern coast of Africa, twenty were seen in former times, when the inhabitants of the country were few.

2. It is the same in New Zealand, and every other whale-frequented coast. Nevertheless, the whaling establishment I have

mentioned is still kept up in Algoa Bay, and with good reason. *One* whale per annum will pay all the expenses and outgoings of its maintenance ; every other whale taken in the course of a year is a clear profit.

3. The value of a whale depends, of course, upon its size ; the average is from three hundred pounds to six hundred pounds. The establishment at Algoa Bay consists of a stone-built house for the residence of the foreman, with the coppers and boiling-houses attached ; a wooden boat-house, in which are kept three whale-boats, with all the lines and tackle belonging to them ; and a set of javelins, harpoons, and implements for cutting up the whales, carcasses. Then, there are a boat's crew of picked men, six in number, besides the cockswain and the harpooner. There are seldom above two or three whales taken in the course of a year ; occasionally not one.

4. The appearance of a whale in the bay is known immediately ; and, great is the excitement caused thereby in the little town of Port Elizabeth, close to which the whaling establishment is situated. It is like a sudden and unexpected gala, got up for the entertainment of the inhabitants, with nothing to pay.

5. A treat of this sort is suddenly got up by the first appearance of a whale in those parts. Tackle-boats and men are got ready in a twinkling. We jump into the stern-sheets of the boat. Six weather-beaten, muscular tars are at work at the oars, and there, in the bows, stands the harpooner, preparing his tackle ; a boy is by his side. Coils of line lie at their feet, with harpoons attached to them, and two or three spears or javelins.

6. "Pull away, boys ; there she blows again !" cries the cockswain, and at each stroke the strong men almost lift the little craft out of the water. The harpooner says nothing ; he is a very silent fellow ; but wo to the unlucky whale that comes within the whirl of his unerring harpoon !

7. Meantime, our fat friend of the ocean is rolling himself about, as if such things as harpoons never existed ; as if he were an infidel in javelins. We are approaching him ; a dozen more strokes and we shall be within aim. Yet the harpooner seems cool and

unmoved as ever; he holds the harpoon, it is true; but he seems to grasp it no tighter, or to make any preparation for a strike. He knows the whale better than we do; better than his crew. He has been a harpooner for thirty years, and once harpooned twenty-six whales in one year with his own hand. He was right not to hurry himself, you see, for the whale has at last caught sight of us, and has plunged below the surface.

8. Now, however, the harpooner makes an imperceptible sign to the cockswain. The cockswain says, "Give way, boys," scarcely above his breath, and the boat skims faster than ever over the waves. The harpooner's hand clutches more tightly the harpoon, and he slowly raises his arm; his mouth is compressed, but his face is as calm as ever. A few yards ahead of us a wave seems to swell above the others: "Whiz;" at the very moment you catch sight of the whale's back again above the water, the harpoon is in it, eighteen inches deep, hurled by the unerring arm of the silent harpooner.

9. The red blood of the monster gushes forth, "incarnadining," as Macbeth says, the waves. "Back water," shouts the harpooner, as the whale writhes with the pain, and flings his huge body about with force enough to submerge twenty of our little crafts at one blow. But he has plunged down again below the surface, and the pace at which he dives you may judge of, by the wonderful rapidity with which the line attached to the harpoon runs over the bows of the boat. Now, too, you see the use of the boy who is bailing water from the sea in a small bucket, and pouring it incessantly over the edge of the boat where the line runs, or in two minutes the friction would set fire to it.

10. You begin to think the whale is never coming back; but the crew know better. See too, the line is running out more slowly every instant; it ceases altogether now, and hangs slackly over the boat's side. He is coming up exhausted to breathe again. There are a few moments of suspense, during which the harpooner is getting ready and poisoning one of the javelins. It is longer, lighter, and sharper than the harpoon, but it has no line attached to it.

The harpoon is to catch ; the javelin is to kill. Slowly the whale rises again, but he is not within aim.

11. "Pull again, boys ;" while the boy is hauling in the line as fast as he can. We are near enough now. Again a whiz ; again another ; and the harpooner has sent two javelins deep into the creature's body ; while the blood flows fast. Suddenly, the whale dashes forward. No need of pulling at the oars now ; we are giving him fresh line as fast as we can, yet he is taking us through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour at least. One would fancy that the harpoons and the javelins have only irritated him, and that the blood he has lost has diminished nothing of his strength. Not so, however ; the pace slackens now ; we are scarcely moving through the water.

12. "Pull again, boys," and we approach ; while another deadly javelin pierces him. This time he seems to seek revenge. He dashes towards us ; what can save us ?

13. "Back water," cries the harpooner, while the cockswain taking the hint at the same moment, with a sweep of his oar the little boat performs a kind of curvet backward, and the monster has shot past us unharmed, but not unharmful ; the harpooner, cool as ever, has hurled another javelin deep into him, and smiles half pityingly at this impotent rage, which, he knows full well, bodes a termination of the contest. The red blood is spouting forth from four wounds, "neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church-door," but *enough* to kill ; even a whale. He rolls over heavily and slowly ; a few convulsive movements shake his mighty frame ; then he floats motionless on the water ; and the whale is dead !

14. Ropes are now made fast around him, and he is slowly towed away to shore, opposite the whaling establishment. A crowd is collected to see his huge body hauled up on to the beach, and to speculate on his size and value. In two days all his blubber is cut away and melting in the coppers. Vultures are feeding on his flesh, and men are cleansing his bones. In two months, barrels of his oil are waiting for shipment to England. The fringe-

work which lined his mouth, and which we call whalebone, is ready for the uses to which ladies apply it.

15. His teeth, which are beautiful ivory, are being fashioned into ornaments by the turner; and his immense ribs are serving as landmarks on the different farms about the country, for which purpose they are admirably adapted. Meanwhile our friend, the harpooner, and his crew are reposing on their laurels, and looking out for fresh luck; while the proprietor of the establishment is five hundred pounds the richer from this "catching a whale."

LESSON LXXIII.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
IN RELATION TO SOUTH CAROLINA.—HAYNE.

1. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, *that* State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

2. She has adhered to you in prosperity; but, in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

3. What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. Never was there ex-

hibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

4. "The plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there, the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters, and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

LESSON LXXIV.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
IN REPLY TO COL. HAYNE.—WEBSTER.

1. The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in the pride of her great names.

2. I claim them for countrymen, one and all; the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country.

3. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears; does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or

sympathy for his suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina ! Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom ? No, sir, increased gratification and delight rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

4. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood ; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country ; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven ; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South ; and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

5. Mr. President, I shall enter no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is ; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history ; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There are Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker-hill ; and there they will remain for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit.

6. If discord and disunion shall wound it ; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it ; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it ; and, it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

LESSON LXXV.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE RED SEA.—MISS H. F. GOULD.

1. At last have I found thee, thou dark rolling sea !
I gaze on thy face, and I listen to thee,
With a spirit o'erawed by the sight and the sound,
While mountain and desert frown gloomy around.
2. And thee, mighty deep, from afar I behold,
Which God swept apart for his people of old,
That Egypt's proud army, unstained by their blood,
Received on thy bed to entomb in thy flood.
3. I cast my eye out, where the cohorts went down ;
A throng of pale spectres no waters can drown,
With banner and blades seen surmounting the waves,
As Pharaoh's bold hosts sunk in arms to their graves.
4. But quick from the light of the skies they withdraw,
At silent Omnipotence shrinking with awe ;
And each sinks away in his billowy shroud,
From him who walked here, clothed in fire and a cloud.
5. I stand by the pass the freed Hebrews then trod,
Sustained by the hand of Jehovah, dry-shod ;
And think how the song of salvation they sang,
With praise to His name, through the wilderness rang.
6. Our Father, who then didst thine Israel guide,
Rebuke, and console in their wanderings wide,
From these gloomy waters, through this desert drear,
O, still in life's maze to thy pilgrim be near.
7. While thou, day by day, wilt thy manna bestow,
And make, for my thirst, the rock fountain to flow,
Refreshed by the way, will I speed to the clime
Of rest for the weary, beyond earth and time.

LESSON LXXVI.

EDUCATION.—EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION IN AMHERST, MASS., BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY, ON OCCASION OF HIS INAUGURATION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF THAT INSTITUTION, OCT. 15, 1823.

1. CONVENED as we are this day, in the portals of science and literature, and with all their arduous heights and profound depths and Elysian fields before us, education offers itself as the inspiring theme of our present meditations. This in a free, enlightened, and Christian state, is confessedly a subject of the highest moment. How can the diamond reveal its lustre from beneath incumbent rocks and earthy strata? How can the marble speak, or stand forth in all the divine symmetry of the human form, till it is taken from the quarry and fashioned by the hand of the artist?

2. And how can man be intelligent, happy, or useful, without the culture and discipline of education? It is this that smooths and polishes the roughness of his nature. It is this that unlocks the prison-house of his mind and releases the captive. It is the transforming hand of education, which is now in so many heathen lands moulding savageness and ignorance, pagan fanaticism and brutal stupidity, revenge, and treachery, and lust; and in short, all the warring elements of our lapsed nature, into the various forms of exterior decency, of mental brilliancy, and of Christian loveliness.

3. It is education that pours light into the understanding, lays up its golden treasures in the memory, softens the asperities of the temper, checks the waywardness of passion and appetite, and trains to habits of industry, temperance, and benevolence. It is this which qualifies men for the pulpit, the senate, the bar, the practice of medicine, and the bench of justice. It is to education, to its domestic agents, its schools and colleges, its universities and literary societies, that the world is indebted for the thousand comforts and elegances of civilized life, for almost every useful art, discovery, and invention.

4. Education, moreover, is power, physical, intellectual, and moral power. To be convinced of this, we need only compare our own great republic with the myriads of pagan or savage men, in any part of the world. How astonishing the difference in every important respect! For what can the ignorant hordes of Central Africa or Asia do, either in arts or in arms? What, to make themselves happy at home or respected abroad? And what, on the other hand, can not civilized Americans accomplish?

5. In a word, education, regarding man as a rational, accountable, and immortal being, elevates, expands, and enriches his mind; cultivates the best affections of his heart; pours a thousand sweet and gladdening streams around the dwellings of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich; and, while it greatly multiplies and enhances the enjoyments of time, helps to train up the soul for the bliss of eternity.

6. How extremely important, then, is every inquiry which relates to the philosophy of the human mind, to the early discipline and cultivation of its noble powers, to the comparative merits and defects of classical books and prevailing systems of instruction, to the advantages accruing from mathematical and other abstruse studies, to the means of educating the children of the poor in our public seminaries, to the present state of science and literature in our country, and to the animating prospects which are opening before us.

LESSON LXXVII.

THE LONE INDIAN.—MISS FRANCIS.

1. For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his

wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo ; he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks ! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye.

2. Alas, the white man's axe had been there ! The tree he had planted was dead ; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now, yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone ! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain.

3. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk ; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed ; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons.

4. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn ; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun ; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian.

5. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

6. A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where are the squaw and the papoose of the red man ? They are here !"

7. As he spoke he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked around upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian can not die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

LESSON LXXVIII.

ABBOTSFORD.—ANDREW DICKINSON'S FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

1. ABBOTSFORD, on the banks of the classic Tweed, is three miles from Melrose. The road is through a broad, fertile valley, somewhat undulating, bounded by verdant, swelling hills, along the margin of which flows the crystal stream. The entire distance both sides of the way was adorned by hawthorn, whose white and red flowers were yielding up their beautiful reign to wild roses, red and white; so that the whole summer was enlivened with blooming hedges.

2. What on earth could be more lovely? It was a terrestrial heaven of beauty and fragrance! At a place where the road forked off, I chose the most attractive; and, though this is not always the safest way of doing things, in this instance I had no doubt it led to the seat of Sir Walter Scott; and so it did!

3. I was all alone, and met no one; a fit situation to enjoy the poetry of silence that reigned around the green vales and gently-sloping, far-off hills, covered with yellow, waving harvests. Now and then the murmurs of the distant Tweed were borne on the light-fluttering breeze, suddenly dying away like the soft whispers of spirit-voices.

4. Did I say I was alone? I was wrong. The amiable author of *The Seasons* was with me everywhere; yet our social converse was more frequent and enthusiastic as we wandered nearer his

own native Ednam in Roxburgshire. When I came in sight of the Tweed, he exclaimed :

“ Pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed ;
And sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook ! ”

5. And then there was a long, “ expressive silence ! ” Near yonder woody eminence flows the silver Tweed ; and right behind are the turrets of Abbotsford. My heart beat with unwonted quickness as I descended the rough pebbly road, the steep bank over which was covered with a little forest of Scotch firs and wild-wood trees, through which the wind breathed in reedy sighs.

6. The path sweeps gracefully around the declivity, and brings me directly in front of Abbotsford. The man who can look at it without emotion is no great affair, and is to be pitied. While passing the gateway a tear would start. Whence this strange agitation ? I could hardly muster courage to pull the door-bell, though I knew the master of the mansion was not at home. He had gone to the Spirit-Land, and will never come back !

7. The entrance to the hall was a porch in imitation of the Linlithgow palace, and adorned with stag-horns. The walls and roof are panelled of rich carving, from the palace of Dumfermline, and hung around with ancient weapons, the cornice being adorned with armorial coats of the Douglasses, Maxwells, Scotts, Chisholms, Elliotts, Armstrongs, Kers, and others.

8. A lady in black then conducted me through the armory, a narrow arched room running across the building, filled with small pieces of armor and weapons in great variety. The drawing-room is a lofty saloon, with antique ebony furniture, splendid carved cabinets, and fine pictures.

9. The roof of the dining-room is of richly carved black oak, and contains many beautiful pictures, of which the most striking are, the head of Queen Mary in a charger, after she was beheaded, full length portraits of Lord Essex, Charles II., Claverhouse, Charles XII. of Sweden, Cromwell, and one of Scott's great-grandfather, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles I. In this very room Scott died !

10. The breakfast parlor is small and neat, looking out upon the Tweed below on one side, and the romantic, though rather bald and treeless, hills of Ettrick and Yarrow on the other. The collection of drawings in water-colors in this room, from Scottish antiquities, is very inviting.

11. The library is a magnificent room, fifty by sixty, with 20,000 volumes. The roof is of carved oak with pendants, grape-clusters, leaves, and tasteful devices, copied from Melrose and Roslin. Here are busts of Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and other worthies, and one of Sir Walter himself by Chantry. The study is about half as large as the library. Here is his plain arm-chair, covered with glossy black leather, and made of beams of the house in which Wallace was betrayed.

12. A light gallery runs around three sides of the room, with only one window, giving the place a lonely, sombre look. From his chamber Scott descended into his study without passing through any other room.

13. Among a thousand curious antiquities are, a Roman camp-kettle 2000 years old; a shirt of mail worn by Cromwell when reviewing his troops; a hunting-flask of James I.; Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; a set of beautifully carved ebony chairs presented by George IV.; and on a porphyry table is a silver vase filled with bones from Piræus, the gift of Lord Byron.

14. "Scott was very proud of these chairs, and this table and vase," said the lady-like guide. "And there is the Tweed where Scott loved to fish." Having expressed a wish to try it myself, she said I could get fishing-gear at the lodge hard by; but I soon found my excitement was too great for this cool sport; for though a numerous fry were darting about in the limpid stream, I fancied the fishes of Scotland were uncommonly shy; I hardly got a nibble.

15. When Scott purchased this secluded spot, thirty years ago, it was wild and unadorned. Abbotsford, with its adjacent grounds, romantic winding walks, and shady bowers, are all the creation of his splendid fancy. A waterfall down a steep neighboring ravine adds greatly to the romantic effect.

16. The declining sun admonished me that I was a sojourner, and must hasten back a-foot to Melrose, to take the railway for Kelso at six. I could not bear to think this was an eternal farewell to one of the most attractive spots in the wide world.

LESSON LXXIX.

THE DEBT DUE TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Extract from Peleg Sprague's speech, on a bill for the relief of the surviving officers of the Army of the Revolution, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States, April 25, 1826.]

MR. CHAIRMAN,

1. In relation to the bill now before us, the amendment of which provides for the relief of the soldiers of the Revolution, I would ask, sir, who are the men whom we have thus grievously wronged? Are they mere hirelings, to whom we should be content to weigh out justice by the grain and scruple, or are they our greatest earthly benefactors?

2. They were actuated by higher and purer motives than any soldiers that ever assembled, and exhibited a spectacle of unyielding fortitude and self-denying magnanimity unequalled in the annals of mankind. Others, under a momentary enthusiasm, or in the hurrying fever of battle, have fought as desperately. Others, when far from succor and from their country, have endured and persevered for individual and self-preservation.

3. But where, in all history, is an example of a soldiery, with no power to control them, who, in a single day, perhaps, could have reached their homes in safety, voluntarily continuing to endure such protracted miseries, from no motive but inward principles and a sense of duty? They were imbued with a loftier and more expanded spirit of patriotism and philanthropy, and achieved more for the happiness of their country and of mankind, than any army that ever existed. And where is there an example of moral

sublimity equal to their last act of self-devotion, after peace and independence had been acquired?

4. That army, which had dared the power and humbled the pride of Britain, and wrested a nation from her grasp; that army, with swords in their hands, need not have sued and begged for justice. No, sir; they could have righted their own wrongs, and meted out their own rewards. The country was prostrate before them; and if they had raised their arms, and proclaimed themselves sovereign, where was the power that could have resisted their sway? They were not unconscious of their strength, nor did they want incitements to use it.

5. The author of the celebrated Newburg letters told them, Your country disdains your cries, and tramples upon your distresses. He conjured them, in the most eloquent and energetic language, to exert the power which they held, and never to lay down their arms until ample justice had been obtained. What was their answer? With one voice, they spurned the dark suggestions, voluntarily surrendered their arms, and submitted themselves, unconditionally, to the civil power.

6. They quietly dispersed, and parted for their homes, in every part of your wide domain, unrewarded, penniless, carrying with them nothing but the proud consciousness of the purity and dignity of their conduct, and a firm reliance upon their country's honor and their country's faith. And what return has been made to them? Have they not found your high-blown honor a painted bubble, and your plighted faith a broken reed? Have not the petitions of the soldiers of the revolution been disregarded? Have they not grown old in poverty? Do they not owe the miserable remnant of their lives to charity? Sir, if we change not our conduct towards them, it must crimson with shame the front of history.

7. It has been said by the gentleman from Virginia, that we have already made provision for the poor and the necessitous, and that we ought to go no farther. Sir, the soldiers of the revolution have a claim of right upon us, and I would do equal and ample justice to all, and not mete it out with a stinted and partial

hand. I would not make the payment of our debts to depend upon the poverty of our creditors.

8. No, sir; I would not say to the heroes who fought our battles, and, in the dark hour of our adversity, wrought out our political salvation, and to whom we delivered only tattered rags, and called them, in mockery, payment for their services; men, whose disinterested achievements are not transcended in all the annals of chivalry, and who, for us, confronted horrors not surpassed in all the histories of all the martyrs; to these men, of honor most cherished, and sentiments most exalted; our fathers, the authors of our being;

9. I would not now say, Come before us in the garb of mendicants; bow your proud spirits in the dust; tear open the wounds of the heart, which you have concealed from every eye, and expose your nakedness to a cold, unfeeling world, and put all upon record, as a perpetual memorial of your country's ingratitude; and then, we will bestow a pittance in charity! You talk of erecting statues, and marble memorials of the Father of his country.

10. It is well. But could his spirit now be heard within these walls, would it not tell you, that, to answer his fervent prayers, and verify his confident predictions of your gratitude to his companions in arms, would be a sweeter incense, a more grateful homage to his memory, than the most splendid mausoleum? You gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to Lafayette. It was well; and the whole country resounded amen. But is not the citizen soldier, who fought by his side, who devoted every thing to your service, and has been deprived of his promised reward, equally entitled, I will not say to your liberality, but to your justice?

11. Yet, some gentlemen tell us, that even the present law is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this widely extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier, who gave you all, and see him descend, in neglect and poverty, to the tomb! The time is short. A few years, and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen.

LESSON LXXX.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. UPON the barren sand
 A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
 The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
 Rock-bound on ocean's rim :
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
 And breathed a prayer for him.
2. Above his head in air,
 The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
 Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
 Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
 Who breathed a prayer for him.
3. "Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
 "Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
 And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
 Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
 And breathes a prayer for him.

LESSON LXXXI.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

1. GLANCE not with careless eye
The sacred pages o'er;
Nor lightly lay the volume by,
To think of it no more.
2. Ungrateful! pause and think,
Nor madly throw aside
The passport to eternal life;
The sure and only guide.
3. Be not content to hear
What others say; but go,
Like the Bereans, daily search
"Whether these things are so."
4. Search deeply, prayerfully;
There is no promise given
To those who will not strive t' obtain
Admission into heaven.
5. Sure 'tis our highest end
Eternal life to gain:
"Search," then, "the Scriptures;" they alone
The words of life contain.
6. They point our wandering feet
To Christ, the living way!
Oh, read, believe, repent, obey;
Thus reign in endless day.

LESSON LXXXII.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.—BIBLE.

1. THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself.

2. I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews :

Especially, because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews ; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

3. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews ;

Which knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify,) that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.

4. And now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers :

Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

5. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead ?

I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

6. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem : and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests ; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

7. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests,

At mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven,

above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me.

8. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

9. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee;

10. Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee;

To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

11. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision:

But showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

12. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

13. And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely : for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner.

14. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets ? I know that thou believest.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

LESSON LXXXIII.

CONFLICT WITH AN ELEPHANT.—FROM CUMMING'S HUNTING ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. IN a few minutes one of those who had gone off to our left, came running breathless to say that he had seen the mighty game. I halted for a minute, and instructed Isaac, who carried the big Dutch rifle, to act independently of me, while Kleinboy was to assist me in the chase ; but, as usual, when the row began, my followers thought only of number one.

2. I bared my arms to the shoulder ; and, having imbibed a draught of aqua pura from the calabash of one of the spoorers, I grasped my trusty two-grooved rifle, and told my guide to go ahead. We proceeded silently as might be for a few hundred yards, following the guide, when he suddenly pointed, exclaiming, " Klow !" and before us stood a herd of mighty bull elephants, packed together beneath a shady grove about a hundred and fifty yards in advance.

3. I rode slowly towards them ; and, as soon as they observed me, they made a loud rumbling noise, and, tossing their trunks,

wheeled right about and made off in one direction, crashing through the forest, and leaving a cloud of dust behind them. I was accompanied by a detachment of my dogs, which assisted me in the pursuit.

4. The distance I had come, and the difficulties I had undergone to behold these elephants, rose fresh before me. I determined that on this occasion, at least, I would do my duty; and, dashing my spurs into "Sunday's" ribs, I was very soon much too close in their rear for safety. The elephants now made an inclination to my left, whereby I obtained a good view of the ivory. The herd consisted of six bulls; four of them were full grown, first-rate elephants; the other two were fine fellows, but had not yet arrived at perfect stature.

5. Of the four old fellows, two had much finer tusks than the rest; and, for a few seconds, I was undecided which of these two I would follow; when, suddenly, the one which I fancied had the stoutest tusks broke from his comrades, and I at once felt convinced that he was the patriarch of the herd, and followed him accordingly.

6. Cantering along-side, I was about to fire, when he instantly turned, and, uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet: he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not altering his course in the slightest degree for the trees of the forest, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career.

7. When he pulled up in his charge, I likewise halted; and, as he slowly turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulder, "Sunday" capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball, the elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free, majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance which had been following the other elephants; and, on their coming up and barking, another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before.

8. In his charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice. I now determined not to fire again until I could make

a steady shot; but, although the elephant turned repeatedly, "Sunday" invariably disappointed me, capering so that it was impossible to fire.

9. At length, exasperated, I became reckless of the danger, and, springing from the saddle, approached the elephant under cover of a tree, and gave him a bullet in the side of the head; when, trumpeting so shrilly that the forest trembled, he charged among the dogs, from which he seemed to fancy that the blow had come; after which he took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head towards me.

10. I walked up very near; and, as he was in the act of charging, (being in those days under wrong impressions as to the impracticability of bringing down an elephant with a shot in the forehead,) stood coolly in his path until he was within fifteen paces of me, and let drive at the hollow of his forehead, in the vain expectation that by so doing I should end his career. The shot only served to increase his fury; an effect which, I had remarked, shots in the head invariably produced; and, continuing his charge with incredible quickness and impetuosity, he all but terminated my elephant-hunting for ever.

11. A large party of the Bechuanas who had come up, yelled out simultaneously, imagining I was killed; for, the elephant was, at one moment, almost on the top of me: I, however, escaped by my activity, and by dodging around the bushy trees. As the elephant was charging, an enormous thorn ran deep into the sole of my foot, the old Badenoch brogues, which I that day sported, being worn through, and this caused me severe pain, laming me throughout the rest of the conflict.

12. The elephant held on through the forest at a sweeping pace; but he was hardly out of sight when I was loaded and in the saddle, and soon once more along-side. About this time I heard Isaac blazing away at another bull; but when the elephant charged, his cowardly heart failed him, and he very soon made his appearance at a safe distance in my rear. My elephant kept crashing along at a steady pace, with blood streaming from his

wounds ; the dogs, which were knocked up with fatigue and thirst, no longer barked around him, but had dropped astern.

13. It was long before I again fired ; for, I was afraid to dismount, and "Sunday" was extremely troublesome. At length, I fired sharp right and left from the saddle : he got both balls behind the shoulder, and made a long charge after me, rumbling and trumpeting as before. The whole body of the Bamangwato men had now come up, and were following a short distance behind me.

14. Among these was Mollyeon, who volunteered to help ; and, being a very swift and active fellow, he rendered me important service by holding my fidgety horse's head while I fired and loaded. I then fired six broadsides from the saddle, the elephant charging almost every time, and pursuing us back to the main body in our rear, who fled in all directions as he approached.

15. The sun had now sunk behind the tops of the trees ; it would very soon be dark, and the elephant did not seem much distressed, notwithstanding all he had received. I recollected that my time was short, and, therefore, at once resolved to fire no more from the saddle, but to go close up to him and fire on foot.

16. Riding up to him, I dismounted, and, approaching very near, I gave it him right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge after me ; but I was now very reckless of his charges, for I saw that he could not overtake me ; and, in a twinkling I was loaded, and, again approaching, fired sharp right and left behind his shoulder.

17. Again he charged with a terrific trumpet, which sent "Sunday" flying through the forest. This was his last charge. The wounds which he had received began to tell on his constitution, and he now stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking around him. These, refreshed by the evening breeze, and perceiving that it was nearly over with the elephant, had once more come to my assistance.

18. Having loaded, I drew near and fired right and left at his forehead. On receiving these shots, instead of charging, he tossed his trunk up and down, and by various sounds and motions, most

gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his demise was near.

19. Again I loaded, and fired my last shot behind his shoulder : on receiving it, he turned around the bushy tree beside which he stood, and I ran around to give him the other barrel, but the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more ; before I could clear the bushy tree he fell heavily on his side, and his spirit had fled. My feelings at this moment can only be understood by a few brother Nimrods who have had the good fortune to enjoy a similar encounter. I never felt so gratified on any former occasion as I did then.

20. By this time all the natives had come up ; they were in the highest spirits, and flocked around the elephant, laughing and talking at a rapid pace. I climbed on to him, and sat enthroned upon his side, which was as high as my eyes when standing on the ground. In a few minutes night set in, when the natives, having illuminated the jungle with a score of fires, and formed a semicircle of bushes to windward, lay down to rest without partaking of a morsel of food.

21. Mutchuisho would not allow a man an assagai into the elephant until the morrow, and placed two relays of sentries to keep watch on either side of him. My dinner consisted of a piece of flesh from the temple of the elephant, which I broiled on the hot embers. In the conflict I had lost my shirt, which was reduced to streamers by the wait-a-bit thorns ; and, all the clothing that remained was a pair of buckskin knee-breeches.

LESSON LXXXIV.

PROOFS OF THE ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH.—MALTE-BRUN.

1. THE spherical form of the earth is the fundamental principle of geography. The proofs of this truth present themselves to the senses ; and they consist in certain remarkable appearances,

either of objects upon the surface of the earth, or of the heavenly bodies.

2. Why do towers, vessels, and mountains, when we recede from them, appear to sink below the horizon, commencing with the base ; and why, on the contrary, when we approach them, do these objects show first their summits, then their middle, and last of all their bases ? These phenomena prove evidently that an apparent plane upon the earth is a curve surface, and that it is the convexity of this surface which conceals from the eye of the spectator upon the beach the hull of the vessel of which he sees the masts and sails.

3. These things, too, happen uniformly towards whatever part of the earth we travel ; whether towards the east or towards the west ; towards the north or towards the south : it is impossible, therefore, to avoid drawing the conclusion, that the whole surface of the earth is, on all sides, nearly regularly curved ; or, in other words, that the earth is a body approaching in figure more or less to a sphere.

4. The same reference is deducible from an observation of the heavens. The polestar is that point in the heavens, which, itself alone immovable, appears to serve as a pivot to the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. Now, if we proceed towards the north, we see the polestar take a position more elevated in the heavens, with regard to the horizon. If we go towards the south, this same star appears to sink, and others, before invisible, appear successively to rise.

5. It is, therefore, impossible that the line whose direction we follow can be a straight line traced upon a horizontal plane ; it can only be a curve ; and, as the same change everywhere takes place, it is natural to conclude that the earth has at least a circular form from north to south. The fact that the sun rises sooner to those who dwell more towards the east, and gradually later to others in proportion as they are removed to the west, proves that it is equally circular from east to west ; for, were it flat, the sun would begin to illuminate all parts of its surface at the same instant.

6. Another most convincing proof is furnished by the eclipses

of the moon. These eclipses are known to be caused by the earth's coming between the sun and moon, and intercepting or cutting off the supply of light from the sun which illuminates the moon's surface or disk; the dark part of the moon's disk is, therefore, nothing more than a representation of the earth's shadow at the distance of the moon.

7. In whatever position the earth happens to be at the time of an eclipse, its shadow upon the moon's disk is always in the form of a circle or of part of a circle; the earth must, therefore, be a sphere, since no other than a spherical body, in every position in which it can be placed with respect to another body giving light, can cast a circular shadow upon a third body.

8. The numerous voyages which have been made around the world have finally shut the mouths of all those who persisted in regarding the earth as a round plane, or an hemispherical disk. Navigators, such as Magellan and Drake, sailing from Europe, have pursued a course always towards the west, (making only some deviations, in order to double the lands which stretch towards the south,) and without quitting this general direction, have returned to the same place whence they set out.

9. Heemskerck, when he wintered at Nova Zembla, confirmed what astronomers had concluded from the spherical figure of the earth; namely, that the days and nights near the poles extend to several months. Finally, Cook, in approaching as near as possible to the southern polar circle, found that the voyage around was always diminished proportionably to the diminution of his distance from the pole; so that we have thus obtained an ocular proof of the rotundity of the earth towards the south pole as well as towards the north.

10. So many united proofs, as well as the accuracy of so many astronomical observations, all of which have been made and calculated upon the supposition of the sphericity of our earth, leave no room for reasonable doubts upon the subject. In vain does ignorance demand of us how the earth can remain suspended in the air without any support. Let us look upon the heavens, and observe how many other globes roll in space. Let us then lay

aside all uneasiness concerning the *antipodes*, that is, the people of the earth whose feet are turned towards ours : there is upon the globe neither high nor low ; the antipodes see, in like manner as we do, the earth under their feet, and the sky over their heads.

LESSON LXXXV.

THE RUINS OF TIME.—MILFORD BARD.

1. WHERE, now, is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections ? Where are her thousand cities ; her Thebes, her Memphis, her oracle of Ammon ? The red arm of the Goth and the Vandal hath levelled them with the dust ; the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshipper once bowed in adoration ; the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine.

2. And where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world ? Alas ! they still stand as mournful monuments of human ambition. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them ?

3. Gone down to the grave, and the rank weed waves over the sepulchre of their mouldering bones. And such shall be the fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition ; the wave of time shall roll over them, and bury them for ever in the general mausoleum of ages. Time, like Death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur, and he hath desolated the gardens of oriental genius.

4. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the home of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins ; their philosophers are dumb in death ; the academy, the porch, and the lyceum no longer

resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth !

5. Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty, and laws, prostrate in the dust ; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time ; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen, and poets, mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur. Go to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas ! that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame, and the last echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of *Æolus*. But she fell not, before the flaming sword of Mahomet, without a struggle.

LESSON LXXXVI.

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

1. 'Twas night ; and hoary Winter walked abroad,
Howling like hungry wolves amid the wild ;
Moon there was none ; and every star seemed awed,
And shrinking, trembled like a frightened child !
Through all the woods the dreary snow was piled,
Or like a shroud it lay, the ridged fold
Showing the shape beneath ; above, beguiled
By sorrow, swayed the pines ; through wood and wold
The wild winds to and fro went sighing unconsolated.
2. A cabin stood upon the wooded slope ;
From many a crevice fitful firelight streamed,
Making the blackness denser, like the hope
Which from the settler's broken spirit gleamed,

Only to show the dark ! then, where it beamed,
Died, leaving all its ashes on his heart !
And now he gazed into the fire and dreamed
Of home, of native mountains wrapped apart,
The village and afar the large and steepled mart.

3. He saw the haze lay o'er the landscape green,
Where, like a happy thought, the streamlet flowed
The fields of waving grass and groves between.
Afar the white and winding turnpike glowed,
The peopled coach rolled down the dusty road,
The shining cattle through the pasture grazed ;
And all the air seemed trembling with a load
Of melody, by birds and children raised :
But now, a voice ; a groan ; he started ; stood amazed.
4. Hark ! was 't the wind which eddied round the place,
Or mournful trees by wailing tempests tossed ?
Or was 't a moan from that pale, wasted face
Which from the bed gleamed like a sleeping ghost ?
Or Hunger worrying Slumber from his post
Amid the little ones ? He only heard
The heave of breasts which unknown dreams had crossed,
Such dreams as stir the lips but make no word,
And heard his own heart beat like an o'er-wearied bird !
5. A noise ; a tramp amid the crisping snow,
Startled his ear ! A large, imploring eye
Gleamed at the window with unearthly glow !
Was 't the grim panther which had ventured nigh ?
Or ghost condemned, or spirit of the sky ?
To grasp the gun his hand contained no force,
His arm fell trembling and he knew not why !
He ope'd the door ; there stood a shivering horse,
While clung upon his mane a stiff and muffled corse.

6. Oh, Death! who calls thy aspect terrible?
 Is't he who gazes on the gentle maid
 Wrapped in her careful shroud; for whom a knell
 Steals o'er the village like a twilight shade;
 And on whose breast and in whose hands are laid
 White violets and lilies of the vale,
 Gems which bloom downward? Or, like them arrayed,
 Beholds the child as its own pillow pale,
 And hears the father's groan and mother's piercing wail?
- 7 Who calls thy aspect terrible? Do they
 Who gaze on brows the lightning stoops to scath?
 Or darker still, on those who fall a prey
 To jealousy's unsmotherable wrath?
 Or they who walk in War's ensanguined path
 And hear the prayers and curses of distress?
 These call thy aspect terrible! Oh, Death!
 More terrible, by far, let those confess,
 The frozen rider in that frozen wilderness!

LESSON LXXXVII.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PATRIOTS OF 1798.—S. D. LANGTREE.

1. NEVER was there an array of purer moral worth, of stronger genius, of more elevated talent, and more unsullied integrity, than the men who appeared in the nation's van in that hopeless but immortal cause, and planned, and all but conducted to the complete success, the most gigantic conspiracy of which we have any record in the world. Of these patriots, and their unhonored memories will have justice yet, the great majority perished on the scaffold; and never, surely, was there a hecatomb of greater virtue offered at the shrine of startled despotism.

2. Others, banished from their native soil, found refuge in dis-

tant lands, and in the blended lustre of their character and talents, there giving an effulgent evidence of what must have been the brightness of the constellation of which they were but the scattered stars, had it ever attained its zenith. And others of them, after wasting their morning prime in dungeon damp, still live in their native land, illustrating in the influence of their spotless lives, the purity of the principles they professed.

3. Among them, the gifted and accomplished Teeling, who, after losing a father and a brother, and a princely fortune, in the cause, still remains to do honor to the calumniated creed of his compatriots by his character, and to rescue their insulted memories by his talents, not less adorning private life than honoring public principle, and winning even from admiring opponents, for enemies he has none, the warmest cordiality of respect.

4. But the haze of madness will not last for ever, and the period is approaching fast, when those terrible times will be honored and described, and perhaps revenged, as they ought; for history, fruitful as it is in example, never exhibited in all its fearful contrasts a change more marked than the present state of the British empire, as compared with that appalling period. How strongly now will the prophetic words of the poet of patriotism apply;

“ Weep on, perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name,
And many a deed shall wake to praise
That now must sleep in blame.”

5. Yes, now, when the whole British nation, with the British monarch at their head, have recorded their approval before the world, and adopted those very principles, for adhering to which, not forty years before, Harvey, Bond, Fitzgerald, Teeling, and a host of others, were branded by relentless power with the traitor's name, and suffered the traitor's death; now, what measure of retrospective justice should be dealt out upon the actors in that bloody tragedy, and what honors should be paid to those victims of a darker age!

6. Walks there now no titled miscreant abroad, whom the late

events in England will brand, before he goes to his great account, with the murderer's name and the murderer's sin? Yes, sleep on, calumniated men; justice has been done, your characters stand redeemed, your motives unaspersed, and in the constitution of 1832, the British nation have erected a moral cenotaph to your memory, prouder than eternal brass, on which is inscribed, in unfading characters of historic light; To THE MARTYRS OF 1798.

7. Let us dismiss this subject. How the heart expands with the reflection that these great events are the coming dawn of that day of brightness, when the accumulated miseries of six centuries of oppression will be wiped off and atoned, and that beautiful island, "redeemed, regenerated, and disinthralled," shall take the place among the nations of the earth which God and nature have assigned. Then these victims of a tragic policy will not have died in vain; and, future times shall take a pleasure in believing that the lamp of their liberation has been lighted at their tombs.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A TASTE FOR THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.—
PERCIVAL.

1. THAT perception of, and sensibility to beauty, which, when cultivated and improved, we term taste, is most general and uniform, with respect to those objects which are not liable to variation from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

2. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree; for, to relish with full delight the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be incorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition; quick in her sensibilities, elevated in her sentiments, and devout in her affections.

3. If this enthusiasm were cherished by every individual, in that

degree which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived. The elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature.

4. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects ; and where would be the charms of poetry, if divested of the imagery and embellishments which she borrows from rural scenes ? Painters, statuaries, and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature ; and, as their skill increases, they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable world.

5. The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to our full enjoyment of them. By a secret sympathy the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates ; and the frame within assimilates itself to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency ; the guileless sheep with pity ; and the playful lamb with emotions of tenderness and love.

6. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buzz of insects, and pleased with the sportive emotions of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment ; and, having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

7. But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated. The cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, and good, in the creation. Skepticism and irreligion are scarcely compatible with the sensibility of heart which arises from a just and lively relish

of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us.

8. Emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in union with all animated nature. Actuated by this beneficial and divine inspiration, man finds a fane in every grove; and, glowing with devout fervor, he joins his song to the universal chorus, or muses the praises of the Almighty in more expressive silence.

LESSON LXXXIX.

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—DR. CHANNING.

1. THE happiest feature of our age is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Not many years ago, the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke.

2. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from each other by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded at pleasure by their lords.

3. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights, of whose prowess we hear, cased themselves and their horses in armor, so as to be almost invulnerable, while the common people on foot were left without protection, to be hewn in pieces or trampled down by their betters. Who, that compares the condition of Europe a few ages ago, with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change?

4. The grand distinction of modern times is, the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of

improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state; the power of the people. Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think every thing gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race.

5. What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost! When we think, that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then recollect in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society!

6. And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand, that to raise the depressed by a wise culture, to the dignity of man, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt. Would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities.

7. I would say to them, You can not, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained, be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals.

8. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you, or keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race.

9. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake! Resolve earnestly on self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

LESSON XC.

BATTLE OF WARSAW.—CAMPBELL.

1. WHEN leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland, and to man!
2. Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though Destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! Our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live! with her to die!
3. He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced, and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds, along their banners fly;
Revenge, or death; the watchword and reply:
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!
4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell !

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air ;
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of Ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
 Earth shook ; red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry !

6. Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own !
 Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return,
 The patriot TELL ; the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN.

LESSON XCI.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.—JOSEPH STORY.

1. THERE is, indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment ; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities ; much in their character which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history.

2. By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone for ever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

3. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida; from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

4. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt in a home, prepared for the brave beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

5. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

6. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed, the wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

7. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they

may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes; the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls around their lowly cabins.

8. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance, or submission, but of hard necessity which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method.

9. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them; no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

10. Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read, in such a fate, much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgivings as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark foreboding. Philosophy may tell us, that conquest in other cases has adopted the conquered into its own bosom, and thus, at no distant period, given them the common privileges of subjects; but that the red men are incapable of such an assimilation.

11. By their very nature and character they can neither unite themselves with civil institutions, nor with safety be allowed to remain as distinct communities. The question, therefore, is necessarily reduced to the consideration, whether the country itself shall

be abandoned by civilized men, or maintained by his sword as the right of the stronger. It may be so ; perhaps, in the wisdom of Providence, it must be so. I pretend not to comprehend, or solve such weighty difficulties.

12. But neither philosophy nor policy can shut out the feelings of nature. Humanity must continue to sigh at the constant sacrifices of this bold, but wasting race. And Religion, if she may not blush at the deed, must, as she sees the successive victims depart, cling to the altar with a drooping heart, and mourn over a destiny without hope and without example.

LESSON XCII.

PROPELLING POWERS EMPLOYED BY MAN.—EXTRACT FROM MR. EWBANK'S ANNUAL REPORT, AS COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS, ON THE HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF INVENTION.—1850.

1. TAKE up man's biography where we will, the first page opens with him roaming the forest ; an untutored animal, preying upon inferior tribes as they prey upon each other. He knows no force but his own, dreams not of employing any, and hence is his own servant in every thing.

2. By and by, as game becomes shy and scarce, he ekes out means of living by cultivating a patch of mandivia or maize ; using a stake for a plough, and a shell for a sickle. In this condition, properties of some of the elementary machines unfold themselves, as those of the wedge, inclined plane, and lever. In his club he realizes those of the hammer, which has claims to a place among them. Still, he remains a wild man, a savage.

3. While there is a wide disparity between man's muscular power and the requirements of civilization, there is an observable proportion between it and his wants as an unreclaimed animal. The required outlay to procure the first necessities is neither too much nor too little. In the savage and semi-savage condition he

has strength to build a hut, hunt, dig, plant, and reap a sufficiency for himself and family ; but had these essential tasks required double the labor that they do, the race would have sunk under it ere the art of calling in foreign aid had been acquired.

4. On the other hand, if food, clothing, and fuel had been attainable with half the exertion, indolence and every evil passion would have prevailed ; hence, the wisdom of Providence in forbidding the earth to yield the means of existence, except in return for such an expenditure of labor as would train him in the first stages of his career to habits of industry, and prepare him for disciplining higher faculties by another species of activity.

5. It is true, the amount of indispensable labor differs in different parts of the earth. In the Torrid Zone, the soil is prolific, fruits are perennial, and in rich abundance, little is required for shelter and less for clothing ; an equalizing principle is, however, every where apparent. There men are less able to work, and their energies are sooner exhausted than in temperate climes, but exertion is inevitable. They also are forced to labor in order to live.

6. In the next stage he plants more and hunts less. The social qualities of his being open, and higher views of existence flit before him. His hut in the woods is abandoned for the village cabin. Primitive manufacturers arise, improve, and multiply. Agriculture is more and more appreciated, and with increasing demands for it, the value of labor is felt ; he wants more than he has ; human strength is not great, and is soon exhausted ; in his need he reflects, and reflection brings help.

7. There are quadrupeds stronger than he, and of greater endurance ; why should they idle away their existence, and he be compelled to daily toil ? Why not make some of them work for him ? Thus he reasons, and, according to climate and other exigencies, acts. Hence, Laplanders yoke reindeer, and Esquimaux dogs to their sledges. The Arab early seized the dromedary and camel as his drudges, and other people the ox. The slender Hindoo and the Malay bring in the elephant from his native jungles for the same purpose. Finally, the horse, mule, and ass were added to the list, and the era of Animal Forces exhibited in relief.

8. Other creatures were also educated for man's profit or pleasure in a less general way. Goats and dogs were trained to climb in tread-wheels, and bears were broken into the same kind of labor by Scandinavian tribes. Then there was hawking, leopard-hunting, and fishing with cormorants, as still practised by the Chinese. Old Egyptians taught baboons to gather fruit from precipices and trees inaccessible to man. The Chinese still employ them, and monkeys, at similar work.

9. From the excess of power with which some animals are endowed, it may be inferred that they were designed to serve as co-laborers with man. Were this not so, it would be difficult to assign the reason why the larger quadrupeds, that have been domesticated, possess a surplus of strength far beyond what their natural emergencies require, while to us, we who stand in the greatest need of it, so small a share has been given.

10. As all active forces on the globe are derived from bodies living, or inert, it was Nature's suggestion first to turn to the larger quadrupeds; the most decided step this towards civilization! In what a lamentable state would our species be now, had it yet to be taken! From the comparative docility of despotism, herbivorous tribes were properly selected.

11. The power exercised by man over animals is one of the most remarkable episodes in his history. It is miraculous, but, like other miracles, having become familiar, it ceases to surprise. They are plastic almost as clay in his hands; for, he models them as his fancy and wishes suggest. Selecting some as laborers, he adds muscle and bone, or withdraws them as strength or speed is required.

12. Thus, he produces race and draught-horses from one stock, and works equal changes in porcine, bovine, ovine, and canine families. Of fowls; take pigeons for example; their figures are so far under his control that he multiplies varieties till every apparent affinity with the original is lost; their colors, too, producing spots where he pleases, or, as the professional expression is, "breeding these birds to a feather."

13. Large numbers of animals are employed as chemical manip-

ulators for the production of such substances as he finds useful for his purposes, and which he compels them to yield in larger quantities than they would or could give out without him. He controls the qualities of these products also; eliciting in excess constituent elements that he most desires.

14. Of insects he keeps myriads at work as confectioners; other tribes as spinners, and others again as druggists, to supply him with dyes. We may boast of interesting compounds which modern chemistry has furnished; but, what are they compared to the products of these living laboratories; laboratories the most valuable of which he has improved and multiplied, and will, until analogous results, at a cheaper rate, are obtained from artificial apparatus.

15. Had nothing been told us of ancient American Arts, we might have inferred the amount of refinement pervading Chili and Peru from one fact alone; the employment of the Llama as a beast of burden, the only one within reach; a step this, which tribes wholly untutored never took.

16. The aborigines of the North had the bison; and, in the proportion that its strength exceeds that of the Arabian Camel, would they have excelled their Austral kindred, had they broken it to the yoke. They neglected to improve the talent committed to their charge, and are compelled to make way for those who will. The bison for unknown ages has been used in tilling the soils of Asia and Africa; had our Indians pressed it into the same service here, they would not now be as fugitives and vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

17. The vast multitude of bisons slain yearly, the ceaseless war carried on against them, if continued, threatens their extermination, and must hereafter cause deep regret. It has been remarked, that every addition a country receives from art tends to drive away animals fitted only to flourish in a state of nature; but here, in the absence of art, the very agents to introduce it, creatures adapted above all others to human servitude, are wantonly destroyed.

18. Their great strength and docility when tamed, and their capacity for being drilled to the yoke, ought surely to put some

limit to their wholesale butchery. Savages kill them for food, while men of another shade, who ought to know better, join in the slaughter for the pleasure of the hunt, and sometimes, it would seem, for material for a paragraph.

19. But for this genus, it is doubtful if man had ever permanently emerged from the forest. As the first ordained and most profitable of his assistants for working the soil, it should never be said that the noblest of indigenous ruminants have become extinct. As predial laborers, they belong to the most precious of quadrupedal existences ; and, viewed in that character alone, their wanton destruction should be arrested.

20. Reproductive locomotive engines, they offer a power available to turn the wildernesses and prairies they inhabit into corn-fields and gardens. "Onward!" is the standing order of God. Those who refuse to obey must be pushed aside ; such is the inflexible fiat of heaven. They who prostrate their judgment to their sympathies, are at a loss to reconcile the melting of the red race and the seizure of their lands by the whites, with a superintending Providence.

LESSON XCIII.

THE WRECK.—MRS. HEMANS.

1. ALL night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had veiled her topsails to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

2. The queenly ship ! brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her ;
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas,
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn,
And sadder things than these.
3. We saw her treasures cast away ;
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flashed out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strown the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze,
And gorgeous robes : but oh ! that shore
Had sadder things than these.
4. We saw the strong man still and low,
A crushed reed thrown aside ;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.
And near him, on the sea-weed lay :
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say
That there a mother slept.
5. For her pale arms a babe had pressed,
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung,
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet long streamers clung
All tangled by the storm.

6. And beautiful, 'mid that wild scene,
Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half shut violet eye :
He had known little of her dread,
Naught of her agony.
7. Oh, human Love ! whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu.
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !
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LESSON XCIV.

THE WINDS.—MISS GOULD.

1. WE come ! we come ! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free !
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we ;
Ye call us the Winds ; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell ?
2. Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest, or fan the flower ;
When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent ;
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent ;

As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
 And ye say it is we; but can ye trace
 The wand'ring Winds to their secret place?

3. And, whether our breath be loud and high,
 Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
 Our threat'nings fill the soul with fear,
 Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
 With music ærial: still, 'tis we,
 And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
 Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
 Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?
4. Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
 We come and we go at His command.
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
 His will is our guide, and we look not back:
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
 Or win us in gentlest airs to play,
 Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds
 Or frees, as He will, the obedient Winds!

LESSON XCV.

ADAMS AND NAPOLEON.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

1. ONLY two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and Benevolence which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree.

2. A like career opened to both. Born, like Adams, a subject of a king; the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great republic. Like

Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement.

3. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul. But there were other Consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short; he fought new battles, and was Consul for life.

4. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an Emperor.

5. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a plebeian. He had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again and again. Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred; put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted the proud alliance.

6. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on his infant's brow, and it received the homage of princes even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch; a legitimate monarch; a monarch by divine appointment; the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land, from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and the brave, one from every household; from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee; from Jura to the ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp.

7. But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, rebelled, pursued, and surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic.

8. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few lonely years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn and the evening's twilight, towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came, even then, unwelcome. He was stretched on the bed within the fort which constituted the prison, a few fast and faithful friends stood around him, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief, from long and wearied watching, was at hand.

9. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant and a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The marshals of the empire waited his command.

10. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, and their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried, "Tête d' Armée !" The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT !

LESSON XCVI.

THE EFFECTS OF A DISSOLUTION OF THE FEDERAL UNION.—

HAMILTON.

1. ASSUMING it, therefore, as an established truth, that, in case of disunion the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other, which have fallen to the lot of all other nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

2. War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the singular advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction.

3. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three fortified garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader.

4. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach would be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate, the purposes of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that de-

cide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

5. In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontier of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would ever make the principal figure in events, and would characterize our exploits.

6. This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess, it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security, to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they would, at length, become willing to run the risk of being less free.

7. The institutions chiefly alluded to are **STANDING ARMIES**, and the corresponding appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is at best problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them.

8. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves on an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at

the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which their constitutions would require a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is the nature of war to increase the executive, at the expense of the legislative authority.

9. The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the states or confederacies that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbors. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages.

10. Neither the pride nor the safety of the important states or confederacies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to re-instate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the old world.

11. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard. These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution; the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

LESSON XCVII.

PATRIOTISM AND ELOQUENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.—WEBSTER.

1. He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of the controversy, and had acquired a decision

and a hardihood proportioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone.

2. He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. He had tried his powers, on the questions which it involved, often, and in various ways; and had brought to their consideration whatever of argument or illustration the history of his own country, the history of England, or the stores of ancient or of legal learning, could furnish. Every grievance enumerated in the long catalogue of the Declaration, had been the subject of his discussion, and the object of his remonstrance and reprobation.

3. From 1760, the colonies, the rights of the colonies, the liberties of the colonies, and the wrongs inflicted on the colonies, had engaged his constant attention; and, it has surprised those who have had the opportunity of observing, with what full remembrance, and with what prompt recollection, he could refer, in his extreme old age, to every act of parliament affecting the colonies, distinguishing and stating their respective titles, sections, and provisions; and to all the colonial memorials, remonstrances, and petitions, with whatever else belonged to the intimate and exact history of the times, from that year to 1775.

4. It was, in his own judgment, between these years, that the American people came to a full understanding and thorough knowledge of their rights, and to a fixed resolution of maintaining them; and, bearing himself an active part in all important transactions, the controversy with England being then, in effect, the business of his life, facts, dates, and particulars made an impression which was never effaced. He was prepared, therefore, by education and discipline, as well as by natural talent and natural temperament, for the part which he was now to act.

5. The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral

endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they can not compass it.

6. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible.

7. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object; this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

8. In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent state, was to be severed at once, and severed for ever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation.

9. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude. Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which

was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

10. Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and, one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the Declaration. It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence, with his accustomed directness and earnestness, as we may suppose, as follows:

11. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor?

12. "Are you not, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

13. "I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war,

as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

14. "For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign.

15. "Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points of controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

16. "If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every

colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

17. "Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor.

18. "Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker-hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

19. "Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

20. "But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations.

21. "On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gush-

ing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and, I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER."

LESSON XCVIII.

SPEECH OF THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—QUINTUS CURTIUS.

1. If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue Nature.

2. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches on which you have laid hold.

3. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? We have conquered those who have attempted to tyrannise over us in our own country, and likewise the kings of the Medes and Persians, when they made unjust war upon us; and, we have opened to ourselves a way into Egypt.

You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India.

4. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? While you were subduing them, the Sogdians revolted.

5. Your victories serve to no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars; for, the business of every conquest is twofold; to win, and to preserve; and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavor to shake off the yoke as fast as possible; for, what people choose to be under foreign dominion?

6. If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business: you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp; for, the Scythians attack with no less vigor than they flee. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and, all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations.

7. It will, therefore, be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained; catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, that Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favors; and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.

8. You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favors on mortals, not to

deprive them of what they have. But, if you be no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus show more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

9. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable ally. We command the borders both of Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais ; and, our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship.

10. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing ; but, it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people. There can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed ; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom ; but by doing actual services.

11. The Scythians are not used to promise ; but, to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous ; for, that those who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury. You may, therefore, consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, as allies or as enemies.

LESSON XCIX.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—MONTGOMERY.

1. A MOTHER'S LOVE ; how sweet the name !

What is a mother's love ?

A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,

To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that can grow cold ;
This is a mother's love.

2. To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone ;
This is a mother's love.

3. Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death ;
This is a mother's love.

4. To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To smile and listen when it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks ;
This is a mother's love.

5. And can a mother's love grow cold ?
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief ; for joy ?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;
Is *this* a mother's love ?

6. Ten thousand voices answer, "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this;
The infant, reared alone for earth,
May live, may die, to curse his birth;
Is *this* a mother's love?
7. A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame, destroy its mind;
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a mother's love.
8. Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And poured upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the Word;
This was the lesson to her son,
Time is eternity begun;
Behold that mother's love!
9. Blest mother! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God;
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.
10. *That* mother's love! how sweet the name!
What *was* that mother's love?
The noblest, purest, most tender flame,
That kindles from above

Within a heart of earthly mould ;
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold ;
This was that mother's love.

LESSON C.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF
THE HALL OF THE NEWARK (N. J.) LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, FEB.
1848.—REV. SAMUEL I. PRIME.

1. REJOICING together, this evening, in the progress of this noble work, let us now refresh our minds in the anticipation of those pleasures which we shall share with each other within these walls. Addressing, as I do, an intellectual assembly, engaged in a literary enterprise and aiming at the general diffusion of knowledge for the improvement of the common mind, I do not doubt, that I shall have universal consent to the proposition, that all the pleasures of a rational being should centre in the soul.

2. The lion has his pleasures, and the lamb. The sources of happiness open to each are adapted to their respective natures ; and, pursuing those tastes implanted by infinite wisdom and benevolence, they carry out the ends for which they were created. Happiness is a legitimate object of pursuit, worthy of a creature of God, and promised as an endless reward of those who love him. The creature with a mind to reason, to comprehend, to study, to advance towards perfection, may debase himself by the pursuit of sensual pleasures ; may poach on the manor of the brute and quarrel with the ox for his husks, or dispute the kennel with the dog, but he is out of the line of his destiny.

3. A good dinner gratifies the palate of an epicure ; but the pleasure is shared with every carnivorous animal. Pleasures that flow to the soul through the organs of sense, as the pleasures of appetite, of equipage, of dress, of sumptuous living, are shared in

common with the lower orders of being, and are enjoyed in greater or less profusion, as industry or fortune provides them. The miser who nightly draws his chest from its lurking-place to add his gold, while his heart glows joyously over his hard-gotten heap, is despised. But had he taken a portion of his gold to the smith to be beaten into platters to stand on his sideboard and adorn his table loaded with delicious viands, and into cups to hold his sparkling wine; had he given a portion of his gold in exchange for a carriage and proud bays to draw it with him in it, the world would envy him as a happy man.

4. A *miser* is called a miser-able man. The *millionaire* in his chariot and palace, is reckoned among the blessed. But tell me, ye who are able to calculate the difference of exchange, and can weigh the pleasures that become an immortal, rational mind, and have some adequate conception of what the capacity is and the proper destiny of the spirit of man, tell me why the miser is not as happy with his ingots as in houses and horses! In neither case is the pleasure co-existent in the same sphere with that order of being to which God, angels, and men belong. In both cases the animal instincts have been sharpened and guided by the power of rational mind, and then prostituted to the pursuit of enjoyment in channels that no animal but man would choose.

5. All other enjoyment is shared with the brute and would be man's, if there were no books, no thoughts, no converse with spirit, no heaven. Under the brightness of this truth, the value of books appears. We ought to give more time to thinking, and by the sole power of our own faculties make progress in knowledge. "There is one art," says Coleridge, himself an example and teacher of its power, "of which every man should be master, the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, for what purpose are you a man at all?"

6. But life is short, and labors are many and pressing: few have time, and fewer have power to learn without books or by the ear. We must read and learn. Books are savings-banks, in which one generation deposits its earnings for the use of the next: they add their earnings to the store, and thus the capital is

increased from age to age. Learning hath this advantage, that giving does not impoverish, and withholding does not enrich.

7. The highest wisdom is in the revelation of its Author, and the streams that flow from that source are many and full; their banks are fertile, their waters sweet, and he who drinks shall never thirst. Descending from this high source, the writings of men who have tasted the springs of divine truth; and, next to these, the works of the learned in every region of thought are before us, revealing such fields of investigation as ever invite, but never exhaust the study of the inquiring mind. Is it pleasure then you seek? And have you a mind that is formed for communion with the wise and good?

8. Were you admitted to the society of Plato and Socrates, of Bacon and Newton, of Edwards and Coleridge, their presence might oppress, and prevent the high enjoyment which communion with their spirits would impart to one at home in their presence. But their works a child may read; and, true modesty, an attribute of genius, as a child-like temper is the emblem of heaven, may sit down in the alcoves of a library at the feet of these illustrious men whose shadows fall solemnly on the track of time, and commune with them reverently and joyously. The man of many cares, whose spirit pressed in life's struggle, often longs for rest, shall turn from the toils of his daily service, and here refresh his soul by converse with the mighty dead.

9. But "I have not the time for reading," is the reply of those who feel the truthfulness of this, and have sense enough to admit that the pursuit of knowledge is infinitely desirable to make men rich and wise and happy. "I have not time." Did you ever make a calculation to determine the quantity of knowledge you can compass in a given time. It is not impossible for the most active man in the city to give one hour, or even two, in each day, to the improvement of his immortal mind. He ought to do it, or cease to think himself a man.

10. Let him devote a part of this time, in the early morning, or at the close of the day; but in this hour or two he may read fifty pages, and in the course of a single year he will have perused

18,000 pages! In five years, he has made himself the master of two hundred and fifty volumes of incalculable worth. Does it arrest the mind of any youth whom I address, that it would be a pleasant acquisition to have perused the standard English poets? In one year, by reading two hours each day, he will have become familiar with every poet from Chaucer to Wordsworth.

11. Would he read Fiction? In one year, he will have finished nearly every novel that was ever written, worth reading. History? How soon, with industry and system, will the man of business make himself acquainted with the whole circle of history, ancient and modern? What depths of philosophy will he explore? What heights of learning will he mount? This calculation any man may make for himself, and the truth of figures will convince the incredulous.

12. And did it never occur to you that the most eminent scholars have pursued their studies under difficulties immeasurably superior to those which beset your path? Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, "one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age," was born in the most abject poverty, the son of a poor weaver, and often saw his mother weeping and wringing her hands because she had not food for her children. He fought his way through the thickest difficulties, and became an ornament to his race.

13. Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, was apprentice to a shoemaker, and a scholar only upon charity. The world-famous Ben Jonson was a bricklayer; and, it was when speaking of him, that Fuller, in his "English Worthies," says, "Let not them blush that have, but those that have not a lawful calling." These, and hundreds more, have battled with poverty and triumphed. In our country, the way to knowledge is so easy that poverty scarcely imposes a barrier. There are no toll-gates on the road. Free-schools are open to the young, and not a college in the land would shut its doors against a youth because he is poor. Two cents a week will give any boy, in the city of Newark, the range of this library with its thousands of volumes. Who can not be learned? Who will not read and learn?

LESSON CI.

MR. PRIME'S ADDRESS.—CONCLUDED.

1. THESE examples might be indefinitely extended. “*The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties*” is a subject full of interest, which might be profitably made the theme of an extended disquisition; but, there are books devoted to the illustration, which you will readily find, that have furnished many of these incidents, and are full of others of similar pertinency and force.

2. Here you will resort to find those bright examples of diligence and success, that will rouse the youthful mind to generous emulation of the great and good, that will point you to heights of knowledge and fields of enjoyment, which you may gain and call your own. Here you will find that even those men who have made the greatest improvements in the mechanic arts, and thus conferred perennial blessings upon their race, have not been the dull, plodding wielder of the hammer and turner of the wheel, but men who thought and studied while their hands were busy with the tools. Thus is it in every walk of life. Knowledge and virtue are the arms of individual, as well as national strength; and, he who will, may wield them both and conquer.

3. Mr. President; Those who have been familiar with the rise and progress of this Association, with the doubts and discouragements in which it was undertaken, the long and painful struggles of the infant enterprise, the immense and intense labor with which it was pushed on through the clouds with which its morning was obscured and its rising delayed, will appreciate the satisfaction with which I congratulate you and our associates, and the ladies and gentlemen, especially the youthful portion of this community, upon the grand result.

4. An edifice at once the ornament and defence of the city: an architectural ornament that has no rival among us, and a moral defence second only to the sacred temples which are dear to us as the ark of the covenant to ancient Israel; such an edifice has been reared, not by the munificence of one or two men of wealth, not

by any profession, sect or party, but by the contributions of the friends of learning, who have cheerfully combined their means to build these walls and dedicate them to the diffusion of useful knowledge among men.

5. In this great work we have had the favoring Providence of the All-wise God ; and, we have never doubted that this house will advance his honor and secure his praise. To him we look for continued smiles. Never may these walls be vocal with a sound, never may these alcoves give shelter to a page, on which the face of Infinite purity and truth will frown !

6. And now we enter upon their enjoyment. I wish that we had some adequate conception of what is before us, here and hereafter. Sometimes I have thought it would be a mission worthy of the most exalted powers of argument and persuasion, not unworthy an angel's gifts, to go into the market-places of this generation, and challenge living men to think of what they are and where they are going !

7. We are intellectual and immortal beings. Combine these attributes of our nature, and think of our duties and destinies. Pause in the race of life, and view the goal to which you are hastening. *Can you see it ?* Take the strongest glass that human ingenuity has contrived to aid the eye, and with it pierce the future. Canst thou measure the capacity or duration of thy spirit ? Didst thou ever undertake to estimate the reach of infinite progression ? Concerning thyself with matter, the limit of thy power is soon exhausted. Pile up pebbles, and at last you can pile them no higher.

8. Art is long and strong, but time is longer and stronger ; and what man does is undone. There is an end to it. But didst thou ever, child of immortality, consider *the power of an endless life* ; that death is predicated only of the flesh, and that for nothing but to free thy spirit for the spirit-land, and to give it wider range in realms of knowledge where the ethereal essence dwells alone.

9. Life has its labors. I know them, and would not shun them. Day by day we must seek our daily bread. The world around us has a claim upon our heart and hand. We must work while we live. It is our lot, and it is right.

10. Life has its pleasures. I love them, and rejoice in them. The domestic fire-side; the social circle; the song of friendship; the voice of love: there is not a joy on earth I would not share with every son and daughter of the wide family of man.

11. But with the labors and the pleasures of the life that now is, I would never cease to feel; and, I would fasten the thought as with nails upon every youthful heart, that the purest and loftiest pleasure is in the prolonged and infinite expansion of the human mind. From the depths of our present ignorance, let us rise into the regions of light and truth that are above us.

12. The company of the good and great and wise invites us to the upward flight. Let us know more, and the more we know, the more we shall long to know. Gravitation draws upward in the world of mind. Onward is the word: higher! See the proud eminence on which the leader spirits of olden times are resting now. They have not drawn the ladder after them. In the morning of our career we may climb to their side; and, when no steps ascend to higher worlds, our spirits, loosed from flesh, shall stretch their way right onward and upward, till they fold their pinions at the foot of the eternal throne.

LESSON CII.

RURAL FUNERALS.—IRVING.

1. THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

2. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over

whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

3. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

4. No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him!

5. But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities.

6. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endear

ment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition !

7. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent, if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul ; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

8. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strow the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

LESSON CIII.

SYMPATHY.—WRIGHT'S CASKET.

1. SPEAK to that erring, fallen brother. Speak in words of kindness and sympathy. Let him know that in his self-inflicted degradation, low as he may have fallen, deeply as he may have erred, there are those that care for his welfare. He knows that you are a good Washingtonian, and can but look with abhorrence upon his intemperance. He knows, perhaps, that you are a Christian, a follower of Him who "went about doing good."

2. But no matter. Your words will fall like melody upon his sad heart, if given in kindness and love; and, the circumstances of your different positions in society will give additional force and influence to your action. He needs your sympathy and kindness. The moral powers of his spirit have been broken by frequent observations and errors. His heart has become callous by frequent mingling in immoral associations and contact with vice, and his whole moral man lies in ruins. Chide him not.

3. Your silence is the strongest reproof. He feels it more keenly than the harshest words, and let your silent kindness stand in strong contrast with the execrations of those who have caused his ruin. Believe not that he is unmindful of his fall and degradation. His mind, rushing through the vista of the past, rests mournfully upon a thousand infirmities, indiscretions, and follies, and there is the gathering up of that mighty resolution to break the snare of the destroyer and be free.

4. Strengthen it by your kindness, and by giving him your confidence. Let him feel that you believe him capable of reformation, of coming up to assert the high prerogatives of humanity, and of regaining his lost standing and happiness. Breathe not a thought of his relapse, but bid him onward and upward in the stern march of life. Your kindness will find way to his frozen heart, unlock the warm sympathies of his soul; and, while he gathers up the scattered energies of nature for triumphant battle with the tempter, the "blessing of Him that was ready to perish shall come down upon you."

LESSON CIV.

IMMORALITY OF LARGE CITIES.—REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

1. A MAN comes from a distant part of the country, a trader perhaps, to your city. It is impossible that he should not be much impressed with what he sees around him, business, life,

fashion, equipage, all upon a scale so much more splendid and luxurious than that to which he has been accustomed. He is obviously placed in a state to be strongly influenced; a situation more favorable to that end is scarcely conceivable: and influenced too, not by a mere outward spectacle.

2. It is not the brick and mortar, the splendid mansion or entertainment, the service of plate or the rich costume; but it is the spirit of society living and breathing through these forms, that steals with a subtler influence into his mind. The public opinion, and I say it with emphasis, the public opinion that prevails in cities is, from their position, more pervading and powerful than any other public opinion in the world.

3. If our visiter to the city finds those who live in the splendid mansions around him, living simply, temperately, virtuously; interested in the best welfare of society, its education, morality, and religion, he is breathing an atmosphere, most healthful and happy for him; and he will carry back a report to his country home, full of encouragement to all good men there, and of rebuke to all bad men. Oh! what messages are *these*, to go from among us, to the whole wide land! May they be multiplied!

4. I thank God that there are such messages. But suppose that the visiter to our city finds much here, that is widely and unhappily different from that representation. Suppose that he is impressed with the covetousness, extravagance, and immorality of the people, rather than with the opposite qualities.

5. Suppose that he finds here, not only thousands of houses of evil allurements, I speak not in random terms; three thousand drinking houses are but one item in the account; that he finds, I say, not only *some thousands of houses of evil allurements*, but that he falls in with some of those currents of evil conversation and practice which are ever flowing towards those reservoirs of iniquity.

6. He is introduced, you perceive, both by the spectacle and the spirit of things around him, to new modes and new ideas of life. Instead of that regular and reasonable application to business, and that quiet, domestic fidelity and enjoyment, which mark out, as he had before thought, the only lawful plan in life, he finds

those in the city throng, made up as it is of many moral classes, he finds those, and not a few, perhaps, who are pushing business to unscrupulous excess one part of the day, that they may urge pleasure to criminal excess another.

7. He hears it insinuated too, on a basis indeed of truth, but with a large superstructure of exaggeration, that many around him, holding a respectable rank in society, are accustomed to resort to houses of midnight dissoluteness, gambling, and intemperance! He is shocked, he is almost shaken, perhaps, in some of his moral judgments. He departs from the scene, wondering but not corrupted. He carries his wonder with him to his country retirement, and naturally gives it utterance.

8. Many reports of this kind, carried by individuals, sanctioned by newspapers, and confirmed by the testimonies given in our courts of justice, spread at length an impression through the country, that the city is almost wholly given up to the idolatry of sense; and this impression powerfully tends to sap the very foundations of public morality. Bad and dissolute men are encouraged by it. They say to the advocates of strict virtue, "You see that we are not alone! These notions," say they, "of strictness and self-restraint are all the fruit of country simplicity and ignorance." But great as the injury is in this view, it is not as great as the injury to and through the individual whose case I am considering.

9. He comes again to the great city-mart; he falls again into society like that which he had seen before; he hears again that loose and reckless conversation, whose breath, more fatally than any other influence, dissolves the bands of virtue; he hears, and the more he hears, the less he is shocked; use breeds familiarity; familiarity, indifference; indifference leaves the soul unguarded; leaves it to be carried away by any casual whim, temporary excitement, or deep-seated passion, yes, carried away to the dens of evil indulgence: and now it may be, that he who, five years ago, came to the city with none but honest intents, and looked upon many things around him with no feelings but of surprise and displeasure, now, I say, he comes, perhaps, full as much for unlawful pleasure as for lawful business: yes, he has fallen into those very

habits which, five years ago, filled him with amazement and horror.

10. Nor is this all; nor even the worst. He carries the infection of example with him. Corrupted in the city, he becomes a centre and source of corruption in the country. He opens a fountain in the midst of some pure community, whose poisonous waters flow, underground, through many a hidden channel; yet not so deep, but that they pollute the very soil of society where he lives, blasting many a verdant spot, and fair flower, and shapely young tree, that shall spring up there for a century to come.

LESSON CV.

CURIOUS SOCIAL HABITS OF THE OSAGES.—CHEROKEE ADVOCATE.

1. AMONG the Osage Indians a young man of eighteen will sometimes say to a widow twice his age, perhaps, Come, take a hunt with me. The widow answers, *hoa*, (yes.) This means these two will hunt together like man and wife; both parties putting together their horses, camp kettles, and equipage.

2. On the hunt, the man hunts; the woman saddles and unsaddles his horse, unpacks his meat, builds his lodge, collects his wood, cooks his food, and makes his moccasins; and, in every respect, takes the place and post of a dutiful and helping wife, yet they are not married. Sometimes they repeat several hunts, and even live years together, and the woman bears children; but this is not marriage.

3. However well this young man may be suited with his hunting companion, should he be so fortunate as to rise to the rank of a brave or warrior, he casts her off without ceremony, and marries, that is, buys a wife after the custom of his nation, and is praised for so doing; for, his previous union is not considered honorable for a brave or warrior.

4. No man can marry a warrior's daughter that is not a warrior

himself. Consequently, mothers often cry and pray, and before their sons, that they may be men enough to go to war, and kill and scalp the Pawnees, and be successful in stealing horses, that they may rise to the grade of warriors, and get honorably married.

5. No Osage feels honorable, or is considered honorable, or treated honorably, until he distinguishes himself and is called a brave or a warrior. This he may do in one of the five following ways; shoot down his enemy; knock him on the head after another has shot him down; scalp him after he has been shot down and knocked on the head; shoot through two buffaloes with an arrow at one shot; or, steal ten horses.

6. To do any one of the above acts entitles him to the name of a brave, and to the privilege of carrying a tomahawk. All others are waiters or kettle tenders. A brave or warrior may strike a kettle tender and he can not resent it, or return the blow, until he rises to the same grade; then he may do it if it should be twenty years afterward.

7. All girls among the Osages are sold in marriage. I have never known an Osage girl to take up with a man, as the term is used among some other nations. However poor the mother, aunt, or guardian is, she will demand something for her daughter or ward in marriage.

8. The girls being in demand, and the mothers giving them up only for value received, lead the mothers to watch the girls in the strictest manner. Widows of every grade and age make their own marriage contracts, and in the loosest possible manner. But the girls are as chaste as those of any nation. I have never known a runaway match among them.

LESSON CVI.

INTEMPERANCE.—REV. DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

1. Could I call around me, in one vast assembly, the temperate young men of our land, I would say, Hopes of the nation, blessed

be ye of the Lord now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps ; for vipers, and scorpions, and adders, surround your way. Look at the generation who have just preceded you : the morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own ; but, behold them bitten, swollen, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and vicious ; with halting step dragging onward to meet an early grave !

2. Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set never to rise ! No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, and to harder and harder fare, as improvidence dries up their resources. And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps with muffled faces and sable garments ? That is a father, and that is a mother, whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. That is a sister, weeping over evils which she can not arrest ; and there is the broken-hearted wife ; and there are the children ; hapless innocents ; for whom their father has provided the inheritance only of dishonor, and nakedness, and wo.

3. And is this, beloved young men, the history of your course ? In this scene of desolation, do you behold the image of your future selves ? Is this the poverty and disease, which, as an armed man, shall take hold on you ? And are your fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and children, to succeed to those who now move on in this mournful procession, weeping as they go ? Yes ; bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, this is your noon, and your night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds and thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening resort for social drinking ; if you set out with drinking daily a little, temperately, prudently ; it is yourselves which, as in a glass, you behold.

4. Might I select specific objects of address ; to the young husbandman or mechanic, I would say, Happy man ! your employment is useful and honorable, and with temperance and industry you rise to competence, and rear up around you a happy family, and transmit to them, as a precious legacy, your own fair fame.

But look around you ; are there none who were once in your condition, whose health, and reputation, and substance, are gone ? What would tempt you to exchange conditions ?

5. And yet, sure as seed-time and harvest, if you drink daily, at stated times, and visit from evening to evening, the resorts of social drinking, or stop to take refreshment as you enter or retire from the city, town, or village, yours will become the condition of those ruined farmers and artisans around you.

6. To another, I would say, You are a man of wealth, and may drink to the extinction of life without the risk of empoverishment ; but, look at you neighbor, his bloated face, and inflamed eye, and blistered lip, and trembling hand : he too is a man of wealth, and may die of intemperance without the fear of poverty.

7. Do you demand, " What have I to do with such examples ? " Nothing ; if you take warning by them. But if you too should cleave to the morning bitter, and the noon-tide dram, and the evening beverage, you have in these signals of ruin the memorials of your own miserable end ; for, the same causes, in the same circumstances, will produce the same effects.

8. To the affectionate husband I would say, Behold the wife of thy bosom, young and beautiful as the morning ; and yet her day may be overcast with clouds, and all thy early hopes be blasted. Upon her the fell destroyer may lay his hand, and plant in that healthful frame the seeds of disease, and transmit to successive generations the inheritance of crime and wo. Will you not watch over her with ever-wakeful affection, and keep far from your abode the occasions of temptation and ruin ?

9. Call around you the circle of your healthful and beautiful children. Will you bring contagion into such a circle as this ? Shall those sparkling eyes become inflamed, those rosy cheeks purpled and bloated, that sweet breath be tainted, those ruby lips blistered, and that vital tone of unceasing cheerfulness be turned into tremor and melancholy ? Shall those joints, so compact, be unstrung, that dawning intellect be clouded, those affectionate sensibilities benumbed, and those capacities for holiness and heaven be filled with sin, and " fitted for destruction ? "

10. O thou father ! was it for this that the Son of God shed his blood for thy precious offspring ; that, abandoned and even tempted by thee, they should destroy themselves, and pierce thy heart with many sorrows ? Wouldst thou let the wolf into thy sheep-fold among the tender lambs ? Wouldst thou send thy flock to graze about a den of lions ? Close, then, thy doors against a more ferocious destroyer, and withhold the footsteps of thy immortal progeny from places of resort more dangerous than the lion's den !

11. Should a serpent of vast dimensions surprise, in the field, one of your little group, and wreath about his body his cold, elastic folds, tightening with every yielding breath his deadly gripe ; how would his cries pierce your soul, and his strained eyeballs, and convulsive agonies, and imploring hands, add wings to your feet, and supernatural strength to your arms ? But in this case you could approach with hope to his rescue.

12. The keen edge of steel might sunder the elastic fold, and rescue the victim, who, the moment he is released, breathes freely, and is well again. But the serpent Intemperance twines about the body of your child a deadlier gripe, and extorts a keener cry of distress, and mocks your effort to relieve him by a fibre which no steel can sunder. Like Laocoön, you can only look on while bone after bone of your child is crushed, till his agonies are over, and his cries are hushed in death.

LESSON CVII.

THE RAIL-WAY.—DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

1. THE silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasured still in many a dream,
They are no longer here ;

A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear ;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

2. Nor this alone ; for many a mile
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedge-rows smile
In summer's glory gay ;
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're borne away at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race !

3. The wayside inn, with homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team, the merry horn,
The cool fresh road at early morn,
The coachman's ready jest ;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

4. Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tear,
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear ;
The wing that to her cherished nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

5. For me, I gaze along the line
 To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
 A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
 But here may try in vain ;
To bring us near home many an art,
Stern fate employs to keep apart.
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LESSON CVIII.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.—CINCINNATI PAPER.

1. In the autumn of 1823, a man was descending the Ohio river, with three small children, in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and, in the emigrating spirit of our people, was transporting his all, to a new country, where he might again begin the world. Arriving towards evening at a small island, he landed there, with the intention of encamping for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions ; and telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island.

2. Unfortunately, he met on the shore with some loose company, who had invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and, in attempting to return to the island in the night, was drowned ! The canoe floated away, and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day. The poor, deserted children, in the meanwhile, wandered about the uninhabited island, straining their little eyes to catch a glimpse of their father.

3. Night came, and they had no fire, nor food ; no bed to rest upon, and no parent to watch over them. The weather was ex-

tremely cold, and the eldest child, though but eight years of age, remembered to have heard that persons who slept in the cold, were sometimes chilled to death. She continued, therefore, to wander about ; and when the younger children, worn out with fatigue and drowsiness, were ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake with amusing or alarming stories.

4. At last, nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then their sister sat down, and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them on her lap, and endeavored to impart the warmth of her own bosom, as they slept sweetly on her arms. Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore, weeping bitterly. At length, they were filled with joy, by the sight of a canoe approaching the island. But they soon discovered that it was filled with Indians ; their delight was changed into terror, and they fled into the woods.

5. Believing that the savages had murdered their father, and were now come to seek for them, they crouched under the bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridges. The Indians, having kindled a fire, sat down around it, and began to cook their morning-meal ; and the eldest child, as she peeped out from her hiding-place, began to think that they had not killed her father.

6. She reflected, too, that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island, while, on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians. The cries, too, of her brother and sister, who had been begging piteously for food, had pierced her heart, and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her ; then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp-fire. Fortunately, the savages understood our language ; and, when the little girl had explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and conducted them to New Madrid, where they were kept by some benevolent people, until their own relatives claimed them.

LESSON CIX.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—REV. DR. GARDINER SPRING.

1. THE Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral obligation become relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals; no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

2. If you can induce a community to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures; to question the reality, and obligations of religion; to hesitate, undeciding, whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave; or whether there exists any such being as God, you have broken down the barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the flood-gates of immorality and crime.

3. I need not say, that when a people have once done this, they can no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; avarice, perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts, than the tranquil abode of civilized and christianized men.

4. If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosom of men, and in the seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained.

5. One of the principal occupations of this day, is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved inviolate, you behold a nation convened

one day in seven, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts. And it can not be otherwise, than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

6. We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly ; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power, and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. - No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regards the Sabbath. The holy rest of this ever-memorable day, is a barrier which is always broken down, before men become giants in sin.

7. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, remarks, that " a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice Hale, that " of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was upon the bench, he found a few, only, who would not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day."

8. The prisons in our own land could probably tell us, that they have scarcely a solitary tenant, who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath, before he was abandoned to crime. You may enact laws for the suppression of immorality ; but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interest of the community, than any code of penal statutes that ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the key-stone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however defaced, will survive many a rude shock, so long as the foundation remains firm.

9. The observance of the Sabbath is, also, most influential in securing national prosperity. The God of Heaven has said, " Them that honor me, will I honor." You will not often find a notorious Sabbath-breaker a permanently prosperous man ; and a Sabbath-breaking community is never a happy or prosperous community. There are a multitude of unobserved influences, which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men.

10. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony ; it ele-

vates the poor from want ; it transforms squalid wretchedness ; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character ; it promotes softness and civility of manners ; it brings together the rich and the poor, upon one common level, in the house of prayer ; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the centre of allurements, and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, it "has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come," for men can not put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven, as long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

LESSON CX.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE, DELIVERED BY REV. DR. WILBUR FISK, BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE OF VERMONT, ON THE DAY OF GENERAL ELECTION, AT MONTPELIER, OCT. 12, 1826.

1. THERE is a spirit, an active, aspiring principle in man, which can not be broken down by oppression, or satisfied by indulgence.

"He has a soul of vast desires,
It burns within with restless fires."

Desires, which no earthly good can satisfy ; fires, which no waters of affliction or discouragement can quench. And it is from this his nature, that society derives all its interests, and here also lies all its danger. This spirit is at once the terror of tyrants, and the destroyer of republics.

2. To form some idea of its strength, let us look at it in its different conditions, both when it is depressed, and when it is exalted. See when it is bent down for a time, by the iron grasp and leaden sceptre of tyranny, cramping, and curtailing, and hedging in the soul, and foiling it in all its attempts to break from its bonds and

assert its native independence. In these cases, the noble spirit, like a wild beast in the toils, sinks down at times, into sullen inactivity, only that it may rise again, when exhausted nature is a little restored, to rush, as hope excites or madness impels, in stronger paroxysms against the cords which bind it down.

3. This is seen in the mobs and rebellions of the most besotted and enslaved nations. Witness the repeated convulsions in Ireland, that degraded and oppressed country. Neither desolating armies, nor numerous garrisons, nor the most rigorous administration, enforced by thousands of public executions, can break the spirit of that restless people.

4. Witness Greece; generations have passed away since the warriors of Greece have had their feet put in fetters, and the race of heroes had apparently become extinct; and the Grecian lyre had long been unstrung, and her lights put out. Her haughty masters thought her spirit was dead; but it was not dead, it only slept. In a moment, as it were, we saw all Greece in arms; she shook off her slumbers, and rushed with phrensy and hope, upon seeming impossibilities, to conquer or to die.

5. And though the mother and the daughter, as well as the father and son, have fought and fallen in the common cause, until her population grows thin; though Missolonghi and many other strongholds are fallen, until her fortifications are few and feeble; though Christian nations have looked on with a cruel inactivity, without lending their needed aid; yet the spirit of Greece is no more subdued than at the commencement of the contest. It can not be subdued.

6. We see then that man has a spirit, which is not easily broken down by oppression. Let us inquire, whether it can be more easily satisfied by indulgence. And in every step of this inquiry, we shall find that no miser ever had gold enough; no office-seeker ever yet had honor enough; no conqueror ever yet subdued kingdoms enough. When the rich man had filled his store-houses, he must pull down and build larger. When Cesar had conquered all his enemies, he must enslave his friends.

7. When Bonaparte had become the Emperor of France, he

aspired to the throne of all Europe. Facts, a thousand facts, in every age and among all classes, prove, that such is the ambitious nature of the soul, such the increasing compass of its vast desires, that the material universe, with all its vastness, richness, and variety, can not satisfy it. Nor is it in the power of the governments of this world, in their most perfect forms, so to interest the feelings, so to regulate the desires, so to restrain the passions, or so to divert, or charm, or chain the souls of a whole community, but that these latent and ungovernable fires will sooner or later burst out and endanger the whole body politic.

8. I know it has been supposed, by the politicians, that in an intelligent and well-educated community, a government might be so constituted by a proper balance of power, by equal representation, and by leaving open the avenues to office and wealth, for a fair and honorable competition among all classes, as to perpetuate the system to the latest posterity. Such a system of government, it is acknowledged, is the most likely to continue; but, all these political and literary helps, unaided by the kingdom of Christ, will not secure any community from revolution and ruin.

9. And he knows but little of the nature of man who judges otherwise. What has been the fate of the ancient republics? They have been dissolved by this same restless and disorganizing spirit, of which we have been speaking. And do we not see the same dangerous spirit, in our own comparatively happy and strongly constituted republic?

10. The wise framers of our excellent political institutions, like the eclectic philosophers, have selected the best parts out of all the systems which preceded them; and to these have added others, according to the suggestions of their own wisdom, or the leadings of Providence, and have formed the whole into a constitution, the most perfect the world has ever witnessed. Here every thing that is rational in political liberty, is enjoyed; here the most salutary checks and restraints, that have yet been discovered, are laid upon men in office.

11. Here the road to honor and wealth is open to all; and here is general intelligence. But here man is found to possess the

same nature as elsewhere. And the stirrings of his restless spirit have already disturbed the peace of society, and portend future convulsions. Party spirit is begotten; ambitious views are engendered, and fed, and inflamed; many are running the race for office; rivals are envied; characters are aspersed; animosities are enkindled; and the whole community are disturbed by the electioneering contest.

12. No meanness is foregone, no calumny is too glaring, no venality is too base, when the mind is inflamed with strong desire, and elated with the hope of success, in the pursuit of some favorite object. And when the doubtful question is decided, it avails nothing. Disappointment sours the mind, and often produces the most bitter enmity and the most settled and systematic opposition, in the unsuccessful party; while success but imperfectly satisfies the mind of the more fortunate.

13. And if no other influence come in, to curb the turbulent spirits of men, besides that which is found in our general intelligence, and constitutional checks, probably, at no great distance of time, such convulsions may be witnessed in our now happy country, as shall make the ears of him that heareth it tingle, and the eyes of him that seeth it weep blood. State may be arrayed against state, section against section, and party against party, till all the horrors of civil war may desolate our land. Are there no grounds for such fears?

LESSON CXI.

FATHER MATHEW, GIVING THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE AT THE
TOMBS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. It was a place of gloom, and Justice turned
Her massy key between it and the world
Of busy men, and the rejoicing sun.

Suffering was there, and Crime, and dark Remorse,
And the seared Conscience, direr doom than they.
Who entereth, with such kindness on his brow
And pitying tone ?

2. He cometh not to daunt
The spirits in prison. He upbraideth not.
He wringeth not into the cup of shame
The bitter gall-drop of self-righteous scorn,
But with that Master's gentleness, who sought
And saved the lost ; uplifts and stirs the fallen
To strong resolve. O'er the dead heart he breathes
A living hope.

3. Quick impulse moves the throng,
As when a tree before the viewless winds
Is rent and shaken. Here and there they bow,
Humbled before him. He, who fiercely set
His face like flint, 'gainst blame or punishment,
And she, whose bold and bronzed cheek hath lost
All tint of pure and tremulous womanhood,
Feels that strange guest, *a tear*. Kneeling, they take
The proffered vow, made firm by holy prayer,
As from parental lips.

4. Ah, good old man !
Such scenes as these, that give the angels joy,
Have marked thy blessed course o'er many lands.
Farewell ! We give thee thanks. God speed thy way,
In safety o'er the main.

5. Amid our clime,
The zeal of thine apostleship remains,
And deep thine image is enshrined in homes
To which too long the husband and the sire
Came as a fiend to desolate or slay ;

But now the infant climbeth to his knee,
 Fearless and fond ; the wintry hearth is bright,
 And by his side the trustful matron sits,
 A song of praise within her secret soul.

6. These are thy trophies, with the web of life
 Meekly inwoven. And the laurel crown
 Of the blood-shedder, and the clarion blast
 Of loudest fame, were well exchanged for these
 When the strong angel with his trumpet sound
 Warns to the judgment.

Hartford, Oct. 20, 1851.

LESSON CXII.

INSTABILITY OF LIFE.—JOB.—BIBLE.

1. MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down : he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one, and bringest me into judgment with thee ?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? not one.

2. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he can not pass ;

Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day.

3. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.

4. But man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up :

So man lieth down, and riseth not : till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

5. O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me !

If a man die, shall he live again ? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

6. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee : thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

For now thou numberest my steps : dost thou not watch over my sin ?

7. My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou sewest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to naught, and the rock is removed out of his place.

8. The waters wear the stones : thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and thou destroyest the hope of man.

Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth : thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away.

9. His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not ; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.

But his flesh upon him shall have pain, and his soul within him shall mourn.

LESSON CXIII.

COMETS.—INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

1. COMETS are light, vapory bodies, which move around the sun in orbits much less circular than those of the planets. Their orbits, in other words, are very long ellipses or ovals, having the

sun near one of the ends. Comets usually have two parts, a body or nucleus, and a tail; but some have a body only.

2. The body appears as a thin, vapory, luminous mass, of globular form; it is so thin that, in some cases, the stars have been seen through it. The tail is a lighter or thinner luminous vapor, surrounding the body, and streaming out from it, in one direction.

3. In ignorant ages, the sudden appearance of a comet in the sky never failed to occasion great alarm, both on account of its threatening appearance, and because it was considered as a sign that war, pestilence, or famine, was about to afflict mankind. Knowledge has dispelled all such fancies; but yet we are not well acquainted with the nature of comets.

4. Out of the great multitude, certainly not less than one thousand, which are supposed to exist, about one hundred and fifty have been made the subject of scientific observation. Instead of revolving, like the planets, nearly on the plane of the sun's equator, it is found that they approach his body from all parts of surrounding space. At first they are seen slowly advancing, with a comparatively faint appearance.

5. As they approach the sun, the motion becomes quicker, and at length they pass around him with very great rapidity, and at a comparatively small distance from his body. The comet of 1680 approached within one sixth of his diameter. After passing, they are seen to emerge from his rays, with an immense increase to their former brilliancy and to the length of their tails. Their motion then becomes gradually slower, their brilliancy diminishes, and at length they are lost in distance.

6. It has been ascertained that their movement around the sun is in accordance with the same law that regulates the planetary movements, being always the quicker the nearer to his body, and the slower the more distant. In the remote parts of space their motions must be extremely slow.

7. Three comets have been observed to return, and their periods of revolution have been calculated. The most remarkable of these is one usually denominated Halley's comet, from the astronomer who first calculated its period. It revolves about the sun in

about seventy-five years, its last appearance being at the close of 1835.

8. Another, called Enke's comet, from Professor Enke, of Berlin, has been found to revolve once in one thousand two hundred and seven days, or three and one third years ; but in this case the revolving body is found, at each successive approach to the sun, to be a little earlier than on the previous occasion, showing that its orbit is gradually lessening, so that it may be expected ultimately to fall into the sun.

9. The third, named Belia's comet, from Mr. Belia, of Josephstadt, revolves around the sun in six and three quarter years. It is very small, and has no tail. In 1832 this comet passed through the earth's path about a month before the arrival of our planet at the same point. If the earth had been a month earlier at that point, or the comet a month later in crossing it, the two bodies would have been brought together.

10. Comets are often affected in their motions by the attraction of the planets. Jupiter, in particular, has been described by an astronomer as a perpetual stumbling-block in their way. In 1770, a comet got entangled amidst the satellites of that planet, and was thereby thrown out of its usual course, while the motions were not in the least affected.

11. Comets often pass unobserved, in consequence of the parts of the heavens in which they move being then under daylight. During a total eclipse of the sun, which happened sixty years before Christ, a large comet not formerly seen, became visible near the body of the obscured luminary. On many occasions their smallness and distance render them visible only by the aid of the telescope. On other occasions, they appear of vast size.

12. The comet now called Halley's, at its appearance in 1456, covered a sixth part of the visible extent of the heavens, and was likened to a Turkish cimeter. That of 1680, which was observed by Sir Isaac Newton, had a tail calculated to be one hundred and twenty-three millions of miles in length ; a space greater than the distance of the earth from the sun. There was a comet in 1744 which had six tails, spread out like a fan across a large space in the heavens.

LESSON CXIV.

GREATNESS OF THE UNITED STATES.—HUNT'S MERCHANTS'
MAGAZINE.

1. THIS country is, in some respects, not so much one nation, as a union of many nations. So it has been from the beginning. Our history is not one. We do not look back to one nation as the land of our forefathers, but to many : to Sweden, to Denmark, to Holland, to France, to Scotland, to Ireland, to England.

2. So it is now, at this present day, which is the very era of emigration to this country of emigrants. We number our German citizens by millions, our Irish citizens by millions, and we have thousands of English, Scotch, and French birth. It is so with our pursuits in life, which are not one, nor are our interests, therefore, one.

3. The sun, which, at its rising, glitters upon the fleets of commerce and the rich marts of trade, climbing the Alleghanies, lights up the broad, green valley of the Mississippi, the bosom of the nation, teeming with future wealth and might, and fructifies the wheat-fields and corn-fields of the North, the tobacco-fields of Kentucky, the cotton, the rice, and sugar plantations of the South ; again, ascending a loftier mountain range than the Alleghanies, it brightens the dark forests of Oregon, and, cheering the log hut of the emigrant with the light which, in the morning, fell on the homesteads of New England, it sinks at last into the Pacific.

4. Almost every climate and soil is within our borders. All Europe is our kindred. The great heart of America beats with a pulsation from the blood of almost every nation of Western Europe. A political microcosm in itself, the United States are well able, and are bound to feel a fraternal sympathy with all the world, and to proclaim and act upon the principle of the Brotherhood of Nations.

LESSON CXV.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.—CAMPBELL.

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rushed the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.
5. And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout midst their sulph'rous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.
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LESSON CXVI.

OLD WYOMING.—TALES OF THE REVOLUTION.

1. THE valley of the Susquehanna, at that point on which stands the town of Wilkesbarre, unites, with salubrity of atmosphere, an assemblage of beauties, rural and picturesque, seldom found within a compass so confined. A strip of fertile land on either side of the river, is terminated by a range of lofty mountains, whose blue tops, rising one above another, present a bold but romantic outline on the distant horizon. Beneath them flows the Susquehanna, not "unknown to song," whose distant windings may be traced far away, as they peep out abruptly from behind some mountain outlet.

2. No wonder that to this delightful spot the wishes of the sagacious aborigines should have been directed. No wonder that the white man should have found their wigwams rising up amidst the darkness of the wilderness, when his rapacious spirit first led him into this romantic region. Neither should we wonder that the all-grasping spirit which has consigned too many of their names to endless infamy, should have early incited them to dispossess the aboriginal proprietors of their peaceful homes; and they succeeded.

3. Many years the whites had held undisturbed possession of the valley of Wyoming; had ploughed its fertile fields unmo-
lested; levelled the traces of its ancient inhabitants, their wigwams, and the burial-places of their chiefs and warriors, and changed it into a flourishing settlement, when that tremendous struggle for liberty, the revolutionary war, scattered over this

country the fire-brands of rapine and bloodshed. The people were divided on the momentous question to be decided; and whig and tory distinctions soon became apparent.

4. Those devoted to the interest of the latter sought refuge among the surrounding tribes of Indians, whom they incited to a sure and deadly revenge. In the language of America's great historian, their numbers gradually increased, and their resentments sustained no diminution. At their head was a Col. John Butler, the cousin of Col. Zebulon Butler, the gentleman who was in command of the militia of Wyoming.

5. The commencement of the year had furnished news indicative of hostile designs on the part of the Indians; but, as the time approached, when the great blow they meditated was to be given, the cunning policy of increasing its effect, by lulling into security those against whom it was to be directed, was successfully resorted to. Several messengers came in from the hostile tribes charged with assurances of their peaceful dispositions; and, Butler himself, in a numerous assemblage of savages, declared, in their peculiar language, that he was about to withdraw to Detroit, "his hand being too short to do any thing this year." Their designs, however, were penetrated; and, it is said that letters were despatched to Congress and General Washington, stating the dangers to which they were exposed. These letters were unfortunately intercepted by the tories of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, the inhabitants, for their security, took refuge in their forts.

6. On the first of July, a body, supposed to be nearly sixteen hundred strong, composed of about three hundred Indians, led by their own chiefs, and a number of tories painted like Indians, under the command of Col. John Butler, broke into the Wyoming settlement, and obtained easy possession of one of the two upper forts, which, being garrisoned, as it is alleged, chiefly by concealed tories, was delivered up without opposition; the other was taken.

7. The two principal forts, Kingston and Wilkesbarre, were near each other, on the opposite sides of the river. Col. Zebulon Butler marched into Kingston with the greatest part of the armed

force of the country, and a number of women and children took refuge in the same place. After rejecting a summons to surrender, he proposed a parley, and a place at some distance from the fort was agreed on for a meeting of the chiefs. He marched out with four hundred men, to the place appointed, where no person was found on the part of the enemy; but, at a still greater distance from the fort, at the foot of a mountain, a flag was exhibited, which retired as he approached, as if apprehensive of danger from the enemy.

8. Col. Butler continued to advance until he found himself almost enveloped by the enemy, who ran and fired on him. Notwithstanding the effect to be expected from such circumstances, his troops displayed such a degree of firmness, and acquitted themselves with so much resolution, that the advantage was rather on their side, when a soldier, either through treachery or cowardice, cried out, "The colonel has ordered a retreat."

9. Immediately confusion was succeeded by a total rout. The troops fled towards the river, which they endeavored to pass, in order to enter fort Wilkesbarre; the enemy pursued "with the fury of devils," and of the four hundred who had marched out on this unfortunate parley, only about twenty escaped. Fort Kingston was immediately invested; and, to increase the terror of the garrison, and impress on them the horrors of their situation, the bleeding scalps of their murdered countrymen were sent in for their inspection.

10. Col. Zebulon Butler having withdrawn himself and family down the river, Col. Dennison, the commanding officer, went out to inquire of the officer commanding the besiegers, what terms would be allowed the garrison on surrendering the fort. Uniting to Spartan brevity more than cannibal ferocity, this tutored savage answered in two words, "The hatchet."

11. Having lost a great part of his garrison, being unable to hold out longer, and not supposing it possible that the unresisting could be coolly and deliberately massacred, Col. Dennison surrendered at discretion. He misunderstood the character of those into whose hands he had fallen. The threat of Butler was executed

with scrupulous punctuality. After selecting a few prisoners, the great body of the people in the fort were enclosed in the houses, fire was applied to them, and they were consumed together.

12. Butler then passed over to Wilkesbarre, which was surrendered without resistance. The effort to mollify the revengeful fury which governed him was unavailing. The continental soldiers, amounting to about seventy, were hacked to pieces. The remaining men, with the women and children, shared the fate of their brethren in Kingston; they perished in the flames. All show of resistance was now terminated, but the ruin contemplated was not yet complete. Near three thousand persons had escaped. Flying without money, clothes, or food, they sought for safety in the interior country.

13. To prevent their returning, every thing remaining behind them was doomed to destruction. Fire and the sword were alternately applied; and, all the houses and improvements which the labor of years had provided, as well as every living animal which could be found, were destroyed. The settlements of the tories alone were preserved. They appeared, says Mr. Gordon, as islands in the midst of surrounding ruin.

14. Some peculiar instances of barbarity have been related in the details given of this expedition, at which human nature recoils. Parents were murdered by their children, and brothers and sisters fell by the hands of brothers. Of such crimes are men capable, when the torch of civil discord is once lighted, and all the endearing social ties which sweeten life are made to yield to political fury! The incursions of irregulars may be often repeated, but are seldom of long duration. The invaders of Wyoming withdrew from the country which they had thus laid waste before the arrival of the continental troops which were detached to meet them.

15. Even at this distant day, there remain a few survivors of this awful and heart-rending visitation. A few who went out with Col. Zebulon Butler, to meet the deceitful flag of truce, and who escaped, still repeat the harrowing events of that terrible catastrophe. Their relations of it should be preserved; for, the time will soon arrive when the departing worthies of those iron times will be

no more among us. One by one they depart, leaving those who survive, a bright and almost sacred charge for their descendants to console and cherish.

LESSON CXVII.

THE PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.—C. M.

[During our visit to the Massachusetts State Prison some time since, the Warden spoke with deep interest of a Prisoner whose talents as a Poet had excited much attention. We find the following lines from his pen in "The Prisoner's Friend." Our readers will agree with us in pronouncing them very beautiful.—EDITOR TRIBUNE, New York, Feb. 14, 1846.]

1. I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from our happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet still, I've often thought of thee,
I'm thinking of thee now.
2. I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawns of my youth,
And pressed me to your side;
Then love had filled my trusting heart
With hopes of future joy,
And thy bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy "darling boy."
3. I'm thinking on the day, mother,
I left thy watchful care,
When thy fond heart was lifted
To Heaven, thy trust was there;

And memory brings thy parting words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek ;
But thy last loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

4. I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To sooth me with a tender word,
Nor cool my burning brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are all now torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not love like thee.
5. I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,
The tempter, with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away ;
And shame has left its venom'd sting,
To rack with anguish wild !
'Twould grieve thy tender heart to know
The sorrows of thy child.
6. I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest ;
Yet still, I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed ;
I know thou wouldst not chide, mother,
Thou wouldst not give me pain,
But cheer me with thy softest words,
And bid me hope again.
7. I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me,
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea ;

And I love thee just the same, mother,
And I long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

8. But ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And, as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice, that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.
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LESSON CXVIII.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.—WEBSTER.

1. THE settlement of New England, by the colony which landed here on the twenty-second of December, sixteen hundred and twenty, although not the first European establishment in what now constitutes the United States, was yet so peculiar in its causes and character, and has been followed, and must still be followed, by such consequences, as to give it a high claim to lasting commemoration.

2. On these causes and consequences, more than on its immediately attendant circumstances, its importance, as an historical event, depends. Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements.

3. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been

bathed in blood ; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind ! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day ; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen ; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown ; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss of so many lives, and so much treasure.

4. But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow.

5. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory ; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness.

6. When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast ? What is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eye ? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed ; but that Greece herself was saved.

7. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon ; and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun.

8. And, as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment ; he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts ; his interest for the result overwhelms him ; he trembles as if it were still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

9. "If we conquer," said the Athenian commander on the morning of that decisive day, "if we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece." A prophecy, how well fulfilled !

10. "If God prosper us," might have been the more appropriate language of our fathers, when they landed upon this rock ; "if God prosper us, we shall here begin a work that shall last for ages ; we shall plant here a new society, in the principles of full liberty, and the purest religion ; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us ; we shall fill this region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity ; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice ; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvests of autumn, shall extend over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man.

11. "We shall whiten this coast with the canvass of a prosperous commerce ; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength.

12. "From our sincere, but houseless worship, there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness ; from the simplicity of our social union, there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe ; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring, which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back what they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge ; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot, and this hour, with unabated affection and regard."

LESSON CXIX.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. THE anxious crisis of the Spring was past,
And warmth was master o'er the lingering cold.
The alder's catkins dropped ; the maple cast
His crimson bloom, the willow's downy gold
Blew wide, and softer than a squirrel's ear,
The white oak's foxy leaves began to appear.
2. There was a motion in the soil. A sound
Lighter than falling seeds, shook out of flowers,
Exhaled where dead leaves, sodden on the ground,
Repressed the eager grass ; and there for hours
Osseo lay, and vainly strove to bring
Into his mind the miracle of Spring.
3. The wood-birds knew it, and their voices rang
Around his lodge ; with many a dart and whirr
Of saucy joy, the shrewish cat-bird sang
Full-throated, and he heard the kingfisher,
Who from his God escaped with rumpled crest,
And the white medal still upon his breast.
4. The aquelegia sprinkled on the rocks
A scarlet rain ; the yellow violet
Sat in the chariot of its leaves ; the phlox
Held spikes of purple flame in meadows wet,
And all the streams with vernal-scented reed
Were fringed, and streaky bells of miskodeed.

LESSON CXX.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

1. It is the general rule, that no liquid can of itself rise higher in the inside of a tube than it stands on the outside; but there is an exception to this rule which requires to be explained.

2. If a drop of water, or any liquid of a like degree of fluidity, be pressed upon a solid surface, it will wet that surface and stick to it, instead of keeping together, and running off when the surface is held sloping. This shows that the parts of the liquid are more attracted by the parts of the solid than by one another. In the same manner, if you observe the edge of any liquid in a vessel, as wine in a glass, and note where it touches the glass, you will see that it is not quite level close to the glass, but becomes somewhat hollow, and is raised upon it, so as to stand a little higher at the edge than in the middle and other parts of its surface.

3. It appears, therefore, that there is an attraction, at very small distances from the edge, sufficient to suspend the part of the fluid near it, and prevent it from sinking to the level of the rest. Suppose the wine-glass to be diminished, so as to leave no room for any of the wine in the middle which lies flat and level, but only to leave room for the small rim of liquor raised up all around on the side of the glass; in other words, suppose a very small tube, placed with its lower end just so as to touch the liquor; it is evident that the liquor will stand up somewhat higher in the tube than on the outside, and if the tube be made smaller and smaller, the liquor will rise higher, there being always less weight of liquid to counterbalance the attraction of the glass.

4. Tubes of this very small bore are called *capillary*, from a Latin word signifying *hair*, because they are small, like hairs. Generally, any tube of less than 1-20th of an inch diameter in the inside is a *capillary* tube; and if it is placed so as to touch the surface of water, the water will rise in it to a height which is greater the smaller the bore of the tube is. If the diameter of the tube is 1-50th part of an inch, the water will rise to the height of

one inch ; if it be one 1-100th, the water will rise two inches ; if 1-200th, the water will rise four inches, and so on in proportion as the bore is lessened.

5. The action of the tubes upon liquids depends, however, it must be recollected, upon the nature of the solid substances of which they are made. If the glass is smeared with grease so that the water will not stick to it, the liquid will not rise at all. So, different liquids rise to different heights in the same tube, but not according to their specific gravity. Mercury does not rise at all ; on the contrary, it sinks considerably lower than its level outside the tube.

6. Capillary attraction performs many important offices in nature. Probably the distribution of moisture in the earth is regulated by it ; and there is no doubt that the distribution of the juices in plants depends principally upon it. The rise of the sap and its circulation is performed in the fine capillary tubes of the wood and bark, which are the arteries and veins of vegetables. Any one may perceive how this process is performed, by twisting together several threads of cotton or worsted, and wetting them. If they are then put in a glass of any colored fluid, as red wine or ink, and allowed to hang down to the plate on which the glass stands, the fluid will soon be perceived to creep up, and color the whole of the threads, red or black, as the case may be ; and in a short time the whole contents of the glass will come over into the plate.

7. Capillary tubes may in this manner carry juices upwards, and distribute them through plants. The juice, it is true, can not be so carried from a lower to a higher level in a capillary tube, and flow out from the top ; but it may be carried upwards in one, and then flow horizontally into others ; and from these it may be carried upwards again in a third set of tubes ; or it may be carried in any direction by capillary syphons. Spongy bodies act in all probability on liquids in the same manner, by means of a great number of extremely small capillary tubes, of which their substance is entirely composed.

LESSON CXXI.

MISTAKES IN PERSONAL IDENTITY.—DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

1. THERE is no kind of evidence more infirm in its nature, and against which jurymen on legal trials should be more on their guard, than that involving identity of person. The number of persons who resemble each other is not inconsiderable in itself; but, the number is very large of persons who, though very distinguishable when standing side by side, are yet sufficiently alike to deceive those who are without the means of immediate comparison.

2. Early in life, an occurrence impressed me with the danger of relying on the most confident belief of identity. I was at Vauxhall Gardens, where I thought I saw, at a short distance, an old country gentleman whom I highly respected, and whose favor I should have been sorry to lose. I bowed to him, but obtained no recognition.

3. In those days the company amused themselves by walking around in a circle, some in one direction, some in the opposite, by which means every one saw and was seen; I say in those days, because I have not been at Vauxhall for a quarter of a century. In performing these rounds I often met the gentleman, and tried to attract his attention, until I became convinced that either his eyesight was so weakened that he did not know me, or that he chose to disown my acquaintance.

4. Some time afterward, going into the county in which he resided, I received, as usual, an invitation to dinner; this led to an explanation, when my friend assured me he had not been in London for twenty years. I afterward met the person whom I had mistaken for my old friend, and wondered how I could have fallen into the error.

5. I can only explain it by supposing that, if the mind feels satisfied of identity, which it often does at the first glance, it ceases to investigate that question, and occupies itself with other matters; as in my case, where my thoughts ran upon the motives my friend might have for not recognising me, instead of employing them-

selves on the question of whether or no the individual before my eyes was indeed the person I took him for.

6. If I had had to give evidence on this matter my mistake would have been the more dangerous, as I had full means of knowledge. The place was well lighted, the interviews were repeated, and my mind was undisturbed. How often have I known the evidence of identity acted upon by juries, where the witness was in a much less favorable position, for correct observation, than mine.

7. Sometimes, a mistaken verdict is avoided by independent evidence. Rarely, however, is this rock escaped, by cross-examination, even when conducted with adequate skill and experience. The belief of the witness is belief in a matter of opinion resulting from a combination of facts so slight and unimportant, separately considered, that they furnish no handle to the cross-examiner. A striking case of this kind occurs to my recollection, with which I will conclude.

8. A prisoner was endicted for shooting at the prosecutor, with intent to kill him. The prosecutor swore that the prisoner had demanded his money, and that upon refusal or delay, to comply with his requisition, he fired a pistol, by the flash of which his countenance became perfectly visible; the shot did not take effect, and the prisoner made off.

9. Here the recognition was momentary, and the prosecutor could hardly have been in an undisturbed state of mind, yet the confidence of his belief made a strong impression on all who heard the evidence, and probably would have sealed the fate of the prisoner without the aid of an additional fact of very slight importance, which was, however, put in evidence, by way of corroboration, that the prisoner, who was a stranger to the neighborhood, had been seen passing near the spot in which the attack was made about noon of the same day. The judge belonged to a class now, thank God! obsolete, who always acted on the reverse of the constitutional maxim, and considered every man guilty until he was proved to be innocent.

10. If the case had closed without witnesses on behalf of the

prisoner, his life would have been gone; fortunately he possessed the means of employing an able and zealous attorney; and more fortunately, it so happened that several hours before the attack the prisoner had mounted upon a coach, and was many miles from the scene of the crime at the hour of its commission.

11. With great labor, and at considerable expense, all the passengers were sought out, and, with the coachman and guard, were brought into court, and testified to the presence among them of the prisoner. An *alibi* is always a suspected defence, and by no man was ever more suspiciously watched than by this judge. But when witness after witness appeared, their names corresponding exactly with the way-bill produced by the clerk of a respectable coach-office, the most determined skepticism gave way, and the prisoner was acquitted by acclamation.

12. He was not, however, saved by his innocence, but by his good fortune. How frequently does it happen to us all to be many hours at a time without having witnesses to prove our absence from one spot by our presence at another! And how many of us are too prone to avail ourselves of such proof in the instance where it may exist!

LESSON CXXII.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.—EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HOW, TO THE GRADUATES OF DICKINSON COLLEGE.

1. THE great end of education, as you have been reminded, is the *formation of character*; of a character marked by lofty, intellectual, and moral excellence. On the formation of such a character greatly depends your usefulness and honor through life, and the reward for well doing which in the world to come you will receive from your righteous Judge.

2. A mind richly fraught with knowledge, and a heart deeply imbued with the fear of God and the love of virtue, bestow on

character a loveliness, an elevation and grandeur that can be derived from no other resources : and happy indeed shall we esteem ourselves, if our instructions and counsels have awakened in your bosoms a fixed determination to seek such high endowments.

3. The period at which you enter on the theatre of action is one of unusual excitement and effort in every part of the world. Great changes are taking place in the physical, the intellectual, and moral condition of mankind ; a feverish restlessness seems to pervade every rank and every nation ; and mighty conflicting energies are at work, which threaten to alter the whole aspect of society.

4. Under such circumstances, we view with deep interest the entrance of every new actor on the troubled scene. To you we look as the future guardians of the Institutions of your country ; the patrons and protectors of its freedom, its science and its morals. They who now occupy the chief stations in the great drama of life, will soon pass away, and their places be vacated by death, while you will be called forward to fill them. A liberal education gives to its possessor incalculable advantages, and is of inestimable worth.

5. By enlarging and invigorating the mind, it qualifies for doing great good or great mischief ; and no one can calculate the amount of influence which you may exert, or of good which you may perform. Aspire then to distinguished usefulness. Suffer not your present attainments to be lost and your talents to become enfeebled by sloth ; but fit yourselves for acting a high, dignified, and useful part in life.

6. To qualify yourselves for thus acting, you must be willing to undergo that labor and previous preparation, without which no superior excellence was ever obtained. No talents, however splendid, nor wealth, nor worldly connexions and influence, can ever compensate for the absence of these ; and with these you may accomplish almost every thing.

7. The amount of influence to which you may attain, and of good which you will accomplish, will greatly depend on the cultivation which you bestow upon your mind, and the amount of

knowledge you acquire. We hope that none of you think that you have now completed your studies. You have just begun them.

8. All that hitherto we have been able to accomplish ; indeed, all that we have aimed at, is, to teach you how to study, and to spread out before you the wide extent of the field of science on which you have just entered. The amount of your future attainments will depend upon yourselves. You can make yourselves almost what you please. Moderate talents, with unremitting, well-directed effort, will effect astonishing improvement.

9. It will soon be necessary for you to select a profession for life. Whatever that profession may be, choose it with deliberation, with the advice of your parents, and with prayer to the Father of lights for his direction ; and when you have once chosen it, enter on it with a fixed determination to excel ; with ardent attachment to it ; with pure motives, and with elevated views. I trust that each of you will aim at distinction and eminence in his profession ; and be assured that nothing will conduce more to this than a thorough acquaintance with it in all its departments, and with every branch of science that belongs to it.

10. Let me advise you not to enter on it too early and without suitable preparation. A too great eagerness to enter on public life is perhaps characteristic of our youth. They do not sufficiently appreciate the importance of rich intellectual furniture ; and hence instead of appearing with the majesty and vigor of intellectual giants, too many pass through life puny and feeble dwarfs. No stable and magnificent edifice can be erected on a scanty and weak foundation, and no great eminence can be attained without those thorough acquirements which result from close study.

11. In aiming to arrive at eminence you must expect difficulties and discouragements. The indolent will be displeased at your industry, and as they are unwilling to submit to the labor which is necessary to place them on an equality with you, they will endeavor by misrepresentation to draw you down to a level with them ; they will attempt to excuse their own indolence by representing you as ambitious, proud, and aspiring.

12. Rivals will oppose and thwart you, and envy and jealousy

will often detract from your merits. Expect these things and disregard them. Pursue your way straight onward in the path of duty, and you will overcome every obstacle that envy, and jealousy, and malice, and misrepresentation may oppose to you.

13. But, besides a thorough acquaintance with your profession in all its departments, endeavor to acquire a rich store of various knowledge. Knowledge is now so generally diffused among all classes of society, and the fields of science which modern discoveries and improvements have opened, are so very extensive, that a man must possess high attainments to rise to distinction.

14. But where this distinction is possessed, it greatly increases respectability and influence, and consequently the ability to benefit others. A truly learned man can never be contemptible without his own fault: either through vicious habits and indulgences, or through the adoption of bad principles. Learning elevates to greater dignity than wealth: it softens, refines, and adorns the character: it gives liberal, generous, and elevated views and feelings, and is a source of pure and lasting pleasure.

LESSON CXXIII.

APOSTROPHE TO MONT BLANC.—COLERIDGE.

1. HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, oh sovereign Blanc!
 The Arnè, and the Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly, while thou, dread mountain form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the sky and black: transpicuous deep,
 An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! but when I look again,
 It seems thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

2. Oh dread and silent form ! I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily eye,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone ;
Yet thou, methinks, wast working on my soul,
E'en like some deep, enchanting melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it.

3. But I awake, and with a busier mind,
And active will, self-conscious, offer now,
Not as before, involuntary prayer,
And passive adoration.

Hand and voice,
Awake, awake ! and thou, my heart, awake !
Green fields and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !
And thou, O silent mountain, sole and bare,
O ! blacker than the darkness, all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, oh wake, and utter praise !

4. Who sank thy sunless pillars in the earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee father of perpetual streams ?
And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad,
Who called you forth from night and utter death ?
From darkness let you loose, and icy dens,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?

5. And who commanded, and the silence came,
" Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest ?"

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from yon dizzy heights
Adown enormous ravines steeply slope ;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty noise,
And stopped at once, amidst their maddest plunge,
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !

6. Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with lovely flowers
Of living blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! God ! the torrents like a shout of nations
Utter ; the ice-plain bursts, and answers, God !
God ! sing the meadow-streams with gladsome voice,
And pine groves with their soft and soul-like sound :
The silent snow-mass, loosening, thunders, God !

7. Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats, bounding by the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain blast !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the cloud !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God ! and fill the hills with praise !

8. And thou, oh silent form, alone and bare,
Whom, as I lift again my head, bowed low
In silent adoration, I again behold,
And to thy summit upward from thy base
Sweep slowly, with dim eyes suffused with tears ;
Awake, thou mountain form ! Rise, like a cloud ;
Rise, like a cloud of incense from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills !
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell the rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, calls on God !

LESSON CXXIV.

THE DIVING BELL.—DR. LARDNER.

1. THE spirit of inquiry which so strongly characterizes the human mind, and which stimulates man to undertakings in which life itself is imminently risked, has not only prompted him to ascend into the regions of the air, but has also carried him to the depths of the sea.

2. The practice of diving is of very early origin, and was first probably adopted for the recovery of articles of value dropped into the water at small depths. Instances are recorded of persons having acquired by practice the habit of enduring submersion for a length of time which, in many cases, seems astonishing, and in others altogether incredible. Indeed, the circumstances attending most of these narrations bear unequivocal marks of fiction.

3. The gratification of a taste for the marvellous does not tempt us to allow a space in our pages for a description of the feats of the Sicilian diver, whose chest was so capacious that by one inspiration he could draw in sufficient air to last him a whole day, during which time he would sojourn at the bottom of the sea, and who became so inured to the water, that it was almost a matter of indifference to him whether he walked on dry land or swam in the deep, remaining often for five days in the sea, living upon the fish which he caught!

4. Various attempts were made to assist the diver by enabling him to carry down a supply of air; and after a long period and gradual improvements, suggested by experience, the present diving bell was produced. This machine depends for its efficacy on that quality in air which is common to all material substances, impenetrability; that is, the total exclusion of all other bodies from the space in which it is present.

5. The diving bell is a large vessel closed at the sides and at the top, but open at the bottom. It should be perfectly impenetrable to air and water. When such a machine, with its mouth downwards, is pressed into the water by sufficient weights suspended

from it, the air contained in it at the surface will be enclosed by the sides, the top, and the surface of the water which enters the mouth of the machine. As it descends in the liquid, the air enclosed in it is subject to the pressure, which increases in proportion to the depth, and by virtue of its elasticity will become condensed in proportion to this pressure.

6. Thus at the depth of about 34 feet, the hydrostatic pressure will be equal to that of the atmosphere; and since the air at the surface of the water is under the atmospheric pressure, it will be affected by double the pressure at the depth of 34 feet. It will, therefore, be condensed so much as to be reduced to half its original dimensions. Half the capacity of the machine will, therefore, be filled with water, and the other half will contain all the air which filled the machine at the moment of its immersion. As the depth is increased, the space occupied by the air in the bell will be proportionably diminished.

7. It is well known that if an animal continue to respire in a space from which a fresh supply of atmospheric air is excluded, the air confined in the space will, at length, become unfit for the support of life. This is owing to an effect produced upon the air drawn into the lungs, by which when breathed it contains carbonic acid, an ingredient not present in the natural atmosphere, and which is highly destructive to animal life.*

8. When the air in which the animal is confined has been breathed for a length of time, this effect being repeated, the air enclosed becomes highly impregnated with this gas; and if its escape be not allowed, and a fresh supply of atmospheric air admitted, the animal can not live. If, therefore, a diving bell be used to enable persons to descend in water, it will be necessary either to raise them to the surface after that interval in which the air confined in the bell becomes unfit for respiration, or means

* There is always present, however, in every part of the atmosphere, a very small and variable proportion of carbonic acid. Animal respiration greatly increases the quantity of this deleterious gas in a confined portion of air, and also diminishes the quantity of oxygen gas, that constituent of atmospheric air on which its power of sustaining life depends.--AM. ED.

must be adopted to send down a supply of fresh air, and to allow the impure air to escape.

9. But besides this, there is another reason why means of sending down a supply of air are necessary. It has already been proved, that the hydrostatic pressure causes the water to fill a large part of the capacity of the machine, the air contained in it being condensed. It is necessary, therefore, in order to maintain sufficient room for the diver free from water, to supply such a quantity of air, as that in its condensed state it will keep the surface of the water near the mouth of the machine. Thus, at the depth of 34 feet, it will be necessary to supply as much air as would fill the bell in its natural state. At double that depth, as much more will be necessary, and so on.

10. The air necessary for these purposes is supplied by one or more large condensing syringes. These syringes, or pumps, are placed above the surface of the water into which the bell is let down, and they communicate with the interior of the bell by a flexible tube carried through the water and under the mouth of the bell. Through this tube any quantity of fresh air, which may be requisite for either of the purposes already mentioned, may be supplied. A tube furnished with a stopcock is placed on the top of the bell, by which the diver can let any quantity of impure air escape, to make room for the fresh air which is admitted. The impure air will rise by its levity in bubbles to the surface.

11. The diving bell received its name from the shape originally given to it. It was constructed with a round top, increasing in magnitude towards the mouth, thus resembling the shape of a bell. It is now, however, usually constructed square at the top and bottom, the bottom being a little larger than the top, and the sides slightly diverging from above. The material is sometimes cast iron, the whole machine being cast in one piece, and made very thick, so that there is no danger either from leakage or fracture. In this case the weight of the machine itself is sufficient to sink it. Diving bells, however, are also sometimes constructed of close-grained wood, two planks being connected together with sheet-lead between them.

12. In the top of the machine are placed several strong glass lenses for the admission of light, such as are used in the decks of vessels to illuminate the apartments below. The shape of the machine is generally oblong, with seats for the diver at the end; shelves for tools, writing materials, or any other articles necessary to be carried down, are placed at the sides; and below the seats there are boards placed across the machine to support the feet. Messages are communicated from below to above either in writing or by signals. A board is carried in the bell on which a written message may be chalked. This board communicates by a cord with the arm of the superintendent above, who, on a signal given, draws it up, and who, in a similar way, is able to return an answer.

13. When the bell is of cast iron, a system of signals may be made by very simple means; a blow struck by a hammer on the bell produces a peculiar sound distinctly audible at the surface of the water, and which can not be mistaken for any other noise. The number of strokes made on the bell indicates the nature of the message, the smaller number of strokes signifying those messages most frequently necessary. Thus, a single stroke calls for a supply of fresh air; two strokes command the bell to stand still; three express a desire to be drawn up; four to be lowered, and higher numbers express motion in different directions. Of course this system of signals is arbitrary, and liable to be varied in different places.

14. The bell is usually suspended from a crane, which is placed above the surface of the water; and in order to move it, this crane is placed on a rail-way, by which it is enabled to traverse a certain space in one direction. The carriage which traverses this rail-way supports another rail-way in directions at right angles to it, on which the crane is supported. By these means two motions may be given to the crane, the extent of which may be determined by the length of the rail-way, and the bell may be brought to any part of the bottom which is perpendicularly below the parallelogram formed by the length of the rail-way.

LESSON CXXV.

THE DEPARTED.--PARK BENJAMIN.

1. THE departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed,
Can never more return!
2. The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the surging night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!
3. I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.
4. That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsey
Will cheer my heart again.

The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

5. I sometimes dream, their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel-plumage on,
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.
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LESSON CXXVI.

BOOKS FOR THE FIRE.—SOUTHEY.

1. YOUNG readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor incrustated by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you. Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down.

2. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness?

3. Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your

country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous?

4. Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong, which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page. Throw it into the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case.

LESSON CXXVII.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—LONGFELLOW.

1. UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach ;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

LESSON CXXVIII.

SCENES IN THE ALPS.—FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMERICAN
LADY TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

1. WE reached the dark defile of Clusen, and down its steepness we gazed until spell-bound by its grand desolation. The white wings of some mountain-bird, glanced athwart the gloom, and disappeared. Atalia pointed to the pinnacles of the Flegere rising so solemnly above us. A dark form was bending over them, and we recognised the hunter, La Moile. The sun illumed his form and revealed the rifle that never missed its mark. All was sombre and shadowy with us, but a halo of brightness encircled him.

2. "Thus," thought I, "it is ever with the human race. Some surrounded with joyance, and others concealed in gloom." Suddenly there was a light rustling heard in the heather, and a graceful child of the mountains stood despairingly a moment before us. Pure as the snow of the Flegere, was the white hair of this kid of the chamois goat. Sadly it gazed at us as we stood in its path. Above, the hunter's rifle; before it, seeming foes. "Oh, spare it!" we shouted. "Spare it!" replied the sombre cliffs.

3. We dared not move on that narrow verge. The startled kid looked appealingly at us, a tear glistened in its soft black eyes; it trembled, like the graceful leaves of the acacia, hesitated then, in its hopeless agony, sprung over the cliff into that dark ravine, and as it fell, the hunter's ball whistled past us, parting a slender sapling on the spot where stood its intended victim.

4. We halted to look upon the rich meadows below us; on our left a belt of sombre pines cast their shadows upon the narrow path. Our attention was diverted by whispering voices. We perceived motion in the branches, and slowly they parted, as two young faces peered through the dark green boughs, and looked half seriously, half mirthfully at us. The older girl was apparently twelve years of age; the younger ten. Brown as gipsies, and as wild looking, were these young maidens. A short skirt of serge,

attached to a black velvet bodice, was their only garment: their hair hung in raven braids to their feet.

5. As they stood amidst the luxuriant foliage, they reminded us of wood-nymphs. Suddenly they commenced singing, with voices of entrancing sweetness. The melody floated to the recesses of the defiles, while echo murmured back the refrain. Passionate, thrilling, and ennobling were their songs, such as fired the soul of Tell, and sent him forth to conquer or to die.

6. As they ceased, for a moment they paused to catch the echo of their voices; with a look of arch wonder they stood, like exquisite statues of bronze, with one finger raised playfully to bid us listen to the mountain response, then with graceful timidity approached, and holding out a basket made of green leaves and filled with apricots, courtesied a request to buy. Here, as so often in other places, money broke the spell of the enchanter. This, then, was a "got up scene," not an impromptu affair. We paid twice the value of the apricots, as was expected, and courtesying again, the nymphs, no, young merchants, disappeared.

LESSON CXXIX.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—MACAULAY.

1. THAT wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer.

2. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-

Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path, as well as he knows the road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times.

3. This is the highest miracle of genius ; that things that are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted.

4. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction ; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it ; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows ; the prisoner in the iron cage ; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold ; the cross and the sepulchre ; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor ; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the way-side ; the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street.

5. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterward the pillar was set up to testify how bravely he had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker.

6. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer.

7. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long, dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain. Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear be-

fore the traveller ; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair.

8. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth. Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees.

9. On the left side, branches off the path leading to that horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims ; and right onward are the sheep-folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains. From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day.

10. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge. All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims ; giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones, and shining ones ; the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money ; the black man in the bright vesture ; Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood ; Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous, are all actually existing beings to us.

11. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburg to London.

12. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract, the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy ; not an Iago, but perfidy ; not a Brutus, but patriotism.

LESSON CXXX.

SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.—DR. LARDNER.

1. In the preceding chapters, we have had frequent occasion to compare the weights of different bodies, bulk for bulk; and not only in science, commerce, and the arts, but even in ordinary colloquial intercourse, bodies are denominated heavier or lighter, according as the weights of the same bulk are greater or less. We say familiarly that lead is heavier than copper, and that copper is heavier than cork; yet it is certain that quantities of lead, copper, and cork may be taken which have equal weights. Thus, let us suppose a pound of lead, a pound of copper, and a pound of cork, to be ascertained and set apart; it is clear that these have equal weights, and that any two of them, placed in the dishes of a balance, would maintain equilibrium.

2. Yet still we do not cease to declare that cork is lighter than copper, and copper lighter than lead. To perceive with precision what is meant in this case, let us suppose parcels of any three distinct substances placed before us, such as quicksilver, water, and alcohol, and let it be proposed to ascertain which of these liquids is the heaviest: we shall take any measure of the quicksilver, and, having weighed it, afterward weigh the same measure of the water and of the alcohol successively.

3. Having found that the measure of quicksilver is heavier than that of water, and water than that of alcohol, we shall immediately conclude that quicksilver is a heavier liquid than water, and that water is a heavier liquid than alcohol. We shall form this conclusion, even though the whole quantity of alcohol under examination shall weigh more than the quantities of the water or quicksilver. It appears, therefore, that when the weights of substances are spoken of relatively to one another, without any reference to particular quantities or masses of them, the weights meant to be compared are those of equal bulk.

4. A substance is sometimes said to be heavy or light, apparently without reference to any other substance. Thus air is said

to be a very light substance, and gold a very heavy one ; but, in such cases, a comparison is tacitly instituted between the weights, bulk for bulk, of these substances and those of the bodies which most commonly fall under our observation. When we say that air is light, we mean that a certain bulk of air is much lighter than the same bulk of most of the substances which we commonly meet with ; and when we say that gold is heavy, we mean that any portion of that metal is heavier than a portion of the same dimensions of the most ordinary substances that we meet with.

5. This familiar use of a positive epithet to express a comparison between any quality as it exists in an individual instance and a similar quality as it exists in the average of ordinary examples, is very frequent, and not confined to the case just alluded to. We speak of a very tall man and a very high mountain, meaning that the man or mountain in question have much greater height than men or mountains commonly have. A man of twenty years of age is said to be a very young man, while a horse of twenty years of age is declared to be a very old horse, because the average age of man is much above twenty, and the average age of horses below it.

6. From what has been now explained, it appears that the term weight is applied in two distinct, and sometimes opposite senses. A mass of cork may have any assignable weight, as 100 tons. This weight is truly said to be considerable, and the mass is correctly said to be *heavy* ; but the cork which composes the mass is said, with equal truth and propriety, to be a light substance.

7. These two ways of considering the weight of a body may be denominated *absolute* and *relative*. The absolute weight of a body is that of its whole mass, without any reference to its bulk ; the relative weight is the weight of a given magnitude of the substance compared with the weight of the same magnitude of other substances. The term *weight*, however, is commonly used to express absolute weight, while the relative weight of a body is called its *specific gravity*.

8. The origin of this term is obvious. Bodies which differ in other qualities are found also to differ in the weights of equal

volumes. Thus a cubic inch of atmospheric air has a weight different from a cubic inch of oxygen, hydrogen, or any of the other gases. The number of grains in a cubic inch of gold is different from the number of grains in the cubic inch of platinum, silver, or any of the other metals.

9. A cubic inch of water contains a number of grains different from a cubic inch of sulphuric acid, alcohol, or other liquids. Hence, it appears that the weight of a given bulk of any substance, being different from the weight of the same bulk of other substances, may be regarded as an index or test of its *species*, and by the weights of equal bulks bodies may be separated and arranged in *species*. Hence, the term *specific weight*, or *specific gravity*.

10. When bodies are to be compared, in respect of any common quality, a *standard* of comparison becomes necessary, in order to prevent an express reference to two bodies in every particular case. Thus, if we would express the height of any body without some standard measure, we could only do so by declaring it to be so many times as high, or bearing such a proportion to the height of some other body. But a foot, or a yard, being known lengths, it is only necessary to state that the height of the body is so many feet, or so many yards.

11. In like manner, if we would express the specific gravity of lead, we should state that it had such a proportion to the weight of some other body, the weight of a certain bulk of which is known. But if one substance be selected, to which, as to a standard, all others shall be referred, then the specific gravity of any substance may be expressed simply by a number which has the same proportion to one or the unit as the weight of any bulk of the substance in question has to the weight of an equal bulk of the standard substance.

12. The body selected as the standard or unit of specific gravity should be one easily obtained, and subject as little as possible to variation by change of circumstances or situation. For this purpose water possesses many advantages; but, in deciding the state in which it is to be considered as the standard, several circumstances must be attended to.

13. First ; the water must be pure, because the admixture of other substances, will affect the weight of a given volume of it ; and since, at different times, and in different places, water may have different substances mixed with it, the standard would vary, and therefore, the specific gravities of substances ascertained with reference to it at different times and places would not admit of comparison.

14. Thus, if the proportion of the weight, bulk for bulk, of gold to the weight of the water of the Seine were ascertained at Paris, and the weight of another specimen of that metal relatively to the water of the Thames were ascertained at London, the specific gravities of the two portions of metal could not be inferred unless it were previously known that the water of the Thames and the water of the Seine were composed of the same ingredients, or if not, unless their relative weights, bulk for bulk, were previously determined. That the standard, therefore, may be invariable, it is necessary that all substances which may be combined with the water shall be extricated.

15. Such heterogeneous matter as may be suspended in the liquid in a solid state may be disengaged from it by filtration ; that is, by passing the liquid through a solid substance whose pores are smaller than the solid impurities to be extricated. If any substances be held in solution by the water, or be chemically combined with it, they may be disengaged by distillation ; that is, by raising the temperature of the liquid to a point at which the water will pass off in vapor, leaving the other substances behind ; or, if those other substances vaporize at a lower heat, they will pass off, leaving the water behind : in either case, the water will be separated from the other bodies with which it is combined. It is evident that this latter process of distillation also serves the purposes of the former one for filtration.

16. Secondly ; the water being thus obtained in its pure state, and free from admixture with any other substance, it is to be considered whether there be any other cause which can make the same bulk of the liquid weigh differently at different times and places. We have already more than once alluded to the way by

which bodies are affected in changes of temperature. Every increase of temperature, in general, produces an increase of bulk, and, therefore, causes a given volume, as a cubic inch, to weigh less.

17. Hence, in comparing the weights, bulk for bulk, of any substances, at different times or places, with the weight of pure water, the results of the investigation would not admit of comparison, unless the different states of the water with respect to temperature were distinctly known. In addition, therefore, to the purity of the water taken as a standard, it is expedient that some fixed temperature be adopted.

18. It has been already explained that water, as it decreases in temperature, also contracts its dimensions until it attains the temperature of about 40° ; it then again begins to expand: at this temperature of 40° it is, therefore, in its least dimensions, and it is known that when the water is pure, its state at this temperature is independent of time, place, or other circumstances; it is the same at all parts of the earth, and under whatever circumstances it may be submitted to experiment.

19. The temperature at which pure water has its dimensions most contracted is called the state of greatest condensation, because then the mass of the liquid is reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, and its particles have the greatest possible proximity. The weight of a given bulk of distilled water in the state of greatest condensation is, therefore, the standard of specific gravity.

20. As it may not always be convenient to obtain water at this temperature, when experiments on specific gravity are to be made, numerical tables have been constructed expressing the change of weight which a given bulk of water sustains with every change of temperature; so that when the specific gravity of any substance has been found with reference to water at any proposed temperature, it may be reduced by a simple process of arithmetic to that which would have resulted, had it been compared, in the first instance, with water at the temperature corresponding to the state of greatest condensation.

LESSON CXXXI.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!—THE NEW MIRROR.

1. WOODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not !
2. That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies !
3. When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
 My father pressed my hand ;
Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand !
4. My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.

Old tree ! The storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

LESSON CXXXII.

HOT SPRINGS OF ICELAND.—HENDERSON.

1. At about four in the afternoon, we arrived at the Hot Springs, called the *Geysers*. At the distance of several miles, on turning around the foot of a high mountain on our left, we could descry from the clouds of vapor, that were rising and convolving in the atmosphere, the spot where one of the most magnificent and unparalleled scenes in nature is displayed ; where, bursting the parted ground, Great Geyser,

“ ——— hot, through scorching cliffs, is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies ! ”

2. Electrified, as it were, by the sight, and feeling impatient to have our curiosity fully gratified, Mr. Hodgson and I rode on before the cavalcade ; and, just as we got clear of the southeast corner of the low hill, at the side of which the springs are situated, we were saluted by an eruption which lasted several minutes, and during which the water appeared to be carried to a great height in the air. Riding on, between the springs and the hill, we fell in with a small green spot, where we left our horses, and proceeded, as if by an irresistible impulse, to the gently-sloping ground, from the surface of which numerous columns of steam were making their escape.

3. Though surrounded by a great multiplicity of boiling springs and steaming apertures, the magnitude and grandeur of which far exceeded any thing we had ever seen before, we felt at no loss

in determining on which of them to feast our wondering eyes, and bestow the primary moments of astonished contemplation. Near the northern extremity of the tract rose a large circular mound, formed by the depositions of the fountain, justly distinguished by the appellation of the Great Geyser, from the middle of which a great degree of evaporation was visible.

4. Ascending the rampart, we had the spacious basin at our feet, more than half filled with the most beautiful hot crystalline water, which was but just moved by a gentle ebullition, occasioned by the escape of steam from a cylindrical pipe or funnel in the centre.

5. This pipe I ascertained by admeasurement to be seventy-eight feet of perpendicular depth : its diameter is, in general, from eight to ten feet ; but, near the mouth it gradually widens, and opens almost imperceptibly into the basin, the inside of which exhibits a whitish surface, consisting of a silicious incrustation, which has been rendered almost perfectly smooth by the incessant action of the boiling water.

6. The diameter of the basin is fifty-six feet in one direction, and forty-six in another ; and, when full, it measures about four feet in depth, from the surface of the water to the commencement of the pipe. The borders of the basin which form the highest part of the mound, are very irregular, owing to the various accretions of the deposited substances ; and at two places are small channels, equally polished with the interior of the basin, through which the water makes its escape, when it has been filled to the margin. -

7. The declivity of the mound is rapid, at first, especially on the northwest side, but instantly begins to slope more gradually ; and the depositions are spread all around to different distances, the least of which is near a hundred feet. The whole of this surface, the two small chambers excepted, displays a beautiful silicious efflorescence, rising in small granular clusters, which bear the most striking resemblance to the heads of cauliflowers, and, while wet, are of so extremely delicate a contexture, that it is hardly possible to remove them in a perfect state.

8. They are of a brownish color, but in some places approach-

ing to a yellow. On leaving the mound, the hot water passes through a kind of turfy soil; and, by acting on the peat, mosses, and grass, converts them entirely into stone, and furnishes the curious traveller with some of the finest specimens of petrification.

9. Having stood some time in silent admiration of the magnificent spectacle which this matchless fountain, even in a state of inactivity, presents to the view, as there were no indications of an immediate eruption, we returned to the spot where we had left our horses; and, as it formed a small eminence at the base of the hill, and commanded a view of the whole tract, we fixed on it as the site of our tents. About thirty-eight minutes past five, we were apprized, by low reports, and a slight concussion of the ground, that an eruption was about to take place; but only a few small jets were thrown up, and the water in the basin did not rise above the surface of the outlets.

10. Not being willing to miss the very first symptoms of the phenomenon, we kept walking about in the vicinity of the spring, now surveying some of the other cavities, and now collecting elegant specimens of petrified wood, leaves, &c., on the rising ground between the Geyser and the base of the hill. At fifteen minutes past eight, we counted five or six reports, that shook the mound on which we stood, but no remarkable jet followed; the water only boiled with great violence, and, by its heavings, caused a number of small waves to flow towards the margin of the basin, which, at the same time, received an addition to its contents.

LESSON CXXXIII.

HOT SPRINGS OF ICELAND.—CONTINUED.

1. TWENTY-FIVE minutes past nine, as I returned from the neighboring hill, I heard reports, which were both louder and more numerous than any of the preceding, and exactly resembled the distant discharge of a park of artillery. Concluding, from

these circumstances, that the long-expected wonders were about to commence, I ran to the mound, which shook violently under my feet; and I had scarcely time to look into the basin, when the fountain exploded, and instantly compelled me to retire to a respectable distance on the windward side.

2. The water rushed up out of the pipe with amazing velocity, and was projected by irregular jets into the atmosphere, surrounded by immense volumes of steam, which, in a great measure, hid the column from the view. The first four or five jets were inconsiderable, not exceeding fifteen or twenty feet in height: these were followed by one about fifty feet, which was succeeded by two or three considerably lower; after which came the last, exceeding all the rest in splendor, which rose, at least, to the height of seventy feet.

3. The large stones, which we had previously thrown into the pipe, were ejaculated to a great height, especially one, which was thrown much higher than the water. On the propulsion of the jets, they lifted up the water in the basin, nearest the orifice of the pipe to the height of a foot, or a foot and a half; and, on the falling of the column, it not only caused the basin to overflow at the usual channels, but forced the water over the highest part of the brim, behind which I was standing.

4. The great body of the column, at least ten feet in diameter, rose perpendicularly, but was divided into a number of the most superb curvated ramifications; and several smaller sproutings were severed from it, and projected in oblique directions, to the no small danger of the spectator, who is apt to get scalded, ere he is aware, by the falling jet.

5. On the cessation of the eruption, the water instantly sunk into the pipe, but rose again immediately, to about half a foot above the orifice, where it remained stationary. All being again in a state of tranquillity, and the clouds of steam having left the basin, I entered it, and proceeded within reach of the water, which I found to be 183° of Fahrenheit, a temperature of more than twenty degrees less than at any period while the basin was filling, and occasioned, I suppose, by the cooling of the water during its projection into the air.

6. The whole scene was indescribably astonishing; but, what interested us most, was the circumstance, that the strongest jet came last, as if the Geyser had summoned all her powers, in order to show us the greatness of her energy, and make a grand finish before retiring into the subterraneous chambers, in which she is concealed from mortal view. Our curiosity had been gratified, but it was far from being satisfied. We now wished to have it in our power to inspect the mechanism of this mighty engine, and obtain a view of the springs by which it is put in motion: but the wish was vain, for they lie in "a tract which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen;" which man, with all his boasted power, can not, and dare not, approach.

7. On the morning of the 29th, I was awakened by Captain Von Scheel, at twenty-three minutes past five o'clock, to contemplate an eruption of the spring, which Sir John Stanley denominates the *New Geyser*, situated at the distance of a hundred and forty yards to the south of the principal fountain. It is scarcely possible, however, to give any idea of the brilliancy and grandeur of the scene which caught my eye, on drawing aside the curtain of my tent.

8. From an orifice, nine feet in diameter, which lay directly before me, at the distance of about a hundred yards, a column of water, accompanied with prodigious volumes of steam, was erupted, with inconceivable force and a tremendously roaring noise, to varied heights, of from fifty to eighty feet, and threatened to darken the horizon, though brightly illumined by the morning sun.

9. During the first quarter of an hour, I found it impossible to move from my knees, on which I had raised myself, but poured out my soul in solemn adoration of the Almighty Author of Nature, to whose control all her secret movements and terrifying operations are subject; "who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills, and they smoke."

10. At length, I repaired to the fountain, where we all met, and communicated to each other our mutual and enraptured feelings of wonder and admiration. The jets of water now subsided; but,

their place was occupied by the spray and steam, which, having free room to play, rushed, with a deafening roar, to a height little inferior to that of the water.

11. On throwing the largest stones we could find into the pipe, they were instantly propelled to an amazing height; and some of them, that were cast up more perpendicularly than the others, remained, for the space of four or five minutes, within the influence of the steam, being successively ejected, and falling again in a very amusing manner. A gentle northern breeze carried part of the spray at the top of the pillar to the one side, when it fell like a drizzling rain, and was so cold that we could stand below it, and receive it on our hands or face without the least inconvenience.

12. While I kept my station on the same side with the sun, a most brilliant circular bow, of a large size, appeared on the opposite side of the fountain; and, on changing sides, having the fountain between me and the sun, I discovered another, if possible, still more beautiful, but so small as only to encircle my head. Their hues entirely resembled those of the common rainbow.

13. After continuing to roar about half an hour longer, the column of spray visibly diminished, and sunk gradually, till twenty-six minutes past six, when it fell to the same state in which we had observed it the preceding day, the water boiling at the depth of about twenty feet below the orifice of the shaft.

LESSON CXXXIV.

INVASION OF SWITZERLAND BY THE FRENCH.—SYDNEY SMITH.

1. THE vengeance which the French took upon the Swiss, for their determined opposition to the invasion of their country, was decisive and terrible. The history of Europe can afford no parallel to such cruelty. To the dark ages, and the most barbarous nations of the east, we must turn for similar scenes of horror, and, perhaps, must turn in vain. The soldiers, dispersed over the country, car-

ried fire, and sword, and robbery, into the most tranquil and hidden valleys of Switzerland.

2. From the depth of sweet retreats, echoed the shrieks of murdered men, stabbed in their humble dwellings, under the shadow of the high mountains, in the midst of those scenes of nature which make solemn and pure the secret thoughts of man, and appall him with the majesty of God. The flying peasants saw, in the midst of the night, their cottages, their implements of husbandry, and the hopes of the future year, expiring in one cruel conflagration. The men were shot upon the slightest provocation ; innumerable women, after being exposed to the most atrocious indignities, were murdered, and their bodies thrown into the woods.

3. In some instances, this conduct was resented ; and, for symptoms of such an honorable spirit, the beautiful town of Altdorf was burnt to the ground, and not a single house left to show where it had stood. The town of Stanz, a town peculiarly dear to the Swiss, as it gave birth to one of the founders of their liberty, was reduced to a heap of cinders. In this town, in the fourteenth century, a Swiss general surprised and took prisoner the Austrian commander, who had murdered his father ; yet he forgave and released him, upon the simple condition that he would not again serve against the Swiss Cantons.

4. When the French got possession of this place, they burnt it to ashes, not in a barbarous age, but now, yesterday, in an age we call philosophical ; they burnt it, because the inhabitants had endeavored to preserve their liberty. The Swiss was a simple peasant ; the French, a mighty people, combined for the regeneration of Europe. Oh, Europe, what dost thou owe to this mighty people ? Dead bodies, ruinous heaps, broken hearts, waste places, childless mothers, widows, orphans, tears, endless confusion, and unutterable wo.

5. For this mighty nation, we have suffered seven years of unexampled wretchedness, a long period of discord, jealousy, privation, and horror, which every reflecting man would almost wish blotted out of his existence. By this mighty people, the Swiss have lost their country ; that country which they loved so well, that

if they heard but the simple song of their childhood, tears fell down every manly face, and the most intrepid soldiers sobbed with grief.

6. What then? Is all this done with impunity? Are the thunders of God dumb? Are there no lightnings in his right hand? Pause a little, before you decide on the ways of Providence; tarry, and see what will come to pass. There is a solemn and awful courage in the human heart, placed there by God himself, to guard man against the tyranny of his fellows, and while this lives, the world is safe.

7. There slumbers even now, perchance, upon the mountains of Switzerland, some youthful peasant, unconscious of the soul he bears, that shall lead down these bold people from their rocks, to such deeds of courage as they have heard with their ears, and their fathers have declared unto them; to such as were done in their days, and in the old times before them, by those magnanimous rustics, who first taught foolish ambition to respect the wisdom and the spirit of simple men, righteously and honestly striving for every human blessing.

8. Let me go on a little farther in this dreadful enumeration. More than thirty villages were sacked in the canton of Berne alone; not only was all the produce of the present year destroyed, but all the cattle unfit for human food were slaughtered, and the agricultural implements burnt; and thus the certainty of famine was entailed upon them for the ensuing year. At the end of all this military execution, civil exactions, still more cruel and oppressive, were begun; and, under the forms of government and law, the most unprincipled men gave loose to their avarice and rapacity, till Switzerland has sunk at last under the complication of her misfortunes, reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and despair.

LESSON CXXXV.

A TURKISH BATH.—FROM A MONTH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—

ALBERT SMITH.

1. THE second day I was at Constantinople I had a bath, in the proper Turkish fashion; and this was quite as novel in its way as every thing else had been. The establishment patronised was the head one in Stamboul; and we went from the street into a very large hall, entirely of marble, with a gallery around the walls, in which were couches, as well as down below. On these, different visitors were reposing; some covered up and lying quite still, others smoking narghilés, and drinking coffee. Towels and cloths were drying on lines, and in the corner was a little shed, serving as a *Câfé*.

2. We went up stairs and undressed, giving our watches and money to the attendant, who tied our clothes up in a bundle. He then tucked a colored wrapper round our waists, and threw a towel over our shoulders, after which we walked down stairs, and put on some wooden clogs at the door of the next apartment. The first thing these did was to send me heels over head, to the great discomfiture of my temporary costume, and equal delight of the bathers there assembled.

3. We remained in this room, which was of an increased temperature, idling upon other couches, until we were pronounced ready to go into the second chamber. I contrived, with great care and anxiety, to totter into it upon my clogs, and found another apartment of marble, very warm indeed, and lighted from the top by a dome of glass "bull's-eyes." In the middle of this chamber was a hot, raised octagon platform, also of marble, and in the recesses of the sides, were marble vases, and tanks, with taps for hot and cold water, and channels in the floor to carry off the suds.

4. Two savage, unearthly boys, their heads all shaved, with the exception of a tuft on the top, and in their scant costume of a towel only, looking more like wild Indians than Turks, now seized hold of me, and, forcing me back upon the hot marble floor, commenced

a dreadful series of tortures, such as I had only read of as pertaining to the dark ages. It was of no use to resist. They clutched hold of the back of my neck, and I thought they were going to strangle me ; then they pulled at my arms and legs, and I thought again they were going to put me on the rack ; and lastly, when they began to roll backward and forward on my chest, doubling my cracking elbows underneath them, I thought, finally, that my last minute was come, and that death by suffocation would finish me.

5. They were fiends, and evidently delighted in my agony ; not allowing me to look to the right or left after my companions, and throwing themselves on me again, whenever they conceived I was going to call the dragoman to my assistance. I do not know that I ever passed such a frightful five minutes, connected with bathing, nervous as are some of the feelings which that pastime gives rise to.

6. It is very terrible to take the first summer plunge into a deep, dark river, and when you are at the bottom, and the water is roaring in your ears, to think of dead bodies and crocodiles ; it is almost worse to make that frightful journey down a steep beach, in a bathing machine, with a vague incertitude as to where you will find yourself when the doors open again ; but nothing can come up to what I suffered in my last extremity, in the Constantinople bath.

7. Thoughts of Turkish cruelty and the sacks of Bosphorus ; of home, and friends, and my childhood's bowers ; of the sadness of being murdered in a foreign bath ; and the probability of my Giaour body being eaten by the wild dogs, crowded rapidly on me, as these demons increased their tortures ; until, collecting all my strength for one last effort, I contrived to throw them off, one to the right and the other to the left, some half dozen feet, and regained my legs.

8. The worst was now over, certainly ; but the persecution still continued sufficiently exciting. They seized on me again, and led me to the tanks, where they almost flayed me with horsehair gloves, and drowned me with bowls of warm water, poured continuously on my head. I could not see, and, if again I tried to cry out, they thrust a large soapy swab, made of the fibres that

grow at the foot of the date palm, into my mouth, accompanying each renewed act of cruelty with a demand for *baksheesh*. At last, being fairly exhausted, themselves, they swathed me in a great many towels; and I was then half carried, half pushed, up stairs again, where I took my place upon my couch with feelings of great joy and thankfulness.

9. I now began to think that all the horrors I had undergone were balanced by the delicious feeling of repose that stole over me. I felt that I could have stopped there for ever, with the fragrant coffee steaming at my side, and the soothing bubble of the *narghilés* sounding in every direction. I went off into a day-dream; my last clear vision being that of a man having his head shaved all but a top-knot, which was long enough to twist around and around, under his fez; and could scarcely believe that an hour had elapsed, when the dragoman suggested our return to the bustling world without.

LESSON CXXXVI.

SUMMER EVENING.—BRYANT.

1. THE summer day has closed; the sun is set:
 Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
 From bursting cells, and, in their graves, await
 Their resurrection.

2. Insects from the pools
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
 That now are still for ever; painted moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;

The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison-shells, or shoved them from their nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight.

3. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with earthy walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed.
4. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
New friendships ; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed ; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
5. Farewell to the sweet sunshine ! one glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age ;
Still the fleet hours run on ; and, as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

LESSON CXXXVII.

AUTUMN.—N. E. MAGAZINE.

1. UPON a leaf-strown walk,
I wandered on amid the sparkling dews ;
Where Autumn hangs, upon each frost-gemmed stalk
Her gold and purple hues ;
2. Where the tall fox-gloves shake
Their loose bells to the wind, and each sweet flower
Bows down its perfumed blossoms, to partake
The influence of the hour ;
3. Where the cloud shadows pass
With noiseless speed by lonely lake and rill,
Chasing each other o'er the low crisped grass
And up the distant hill ;
4. Where the clear stream steals on
Upon its silent path, as it were sad
To find each downward-gazing flower has gone,
That made it once so glad.
5. I number it in days,
Since last I roamed through this secluded dell,
Seeking a shelter from the summer rays,
Where flowers and wild-birds dwell.
6. While, gemmed with pearl-drops bright,
Green leaves and silken buds were dancing there,
I moved my lips in murmurs of delight,
“ And blessed them, unaware.”
7. How changed each sylvan scene !
Where is the warbling bird ? the sun's clear ray ?
The waving brier-rose ? and foliage green,
That canopied my way ?

8. Where is the balmy breeze
That fanned so late my brow? the sweet southwest,
That, whispering music to the listening trees,
My raptured spirit blessed?
9. Where are the notes of Spring?
Yet the brown bee stills hums his quiet tune,
And the low shiver of the insect's wing
Disturbs the hush of noon.
10. The thin, transparent leaves,
Like flakes of amber, quiver in the light;
While Autumn round her silver fret-work weaves
In glittering hoar-frost white.
11. O Autumn, thou art blessed!
My bosom heaves with breathless rapture here:
I love thee well, season of mournful rest,
Sweet Sabbath of the year!
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LESSON CXXXVIII.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.—N. P. WILLIS.

1. THERE is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, waving capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound, that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher, though the early autumn months are mostly still, they are swept on with a cheerless whistle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast; and though I have, sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life more secure in the triumph of the brave contest; yet, in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves

has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters might scarce remove it.

2. Then for the music of winter. I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an obtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the most serene mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it, if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

3. And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground; and you would listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries.

4. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it, when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

5. You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks; and, if the clearing up is not followed by the heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems.

6. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the warm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and they will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music.

7. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops sing out clearly and dis-

tinely, as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

8. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo; and the woodsman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest.

9. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols, in whose worship we are forgetting the high and more spiritual altars.

LESSON CXXXIX.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.—BIBLE.

1. THE beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places; how are the mighty fallen! tell it not in *Gath*, publish it not in the streets of *Askalon*; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

2. Ye mountains of *Gilboa*, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

3. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the

bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

4. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold on your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

5. O Jonathan! thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!

LESSON CXL.

THE PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.—DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

1. ONE forenoon I did prevail with my mother to let them carry her to a considerable distance from the house, to a sheltered, sunny spot, whereunto we did often resort formerly to hear the wood-pigeons which frequented the fir-trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did pass an hour or two very pleasantly.

2. She remarked, "How merciful it was ordered that these pleasures should remain to the last days of life; that when the infirmities of age make the company of others burdensome to us and ourselves a burden to them, the quiet contemplation of the works of God affords a simple pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented mind to enjoy.

3. "The singing of birds, even a single flower, or a pretty spot like this, with its bank of primroses, and the brook running in there below, and this warm sunshine, how pleasant they are. They take back our thoughts to our youth, which age doth love to look back upon."

OF DELAYS.—LORD BACON.

1. FORTUNE is like the market where, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall ; and again, it is like the Sibyl's offer, who at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things.

2. Dangers are no more light if they once seem light : and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches ; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep.

3. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows, as some have been, when the moon was low and shone on their enemies, and so to shoot off before the time ; or, to teach dangers to come on, by an over-early buckling towards them, is another extreme.

4. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed ; and, generally, it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands ; first to watch, and then to speed.

LESSON CXLI.

THE LAMENT OF THE SIGHTLESS.—JESSIE GLEN.

1. OH, I hear them tell of a canopy fair,
That stretches its blue wing, far up in the air,
They say it is gemmed with the pale stars of night,
That sparkle and gleam in the witching moonlight ;
But when I look up, all is darkness to me,
For I can not see ! I can not see !

2. I hear of the flowers that round me are blooming,
And my spirit finds joy in their sweet perfuming ;
The rose and the clematis surely are fair,
For feeling can tell me that beauty is there,
But those lovely tints are not painted for me,
For I can not see ! I can not see !
3. The Zephyr's sweet wing rustles over me now,
I feel its soft breath fan the curls on my brow ;
Hark ! it speaks to me too, in its own, sweet way,
Oh, would I might *feel* it, ere passing away !
I will touch it just once, but where can it be ?
Oh, I can not see ! I can not see !
4. The rays of the sun, which they tell me are bright,
I feel on my cheek, though a stranger to sight ;
While music's low tones gently steal to my ear,
And pining to *see* it, I scarcely can *hear* ;
But music and sunbeams are nothing to me,
For I can not see ! I can not see !
5. The look of affection, how grateful to some,
And caught from its beams, what fond feelings must come ;
Oh, would that its form could but dawn on my mind,
But a glance from a loved one, is not for the blind,
Oh, why must this world be all darkness to me,
Why may I not see ? Why may I not see ?
6. Then is there no joy for the sightless one, say ?
Must the beauties of Earth, all unseen pass away ?
Then I will look up to a bright world above,
Where all shall be happy, and peaceful, in love,
And then from this darkness, my eyes shall be free,
For there I shall see ! There I shall see !

LESSON CXLII.

EULOGY ON CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON AND ROBERT FULTON.—
DE WITT CLINTON.

1. WE have thus seen Mr. Livingston converting the lessons of his experience and observation into sources of practical and general utility. He was not one of those remote suns, whose light and heat have not yet reached our planetary system. His object, his ambition, his study, was to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

2. There is no doubt but that he felt the extent of his own powers, and the plenitude of his own resources; but he bore his faculties meekly about him, never offending the pride or the delicacy of his associates by arrogance or by intrusion, by neglect or by slight, by acting the oracle or dictator.

3. He was an eminent arbiter elegantiarum, or judge of propriety; his conversation was unpremeditated; it abounded with brilliant wit, with apposite illustrations, and with various and extended knowledge, always as gentle as "zephyrs blowing below the violet," and always exhibiting the overflowings of a fertile mind. His great qualities were attended with a due sense of his own imperfections, and of his limited powers.

4. He did not see in himself the tortoise of the Indian, or the atlas of the heathen mythology, sustaining the universe. Nor did he keep himself at an awful distance, wrapped in gloomy abstraction, or veiled in mysterious or supercilious dignity. He knew that the fraternity of mankind is a vast assemblage of good and evil, of light and darkness, and that the whole chain of human being is connected, by the charities of life, by the ties of mutual dependance, and reciprocal benevolence.

5. Such was Robert R. Livingston. He was not one of those factitious characters, who rise up and disappear like the mountains of sand which the wind raises in the deserts; nor did he pretend to possess a mind illuminating all the departments of knowledge, like that great elementary substance which communicates the

principles of vitality to all animated nature; but he will be ranked, by the judgment of impartial posterity, among the great men of the revolution; and, in the faithful pages of history, he will be classed with George Clinton, John Jay, Pierre Van Cortlandt, Philip Schuyler, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Gouverneur Morris, James Duane, John Morin Scott, and the other venerable and conscript fathers of the state.

6. Fortunately for the interests of mankind, Mr. Livingston became acquainted with Robert Fulton, a self-created great man, who has risen into distinguished usefulness, and into exalted eminence, by the energies of his own genius, unsupported by extrinsic advantages.

7. Mr. Fulton had directed the whole force of his mind to mathematical learning and to mechanical philosophy. Plans of defence against maritime invasion and of sub-aquatic navigation had occupied his reflections. During the late war he was the Archimedes of his country.

8. The poet was considered under the influence of a disordered imagination when he exclaimed,

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.”—DARWIN.

9. The connexion between Livingston and Fulton realized, to a great degree, the vision of the poet. All former experiments had failed, and the genius of Fulton, aided and fostered by the public spirit and discernment of Livingston, created one of the greatest accommodations for the benefit of mankind. These illustrious men will be considered, through all time, as the benefactors of the world; they will be emphatically hailed as the Castor and Pollux of antiquity, lucida sidera, stars of excellent light and of most benign influence.

10. Mr. Fulton was personally well known to most who hear me. To those who were favored with the high communion of his superior mind, I need not expatiate on the wonderful vivacity, ac-

tivity, comprehension, and clearness of his intellectual faculties; and while he was meditating plans of mighty import for his future fame and his country's good, he was cut down in the prime of his life and in the midst of his usefulness.

11. Like the self-burning tree of Gambia, he was destroyed by the fire of his own genius, and the never-ceasing activity of a vigorous mind. And oh! may we not humbly hope that his immortal spirit, disembodied from its material encumbrance, has taken its flight to the world of pure intellect, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

LESSON CXLIII.

GENIUS AND ITS REWARDS.—MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

1. WHAT a glorious gift is that of eloquent utterance! The laurels of the warrior are only achieved on the field of blood; the honors of the statesman depend on the fickle breath of the multitude; but the author, the creator, he who in the seclusion of his closet can commune with the solemn majesty of truth, whose oracles he has been chosen to interpret; he who can people the narrow limits of his solitary chamber with images of beauty; he who, amid the sands of worldliness has found the "diamond of the desert," while its sweet waters are welling up in all their freshness and purity; what a noble power is his!

2. And what a strange and mystic faculty is that which gives to "airy nothings" such shapes as make them seem, even to the coarse-minded worldling, like familiar friends; which imparts to unsubstantial dreams a visible and life-like presence; which invests the impalpable shadows of the brain with the attributes of humanity, and demands for these fairy creatures of the fancy our kindest and warmest sympathy! What a godlike gift is that which enables the lonely student to sway the minds of myriads on whom his eye may never rest with a glance of friendly recognition; to move as

if by one impulse the hearts of thousands ; to stir up high and holy feelings in bosoms which the commerce of the world and the exigencies of life had chilled and hardened !

3. Yet it is with the mind as with the body ; the exercise of our physical energies is delightful in proportion as it is the act of unfettered volition. The man who, in the sportiveness of health and spirits, will go into the woodland and make the strokes of his axe ring through the forest aisles, would find little pleasure in the same labor if necessity had driven him to become a hewer of wood. The well trained dancer, whose lithe form moves to the voice of music as if she were but an imbodiment of the spirit of harmony, feels none of the pure joy which once possessed her, when, in the freedom of childish mirth, her dance was but the evidence of a lightsome heart.

4. It is only when the will is left free to direct the faculties that we can derive full gratification from our consciousness of power ; and if this be true of the body, that mere machine which, from its earliest sentient moment, is submitted to restraint and subjection ; how much more so is it of the free and unchained mind. It matters not whether the fetters that are laid upon the soul be forged from the iron sceptre of necessity, or wrought from the golden treasures of ambition ; still they are but chains, and he who would feel the true majesty of mental power must never have worn the badge of thralldom.

5. It is not the triumph of satisfied ambition which affords the highest gratification to the truly noble-minded. Intellectual toil is its own exceeding great reward. The applause of the world may gladden the heart and quicken the pulse of the aspirant for fame, but the brightest crown that was ever laid on the brow of genius imparts no such thrill of joy as he felt in that delicious moment when the consciousness of power first came upon him.

6. It is this sense of power, this innate consciousness of hidden strength, which is his most valued guerdon ; and well would it be for him if the echo of worldly fame never resounded in the quiet, secluded chambers of his secret soul ! Well would it be if no hand ever offered to his lips the cup of adulation, whose magic

sweetness awakens a thirst no repeated draughts can slake ! Well would it be if the voice of a clamorous multitude never mingled with the sweeter music of his own gentle fancies !

7. Well would it be if he could always abide in the pure regions of elevated thought, leaving the mists and the darkness, the lightnings and tempests of a lower world, beneath his feet ! Titian, living amidst wealth and honors, and dying in the arms of a weeping monarch, presents to the eye of thought a far less noble picture than the poor, unfriended, humble Correggio, when, at the sight of some glorious works of art, the veil which had hidden his own resplendent genius was suddenly lifted from his eyes, and he exclaimed, in the ecstacy of an enlightened spirit, "*Io anche so pittore !*" I too am a painter !

8. With the first knowledge of innate power to the mind of genius comes also the desire of benefiting humanity, and, at that moment, when the fire which God has lighted within the soul burns upward with a steady light towards Heaven, while it diffuses its pure splendors on a darkened world around ; at such a moment man is, indeed, but little lower than the angels.

" Could he keep his spirit to this pitch
He might be happy ;"

but, alas ! the mists of earth rise up around him ; the light is dimmed upon the altar ; less holy gleams shoot athwart the growing darkness, and, too often, the fading flame of spiritual existence is rekindled at the bale-fires of the nether world.

9. There is something fearful in the responsibility which attaches to the expression of human thought and feeling. " We may have done that yesterday," says Madame de Stael, " which has colored our whole future life." Appalling as this idea is, the reflection that in some idle mood and in some uncounted moment now gone past recall, we may have uttered that which has influenced the opinions, the feelings, perhaps the fate of *another*, is even more terrific to the conscience.

10. Who can not recollect some single word, some careless remark, which, coming from lips fraught with eloquence, or uttered

from a heart filled with truth, has affected our early fortunes and perhaps our life-long destiny? Who can not look back upon some moment in life when the unconscious accents of another have withheld the foot which already pressed the verge of some frightful precipice? Who can not recall, in bitter anguish of spirit, some hour when the "voice of the charmer" has won the soul to evil influences and late remorse?

11. If such things come within the experience of each one of us, (and that they do, no one can doubt,) may not every human being, however humble, feel awed before the simple power of human expression? Oh! it is a fearful thing to pour out one's soul in eloquent utterance! fearful, because it opens the inner sanctuary to the gaze of vulgar eyes; fearful, because its oracular voice is rarely interpreted aright; doubly fearful, because even its most truthful sayings may be of evil import to those who listen to its teachings.

LESSON CXLIV.

THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

[Composed for, and sung at the Dedication of the "HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS," 30th-street, New York, Dec. 1849.]

1. THOU, whose love is always o'er us,
Wheresoe'er our wanderings be;
Thou, whose angels float before us,
Viewless, luring all to Thee!
2. Gazing thro' the clouds of sorrow,
With a pitying smile, whose ray
Paints thy promise for the morrow,
In the glowing rainbow's play.
3. Thou, who speakest worlds to being,
Deign our humble HOME to bless!
Where the lone and friendless fleeing,
Shall thy guiding hand confess.

4. Unto thee, thus consecrating
Our glad work in happy bands,
Here may we abide, awaiting
Thine own "House not made with hands."
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LESSON CXLV.

WESTERN PRAIRIES.—LITERARY EMPORIUM.

1. Not the least remarkable features in the Great Western Valley are the Prairies, which are found in every direction over the face of its vast territory. They are of two kinds, the swelling or rolling, and the level or flat. The former consists of undulating fields, broken into swells or reaches of various lengths and breadths, extending sometimes to an altitude of sixty or seventy feet.

2. Between these swells or sloughs, or "sloos," which are generally marshy, and, in many instances, contain small lakes or pools, and some, which are dry, exhibit the appearance of funnels, and answer a similar purpose in carrying off water into the caverns beneath, the existence of which is indicated by the soil above. The flat prairies are plains of rich alluvion, grown with long, lank grass, and occasionally presenting a lake, and often studded here and there with groves of the wild crab-apple, and clusters of forest-trees, that appear like emerald isles in a sea of waving green.

3. Prairies are of various extent, from one mile to hundreds of miles. The largest are in the far-off West, the home of the buffalo and the red hunter. Wherever they are partly cultivated, as most of them are, in the "States," and where the annual fires are discontinued, they soon grow up with timber. The soil is, with very few exceptions, entirely alluvial, and yields immense crops of Indian corn and other coarse grain.

4. When they exist in the neighborhood of settlements, they afford excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, and fine ranges for swine, and are traversed by herds of deer, the number of which increases near the plantations, when not in too close proximity, as

their greatest enemies, the black and prairie wolves, decrease as cultivation advances. Wild turkeys, ducks, prairie fowls or grouse, and quails, and rabbits, also abound on the prairies, and afford great amusement to sportsmen. Numerous other animals, as the gopher, the opossum, the rackoon, &c. &c., are found in them, or on their borders.

5. The wayfarer over these wide savannas will sometimes be startled by a sound as of hounds on the hunt, and anon a noble "buck of ten tines" will leap past him, followed by a pack of hungry wolves, yelping as they run in hot pursuit; but he will look in vain for the sportsmen of the field: he can but fancy that invisible hunters, "horsed on the viewless couriers of the air," are tracking their game, and urging the wild chase. Some theorists believe the prairies to have been very anciently the beds of lakes or of the sea. This opinion finds arguments in the alluvious character of their soil, and in the marine shells, which are invariably found imbedded in the limestone of the adjacent bluffs.

6. When the grass is thoroughly ripe, in the autumn, towards the close of November, most of the prairies are burnt. The fires sometimes originate by accident, but more often from the design of the hunters, to facilitate them in the destruction of game. The dry grass, which then is often as high as a man's head on horseback, burns with a fierce and terrible rapidity, and extends the flames for miles in a few minutes, impressing the beholder with the idea of a general conflagration.

7. If the wind chances to be high, tufts of the burning material dart like flaming meteors through the air; and, far as the eye can reach, a pall of black smoke stretches to the horizon and overhangs the scene, while all below is lighted up, and blazing with furious intensity; and ever and anon, flaming wisps of grass flash up, revolving and circling in the glowing atmosphere, and lending to the imagination a semblance of convict-spirits, tossing in a lake of fire. The birds, startled and bewildered, scream wildly, and tumble and roll about above the flames; the affrighted deer leaps from his covert and courses madly away; and, the terrified wolf, forgetful of the chase, runs howling, in an adverse direction.

8. When an experienced hunter finds himself upon a prairie, to which fire has been applied, he immediately kindles a fire near him, (as did the old trapper in Cooper's novel of "The Prairie,") and the wind bears the flames onward, burning a path before him, which he follows to a place of safety, and thus escapes a horrid fate, that but for his sagacity would have been inevitable. A prairie on fire can sometimes be seen at a distance of fifty miles.

9. The fire continues until the grass is all consumed, and not unfrequently it is carried by the wind into the adjacent forest, which it blasts and devastates, until checked by a water-course. Early in the spring, the prairies renew their verdant clothing, and long before their next autumnal burning, all vestiges of the preceding conflagrations are gone, unless perhaps some worm-eaten and sapless tree, in one of the island-like clusters, may show by its blackened trunk and leafless branches that the flames have been there.

10. In no possible condition can the prairies be seen, without exciting feelings of a peculiar and most lively interest. They are gloriously beautiful or awfully terrible, according to the times and seasons in which they are beheld. When viewed in the broad glare of day, they seem like large lakes, gently undulating in the breeze, and their variegated flowers flash in the sun like phosphorescent sparkles on the surface of the water. Seen by moonlight, they appear calm and placid as the lagunes of Venice, and the beholder almost wonders why they do not reflect back the starry glories of the sky above them.

11. In storms, the clouds that hang over them seem to "come more near the earth than is their wont" in other places, and the lightning sweeps closely to their surface, as if to mow them with a fiery scythe; while, as the blast blows through them, the tall grass bends and surges before it, and gives forth a shrill whistling sound, as if every fibre were a harp-string of Æolus. In the spring they put forth their rich verdure, embossed with the early wild flowers of many hues, spreading a gorgeous carpeting, which no Turkish fabric can equal.

12. At this season, in the early dawn, while the mists hang

upon their borders, curling in folds like curtains, through which the morning sheds a softened light, "half revealed half concealed" by the vapory shadows that float fitfully over the scene, they appear now light, now shaded, and present a panorama ever varying, brightening and darkening, until the mists roll up, and the uncurtained sun reveals himself in the full brightness of his rising. In the summer, the long grass stoops and swells with every breath of the breeze, like the waves of the heaving ocean, and the bright blossoms seem to dance and laugh in the sunshine, as they toss their gaudy heads to the rustling music of the passing wind.

13. The prairies are, however, most beautiful when the first tints of autumn are upon them; when their lovely flowers, in ten thousand varieties, are decked in their gorgeous foliage; when the gold and purple blossoms are contrasted with the emerald-green surface and silver linings of their rich leaves, and all the hues of the iris, in every modification, show themselves on all sides, to dazzle, bewilder, and amaze. Bleak, desolate, and lonely as a Siberian waste, the prairie exhibits itself in winter, pathless and trackless; one vast expanse of snow, seemingly spread out to infinity, like the winding-sheet of a world.

14. The traveller to the Rocky Mountains may rise with the early morning, from the centre of one of the great prairies, and pursue his solitary journey until the setting of the sun, and yet not reach its confines, which recede into the dim, distant horizon, that seems its only boundary.

15. He will hear, however, the busy hum of the bee, and mark the myriads of parti-colored butterflies and other insects, that flit around him; he will behold tens of thousand of buffaloes, grazing in the distance, and the savage but now peaceful Indian intent upon the hunt; and he will see troops of wild horses speeding over the plain, shaking the earth with their unshod hoofs, tossing their free manes like streamers in the wind, and snorting fiercely with distended nostrils; the fleet deer will now and then dart by him; the wolf will rouse from his lair, and look askaunt and growl at him; and the little prairie-dog will run to the top of its tiny mound and bark at him before it retreats to its den within it.

16. No human being may be the companion of the traveller in the immense solitude, yet will he feel that he is not alone; the wide expanse is populous with myriads of creatures; and, in the emphatic language of the red man, "The GREAT SPIRIT is upon the Prairie!"

LESSON CXLVI.

CHARACTER OF TECUMSEH.—STUDENT.

1. THE celebrated aboriginal warrior, Tecumseh, was in the forty-fourth year of his age, when he fell at the battle of the Thames. He was of the Shawnee tribe, five feet ten inches high, well formed for activity and the endurance of fatigue, which he was capable of sustaining in a very extraordinary degree.

2. His carriage was erect and lofty; his motion quick; his eyes penetrating; his visage stern, with an air of haughtiness in his countenance, which arose from an elevated pride of soul; it did not leave him even in death. His eloquence was nervous, concise, impressive, figurative, and sarcastic; being of taciturn habit of speech, his words were few, but always to the purpose.

3. His dress was plain; he was never known to indulge in the gaudy decoration of his person, which is the general practice of the Indians. He wore, on the day of his death, a dressed deer-skin coat and pantaloons. He could neither read, write, nor speak English.

4. He was in every respect a "savage;" the greatest, perhaps, since the days of Pontiac. His ruling maxim in war was to take no prisoners, and he strictly adhered to the sanguinary purposes of his soul; he neither gave nor accepted quarter. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, to the prisoners, in one instance, he is said to have buried his tomahawk in the head of a Chippewa chief, whom he found actively engaged in massacring some of Dudley's men, after they had been made prisoners by the British and Indians.

5. It had long been a favorite project of this aspiring chief, to unite the Northern, Western, and Southern Indians, for the purpose of regaining their country as far as Ohio. Whether this grand idea originated in his own or his brother's mind, or was suggested by the British, is not known; but this much is certain, he cherished the plan with enthusiasm, and actually visited the Creek Indians, to prevail on them to join in the undertaking. He was always opposed to the sale of the Indian lands.

6. In a council at Vincennes, in 1810, he was found equal to the insidious arts of diplomatists. In one of his speeches, he pronounced General Harrison a liar. He was in almost every battle with the Americans, from the time of Harmer's defeat to that of the Thames. He was several times wounded, and always sought the hottest of the fire. A few minutes before he received the fatal fire of Colonel Johnson, he had received a musket ball in his left arm; yet, his efforts to conquer ceased only with his life.

7. When a youth and before the treaty of Greenville, he had so often signalized himself, that he was reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors. In the first settlement of Kentucky, he was peculiarly active in seizing boats going down the Ohio, killing the passengers, and carrying off their people. He made frequent incursions in Kentucky, where he would invariably murder some of the settlers, and escape with several horses laden with plunder. He always eluded pursuit, and when too closely pursued, would retire to the Wabash.

8. His ruling passion seems to have been glory; he was careless of wealth, although his plundering and subsidies must have amounted to a great sum; he preserved little for himself. After his fall on the fifth of October, his person was viewed with great interest by the officers and soldiers of Harrison's army. It was some time before the identity of his person was sufficiently recognised to remove all doubts as to the certainty of his death.

LESSON CXLVII.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.—ISAAC M'LELLAND, JR.

[“The fifth of May came amidst wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words ‘*Tête d'Armée*,’ (head of the army,) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired.” *Scott's Life of Napoleon.*]

1. WILD was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow,
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight,
Than the fight on the wrathful billow !
2. A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished ;
They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.
3. They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days, when the Nations shook,
And the Nations' hosts were broken.
4. He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's “eagle ;”
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.
5. The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.
6. Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine's snows,
At the Pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain ;

7. On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.
 8. Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle ;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale, at his cannons' rattle.
 9. He died at the close of that darksome day ;
A day that shall live in story :
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
" And left him alone with his glory."
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LESSON CXLVIII.

THE MISSOURI RIVER.—T. FLINT'S HISTORY OF THE WEST.

1. This is by far the greatest tributary of the Mississippi, bringing down more water than the Upper Mississippi itself. In fact, it is a longer river than the Mississippi, from its farthest source to the Mexican Gulf. There are many circumstances which render it one of the most interesting of rivers ; and it is clearly the longest tributary stream on the globe. Many have thought, that, from its length, the amount of its waters, and the circumstance of its communicating its own character, in every respect, to the Mississippi below the junction, that it ought to have been considered the main river, and to have continued to bear its own name to the sea.

2. In opposition to this claim, we remark, that the valley of the Missouri seems, in the grand scale of conformation, to be secondary to that of the Mississippi. The Missouri has not the general direction of that river, which it joins nearly at right angles. The valley

of the Mississippi is wider than that of the Missouri, as is also the river broader than the other. The course of the river, and the direction of the valley, are the same, above and below the junction of the Missouri. From these, and many other considerations, the "father of waters" seems fairly entitled to the name which he has so long borne.

3. Its prodigious length of course, its uncommon turbidness, its impetuous and wild character, and the singular country through which it runs, impart to this river a natural grandeur, belonging to the sublime. We have never crossed it without experiencing a feeling of that sort; nor without a stretch, almost laborious in the attempt to trace it in thought, along its immense distances, and through its distant region and countries, to the lonely and stupendous mountains from which it springs.

4. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, nearly in the same parallel to the Mississippi. The most authentic information we have yet had of the sources of this mighty river, is from its first intrepid American discoverers, Lewis and Clarke. What may properly be called the Missouri, seems to be formed by three considerable branches, which unite not far from the basis of the principal ranges of the mountains. To the northern, they gave the name of Jefferson; to the middle, Gallatin; to the southern, Madison. Each of these branches fork again into a number of small mountain streams. It is but a short distance from some of these to the headwaters of the Columbia, on the other side of the mountains. A person may drink from the spring sources of each, without traveling more than a mile.

5. After this junction, the river continues a considerable distance to be still a foaming mountain torrent. It then spreads into a broad and comparatively gentle stream, full of islands. Precipitous peaks of blackish rock frown above the river in perpendicular elevations of one thousand feet. The mountains, whose bases it sweeps, are covered with terebinthines, such as pines, cedars, and firs; and, mountain sheep are seen bounding on their summits, where they are apparently inaccessible. In this distance, the mountains have an aspect of inexpressible loveliness and grandeur.

6. The river then becomes almost a continued cataract, for a distance of about seventeen miles. In this distance, its perpendicular descent is three hundred and sixty-two feet. The first fall is ninety-eight feet; the second, nineteen; the third, forty-seven; the fourth, twenty-six. It continues rapid for a long distance beyond. Not far below these falls, enters Maria's river from the north. This is a very considerable stream.

7. Still farther down, on the opposite side, enter Dearborn and Fancy, each about one hundred and fifty yards wide; Manoles, one hundred; Big Horn, one hundred; Muscle-shell, one hundred; Big Dry, four hundred; Dry, one hundred; Porcupine, one hundred and twelve: all these enter from the south side. Below these, enter the Roche Jaune, or Yellow Stone, probably the largest tributary of the Missouri. It rises in the same range of mountains with the main river, and has many points of resemblance to it. It enters from the south, by a mouth eight hundred and fifty yards wide. It is a broad, deep, and sweeping river; and, at its junction, appears the larger of the two. Its course is commonly calculated at one thousand six hundred miles.

8. But the sizes and lengths of all these tributaries are probably overrated. Its shores, for a long distance above its entrance, are heavily timbered, and its bottoms wide, and of the finest soil. Its entrance is deemed to be one thousand eight hundred and eighty miles above the mouth of the Missouri; and, it was selected by government as an eligible situation for a military post, and an extensive settlement. White bears, elk, and mountain sheep, are the principal animals seen along this part of the river.

9. At the point of junction with the Yellow Stone, the Missouri has wide and fine bottoms. Unfortunately, its banks are, for the most part, destitute of timber; and this, for a long series of years, will prevent its capacity for habitancy. White-earth river, from the north, is a small stream. Goose river, three hundred yards wide, comes in from the south side. Little Missouri is shallow and rapid, and is about one hundred and thirty yards wide. Knife river comes in from the south, just above the Mandan villages. Cannon-ball river enters from the south side, and is one hundred

and forty yards wide. Winnipenhu, south side. Serwassena, south side. Chienne is represented to be boatable nearly eight hundred miles, and enters from the south side, by a mouth four hundred yards wide. Tyber's river.

10. White river, boatable six hundred miles, south side, is a very beautiful stream, and has a mouth three hundred yards wide. Honcas, south side. Qui-Courre, a fine stream, with a short course, south side. Riviere a *Juque*, a noted resort for traders and trappers. White Stone, Big Sioux, Floyd's river. La Platte enters from the south, and has a longer course than any other river of the Missouri. It rises in the same ranges of mountains with the parent stream; and, measured by its meanders, is supposed to have a course of two thousand miles before it joins that river. It is nearly a mile in width at its entrance; but is, as its name imports, very shallow, and is not boatable except at its highest floods. Nodowa, north side. Little Platte, north side.

11. Kansas is a very large tributary from the south, and has a course of about one thousand two hundred miles, and is boatable for most of the distance. Blue Water, and two or three small streams below, come in on the south side. Grand river is a large, long, and deep stream, boatable for a great distance, and enters on the north side. The two Charatons come in on the same side. The La Mine enters on the south side. Bonne Femme and Manitou, enter on the north side, and Salt river on the south.

12. The Osage, which enters on the south side, is a large and very important stream of the Missouri, boatable six hundred miles, and interlocking with the waters of the Arkansas. Three or four inconsiderable streams enter on the opposite side, as Miry, Otter, and Cedar rivers. On the south side enters the Gasconade, boatable for sixty-six miles, and is important from having on its banks extensive pine forests, from which the great supply of plank and timber of that kind is brought to St. Charles and St. Louis. On the south side, below the Gasconade, are a number of inconsiderable rivers; as Buffalo, St. John's, Wood river, Bonhomme, &c.: and on the other side, the Charette, Femme Osage, and one or two small branches, before it precipitates itself into the Mississippi.

13. The bottoms of this river have a character very distinguishable from those of the upper Mississippi. They are higher, not so wet, more sandy, with trees which are not as large, but taller and straighter. Its alluvions are something more narrow; that is to say, having for the first five hundred miles a medial width of something more than four miles. Its bluffs, like those of the other river, are generally limestone, but not as perpendicular, and have more tendency to run into the *mamelles* form. The bottoms abound with deer, turkeys, and small game. The river seldom overflows any part of its banks in this distance. It is a little inclined to be swampy. There are much fewer lakes, bayous, and small ponds, than along the Mississippi.

14. Prairies are scarcely seen on the banks of the river, within the distance of the first four hundred miles of its course. It is heavily timbered; and yet, from the softness of the wood, easily cleared. The water, though uncommonly turbid with a whitish earth, which it holds in suspension, soon and easily settles, and is then remarkably pure, pleasant, and healthy water. The river is so rapid and sweeping in its course, and its bed is composed of such masses of sand, that it is continually shifting its sand-bars. A chart of the river as it runs this year, gives little ground for calculation in navigating it the next. It has numerous islands, and generally near them is the most difficult to be stemmed. Still more than the Mississippi below its mouth, it tears up in one place and deposits in another, and makes more frequent and powerful changes in its channel than any other western river.

15. Its bottoms are considerably settled for a distance of four hundred miles above its mouth. That of Charaton is the highest compact settlement. But the largest and most populous settlement in the state, is that called Boone's Lick. Indeed, there are American settlements here and there, on the bottoms, above the Platte, and far beyond the limits of the state of Missouri. Above the Platte, the open prairie character of the country begins to develop. The prairies come quite into the banks of the river, and stretch from it indefinitely, in naked grass plains, where the traveller may wander for days without seeing either wood or water.

16. "Council Bluffs" are an important military station, about six hundred miles up the Missouri. Beyond this point, commences a country of great interest and grandeur in many respects, and denominated, by way of eminence, the Upper Missouri. The country is composed of vast and almost boundless grass plains, through which stretch the Platte, the Yellow Stone, and the other rivers of this ocean of grass. The savages of this region have a peculiar physiognomy and mode of life. It is a country where commence new tribes of plants. It is the home of buffaloes, elk, white bears, antelopes, and mountain sheep.

17. Sometimes the river washes the bases of the dark hills of a friable and crumbling soil. Here are found, as Lewis and Clarke and other respectable travellers relate, large and singular petrifications, both animal and vegetable. On the top of one of these hills they found the petrified skeleton of a huge fish, forty-five feet in length. The herds of the gregarious animals, particularly the buffaloes, are innumerable. Such is the general character of the country, until we come in contact with the spurs of the Rocky Mountains.

18. As far as the limits of the state this river is capable of supporting a dense population, for a considerable distance from its banks. Above those limits it is generally too destitute of wood to become habitable by any other people than hunters and shepherds. All the great tributaries of this river are copies, more or less exact, of the parent stream. One general remark applies to the whole country. The rivers have a narrow margin of fertility. The country, as it recedes from the river, becomes more and more steril, sandy, and destitute of water, until it approximates in character towards the sandy deserts of Arabia.

19. The Osage, as we have mentioned, is one of the principal tributaries of the Missouri in this state. It comes in on the south side of the Missouri, one hundred and thirty miles above its junction with the Mississippi. At its mouth, it is nearly four hundred yards wide. Its general course is from south to north; and the best cotton country in the state of Missouri is on the head-waters of this river. Its principal branches are, Mary's, Big Bone, Yun-

gar, Potato, and Grand Fork rivers. Yungar is nearly as large as the parent stream, and is navigable for small craft, except at its grand cascade, for nearly a hundred miles. The cascade is a great cataract of ninety feet fall. When the river is full, the roar is heard far through the desert. It is a fine country through which the river runs.

20. The entire length of the Missouri, from its source until it enters the Mississippi, is computed to be about two thousand two hundred and eighty-five miles. It is navigable to the foot of the great falls, nearly three thousand eight hundred miles from the sea, and steam-boats have ascended it two thousand two hundred miles.

LESSON CXLIX.

SOURCES OF MISERY IN THE PRESENT WORLD.—THOMAS DICK.

1. IN the present world, one of the principal sources of misery, arises from the malevolent dispositions, and immoral conduct of its inhabitants. Pride, ambition, malignant passions, falsehood, deceit, envy, and revenge, which exercise a sovereign sway over the hearts of the majority of mankind, have produced more misery and devastation among the human race, than the hurricane and the tempest, the earthquake and the volcano, and all other concussions of the elements of nature.

2. The lust of ambition has covered kingdoms with sackcloth and ashes, levelled cities with the ground, turned villages into heaps of smoking ruins, transformed fertile fields into a wilderness, polluted the earth with human gore, slaughtered thousands and millions of human beings, and filled the once cheerful abodes of domestic life with the sounds of weeping, lamentation, and wo.

3. *Injustice* and violence have robbed society of its rights and privileges, and the widow and fatherless of their dearest enjoyments. Superstition and revenge have immolated their millions of victims, banished peace from the world, and subverted the order

of society. The violation of truth in contracts, affirmations, and promises, has involved nations in destruction, and undermined the foundations of public prosperity, blasted the good name and the comfort of families, perplexed and agitated the minds of thousands and millions, and thrown contempt on the revelation of heaven, and the discoveries of science.

4. Malice, envy, hatred, and similar affections, have stirred up strife and contentions, which have invaded the peace of individuals, families, and societies, and imbittered all their enjoyments. It is scarcely too much to affirm, that more than nine-tenths of all the evils, perplexities, and sorrows, which are the lot of suffering humanity, are owing to the wide and extensive operation of such diabolical principles and passions.

5. What a happiness, then, must it be, to mingle in a society where such malignant affections shall never more shed their baleful influence, and where love, peace, and harmony, mutual esteem, brotherly-kindness, and charity, are for ever triumphant? To depart from a world where selfishness and malignity, strife and dissensions, wars and devastations so generally prevail, and to enter upon a scene of enjoyment where the smiles of benevolence beam from the countenances of unnumbered glorious intelligences, must raise in the soul the most ecstatic rapture, and be the groundwork of all those other "pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore."

6. Even in this world, amidst the physical evils which now exist, what a scene of felicity would be produced, were all the illustrious philanthropic characters now living, or which have adorned our race in the ages that are past, to be collected into one society, and to associate exclusively, without annoyance from "the world that lieth in wickedness!"

7. Let us suppose a vast society composed of such characters as Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Paul, James, and John, the Evangelists, men who accounted it their highest honor to glorify God and to promote the salvation of mankind, such philanthropists as Howard, Clarkson, Venning, and Sharpe, who displayed the most benignant affections, and spent their mortal existence in unwearied

efforts to meliorate the condition of the prisoner, and relieve the distresses of the wretched in every land, to deliver the captive from his oppressors, to loose the shackles of slavery, to pour out the vital air into the noisome dungeon, and to diffuse blessings among mankind wherever they were found; such profound philosophers as Locke, Newton, and Boyle, whose capacious intellects seemed to embrace the worlds both of matter and of mind, and who joined to their mental accomplishments, modesty, humility, equanimity of temper, and general benevolence; such amiable divines as Watts, Doddridge, Bates, Hervey, Edwards, Lardner, and Dwight, whose hearts burned with zeal to promote the glory of their Divine Master, and to advance the present and everlasting interest of their fellow-men.

8. To associate perpetually with such characters, even with the imperfections and infirmities which cleaved to them in this sublunary region, would form something approaching to a paradise on earth.

LESSON CL.

SPEECH UPON THE BILL FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WIDOW OF GENERAL HARRISON, IN THE SENATE, JUNE 24, 1841.—ISAAC C. BATES.

1. MR. PRESIDENT, I too have an objection to this bill, but it is not the objection urged by the senator from South Carolina: that there is no specification of the services of General Harrison, nor of the expenses incurred by himself and family. If there were a bill of particulars upon your table, I would not look into it. I should scorn to. My objection is rather to the insufficiency of the grant.

2. General Harrison having been called from the highest service of his country, having died in the service of his country, I would have given to his widow at least half pay; fifty thousand instead of twenty-five thousand dollars. When the thought occurs

to me what General Harrison was and what he is ; when I consider the bereft and desolate condition of his family, the hopes that have been disappointed, the prospects that have been suddenly and sadly changed ; such hope ! such prospects ! so elevated, so cheering, so glorious, if any thing among the shadows of earth can be called so ! hopes crushed, prospects so bright eclipsed at once and for ever !

3. I say, Mr. President, if I can do nothing to administer consolation, I will do all that is permitted me to afford relief. Senators demand by what authority we make this grant. I will tell them, sir. I make it, first of all, by the permission which I find here, in the sympathies of a common nature, where the whole American people will find it, and where every man that has a heart in him will find it.

4. I make it by the *authority* which I find inscribed upon the same page with the authority you exerted in making the grant of a year's pay to the surviving family of General Brown ; in the liberal grant you made to the surviving family of the late sergeant-at-arms ; in the grant of like kind you made upon the death of the door-keeper of the House of Representatives. I find it also upon the page where Congress found it, for the grant of twenty thousand dollars, to feed, clothe, and shelter, the people of Alexandria, whom the ravages of fire had made houseless, homeless, and penniless.

5. I find it, moreover, in broad relief, upon the page upon which you find the authority you exercise in burying the dead out of your sight, and in shrouding this chamber in the drapery of mourning that befits the present occasion. I find full authority, not merely in the precedents of every year since the foundation of the government, but in the second article of the Constitution, which requires that the United States shall have a President, and shall pay him a compensation for his services.

6. What that compensation shall be, in case he survive his term of office, a law of Congress has fixed ; but in case he do not, it has made no provision. In the happening of such a melancholy contingency, it is left for Congress, under the Constitution, to make it. I shall, therefore, vote for this bill in the entire confidence that I

am sustained by the most undoubted authority, as well as cheered by the approval of that which I value not less, and in the full belief that the State which has honored me with a seat in the Senate will feel itself disgraced if I do not.

LESSON CLI.

IMMENSE NATURAL BEE-HIVE.—TEXAS TELEGRAPH.

1. IN a cavern on the right bank of the Colorado, about seven miles from Austin, there is an immense hive of wild bees. The entrance of this cavern is situated in a ledge of limestone, forming a high cliff which rises almost perpendicularly from the river bank, to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet from the water's edge.

2. In a warm day, a dark stream of bees may be constantly seen winding out from the cavern, like a long, dark wreath. The stream often appears one or two feet in diameter near the cliff, and gradually spreads out like a fan, growing thinner at a distance from the cavern, until it disappears. The number of bees in this cavern must be greater than the number in one thousand or ten thousand ordinary hives.

3. The bees, it is said, have never swarmed, and it is not improbable that the hive has continued for more than a century to increase year after year, in the same ratio that other swarms increase. Some of the neighboring settlers have repeatedly, by blasting the rocks, opened a passage into some of those chambers, and produced, by this means, many hundred pounds of honey. But the main deposits are situated too deep in the ledge to be reached without great difficulty, and perhaps danger.

4. It was estimated that there were many tuns of honey and wax in this immense hive ; and, if its treasures could be extracted readily, they would, doubtless, be far more valuable than the contents of any silver or gold mine that adventurers have been seeking for years in that section.

LESSON CLII.

THE EVENING WIND.—BRYANT.

1. SPIRIT, that breathes through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day, the wild, blue waves, till now
Rough'ning their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !
2. Nor I alone ; a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !
3. Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest ;
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
4. The faint, old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;

And they, who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains, to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

5. Go ; but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore ;
And, list'ning to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf, and running stream.
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LESSON CLIII.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.—ELIZA COOK.

1. OH ! why does the white man follow my path,
Like the hound on the tiger's track ?
Does the flush on my dark cheek waken his wrath,
Does he covet the bow at my back ?
2. He has rivers and seas where the billows and breeze
Bear riches for him alone ;
And the sons of the wood never plunge in the flood,
Which the white man calls his own.
3. Then why should he come to the streams where none
But the red man dares to swim ?
Why, why should he wrong the hunter ; one
Who never did harm to him ?
4. The Father above thought fit to give
The white man corn and wine ;

There are golden fields where he may live,
But the forest shades are mine.

5. The Eagle hath its place of rest ;
The wild horse, where to dwell ;
And the spirit that gave the bird its nest,
Made me a home as well.
 6. Then back ! go back from the red man's track ;
For the hunter's eyes grow dim,
To find that the white man wrongs the one
Who never did harm to him.
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LESSON CLIV.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—ANDREW DICKINSON'S FIRST VISIT TO
EUROPE.

1. WESTMINSTER ABBEY is doubtless the most interesting spot in all England. As I entered the Poet's Corner by the south transept opposite the House of Lords, I lifted my hat with solemn reverence before passing the portal. Mine was a feeling of awful delight, with which "a stranger intermeddleth not." And this is Westminster Abbey ! I have heard the fame thereof : can it be that I am permitted to look at it with my own eyes ? I could have wept that no congenial American spirit was with me. I stood on holy ground, and could hardly get courage to move from the spot.

2. These emotions were not nervous affections : sensibility is not always sensitiveness. I surveyed the dusky arches above, and the venerable walls, covered with beautifully wrought tablets, while in the aisles by the long ranges of massy Gothic pillars stood numberless fine statues, representatives of the good and great. I dare not trust myself to speak of the sacred enthusiasm that made every chord in my inmost soul vibrate.

3. Immortal memories bloom in the Poet's Corner! Here are the monuments of bards who delighted generations now in the dust, as they will the future living world with their matchless melodies. Their spirits are gone into immortality, and leave behind them immortal fragrance. Their works speak to the soul, as these marble effigies do to the eye. At that day when these vaults give up their trust, in the language of Addison, "we shall all be cotemporaries."

4. All around are the forms of kings, statesmen, wits, poets, and philosophers. The epitaphs of these all but speaking forms are of thrilling interest to the lovers of lore. I visited the Abbey daily, lingering like a midnight ghost among these dormitories of the dead with a perpetual charm.

5. The best interior view is by the entrance between the towers, where a scene of awful solemnity bursts upon the astonished beholder. Hundreds of monuments are ranged in the long and magnificent aisles, and the noble range of pillars supporting the lofty roof, finally terminates by a sweep. On the arches of the pillars are galleries of double columns covering the side aisles and lighted by a middle range of windows.

6. The Abbey is admirably lighted, being neither dusky nor dazzling. Nine chapels are enclosed in this spacious fabric, which is in the form of a cross three hundred and seventy-five feet long. The chapel of Henry VII., is the wonder of the world. A writer says, "It is the admiration of the universe: such perfection appears in every part; so far exceeding human excellence, that it appears knit together by the fingers of angels pursuant to the direction of Omnipotence." Of course, I took a seat in the chair of state in which Queen Elizabeth was crowned. It has a couchant lion at each corner. There are two of these chairs which have been used at coronations since Edward I.

7. Here lies MARY, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, her remains having been privately removed from Peterborough Cathedral by James I., and entombed in a vault beneath her monument. Here rests under a lofty and magnificent monument, her proud rival Queen ELIZABETH.

They who in life were in deadly strife, now peaceably repose, side by side, in palaces of death. Here are the princes murdered in the Tower by Richard III. Their remains were exhumed and buried in this chapel in the time of Charles II., after remaining buried under the Bloody Tower one hundred and ninety-one years!

8. To attempt a full description would be useless; but if this humble sketch should awaken in any reader a wish to see the Abbey, the writer will be well rewarded. The cost of Henry VII.'s chapel alone was equal to \$2,000,000! The verger took us through the chapels of St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, St. Paul, St. Erasmus, St. Islip, and St. John; but so rapidly that it was impossible to scan the countless wonders with antiquarian niceness. My memorable visit to this renowned Abbey seems to this day less like a reality than some gorgeous midsummer dream.

9. To view Westminster Abbey on utilitarian principles, or in reference to its adaptation to modern convenience, is to stultify all judgment and common sense. A spirit like this would annihilate all the glorious pictures at Versailles, and pull down every beautiful spire in the land. Out upon it!

10. The charge for seeing the chapels is only sixpence; the rest of the Abbey is free. This charge is very proper, as you have one of the vergers, who conducts twelve persons at a time, for an exponent. The twopenny charge for entering St. Paul's has been lately abolished through the satirical influence of the London Punch.

11. The sermon on Sunday morning was from the words, "When ye pray, say." All the responses and Psalter were chanted; and all who know any thing of the sublime liturgy of the Church of England will agree, that when performed in a devotional spirit, it is like all heaven let down upon earth. The clear, liquid alto, melting with the deep-swelling base, produced a stream of unearthly harmony; how true to the poet!

12. In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding note, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling base;

13. While the strange melody rolls through the long, sombre aisles and lofty arches, the stupendous fabric trembling with the thunder-tones of the noble organ. The "Amen," caught up by the choir at the end of every prayer, to me was more beautiful than tongue can tell; rapturous, devotional; the best type of the worship of a spiritual sphere. The day, the place, its wondrous historic records, the music, created overpowering emotions.

14. Even now I seem to hear the voice of many waters, rising and fading; like a multitude of the heavenly host departing into heaven, chanting "Hallelujah, for the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth!" That soft, mellifluous, prolonged "Amen," so full of religion, has been lingering on my ear ever since!

LESSON CLV.

THE RUINS OF CHI-CHEN.—B. M. NORMAN.

1. ON arriving in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of the ancient city of Chi-Chen, I was compelled to cut my way through an almost impenetrable thicket of underbrush, interlaced and bound together with strong tendrils and vines. I was finally enabled to effect a passage; and, in the course of a few hours, I found myself in the presence of the ruins. For five days did I wander up and down, among these crumbling monuments of a city which must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces, temples, and pyramids, more or less dilapidated.

2. The earth was strowed, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken, and some nearly perfect, which seem to have been planted there by the genius of desolation, which presided over this awful solitude. Amidst these solemn memorials of departed generations who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence, save from the bats, the lizards, and other reptiles, which now and then emerged from

the crevices of the tottering walls and crumbling stones, that were strowed upon the ground at their base.

3. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony to the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilization. As I looked about me, and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. To speak then, had been profane.

4. A revelation from Heaven could hardly have impressed me more profoundly with the solemnity of its communication, than I was now impressed on finding myself the first, probably, of the present generation of civilized men, walking the streets of this once mighty city, and amidst

“Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.”

For a long time I was so distracted with the multitude of objects which crowded upon my mind, that I could take no note of them in detail.

5. It was not until some hours had elapsed, that my curiosity was sufficiently under control to enable me to examine them with any minuteness. The Indians, for many leagues around, hearing of my arrival, came to visit me daily, but the object of my toil was quite beyond their comprehension. They watched my every motion, occasionally looking up to each other with an air of unfeigned astonishment. Of the builders or occupants of these edifices, which were in ruins about them, they had not the slightest idea; nor did the question seem ever to have occurred to them.

6. After the most careful search, no traditions, nor superstitions, nor legends of any kind concerning these remains, could be discovered. Time and foreign oppression had paralyzed, among this unfortunate people, those faculties which have been ordained by the God of nations to transfer history into tradition. All communication with the past, here seems to have been cut off. Nor did any allusion to their ancestry, or to the former occupants of

these mighty palaces and monumental temples, produce the slightest thrill through the memories of even the oldest Indians in the vicinity.

7. Defeated in my anticipations from this quarter, I addressed myself at once to the only course of procedure, which was likely to give me any solution of the solemn mystery ; to the ruins themselves. My first examination was made at what I conceived to be the ruins of the TEMPLE. These consist of four distinct walls, standing upon an elevated foundation of about sixteen feet. I entered at an opening at the western end, which I considered to be the main entrance ; and presumed, from the broken walls, ceilings, and pillars still standing, that the opposite end had been the location of the shrine or altar. The distance between these two extremities, is four hundred and fifty feet.

8. Of the entrance, or western end, about one half remains ; the interior showing broken rooms and ceilings, not entirely defaced. The exterior is composed of large stones, beautifully hewn, and laid in fillet and moulding work. The opposite, or altar end, consists of similar walls, but has two sculptured pillars, much defaced by the falling ruins. The walls are surrounded with masses of sculptured and hewn stones, broken columns, and ornaments which had fallen from the walls themselves, and which are covered with a rank and luxuriant vegetation, and even with trees.

9. The southern wall is in the best state of preservation, the highest part of which, yet standing, is about fifty feet ; where, also, the remains of rooms are still seen. The inner surface of these walls is quite perfect, finely finished with smooth stone, cut uniformly in squares of about two feet. About the centre of these walls, near the top on both sides, are stone rings, carved from immense blocks, and inserted in the wall by a long shaft, and projecting from it about four feet. They measure about four feet in diameter, and two in thickness ; the sides beautifully carved.

10. Of the exterior of these walls, a sufficient portion still exists to show the fine and elaborate workmanship of the cornices and entablatures, though the latter are much broken and defaced. They are composed of immense blocks of stone, laid with the greatest

regularity and precision, the fronts of which are sculptured, representing flowers, borders, animals, and Indian figures, adorned with feather head-dresses, and armed with bows and arrows.

11. A few rods south of this TEMPLE is the PYRAMID, a majestic pile, measuring at its base about five hundred and fifty feet. The angles and sides were beautifully laid with stones of an immense size, gradually lessening as the work approached the summit or platform. On the east and north sides are flights of small stone steps, thirty feet wide at the base, and narrowing as they ascend. The bases were piled up with ruins, and overgrown with rank grass and vines; and, it was only after great labor that I was enabled to reach the side facing the east.

12. Here were found two square stones of enormous size, partly buried in the ruins. They were plainly carved, representing some monster with wide-extended jaws, with rows of teeth, and a protruding tongue. These stones were evidently the finish to the base of the steps. I ascended the fallen and broken steps, through bushes and trees, with which they were partly covered, to the summit, one hundred feet. Here was a terrace or platform, in the centre of which is a square building, one hundred and seventy feet at its base, and twenty feet high. The exterior of the building had been built of fine hewn and uniform blocks of stone, with entablatures of superior order, and projecting cornices.

13. I could find no access to the top but by the pillars, and by cutting steps in the stone and mortar of the broken edges, and by the aid of bushes, I reached the summit. I found it perfectly level, the whole covered with a deep soil, in which trees and grass were growing in profusion. From this height was presented a magnificent view of all the ruins, and the vast plain around them.

14. Unlike most of the Egyptian pyramids, whose

“Primeval race had run, ere antiquity had begun;”

this Pyramid does not culminate at the top. The solidity of its structure, the harmony and grandeur of its architecture, must impress every one with an exalted idea of the mechanical skill, and the numbers of those, by whom it was constructed; and, like those in

Egypt, so long as it stands, it must remain a monumental protest of an oppressed people, against the ill-directed ambition and tyranny of those rulers, by whose command it was built.

LESSON CLVI.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—H. K. WHITE.

1. WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host ; from every gem ;
But one alone, the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once, on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.
5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for ever more,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

LESSON CLVII.

COOKING ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.—HEADLEY'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

1. As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables, and two eggs which had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend sat down very deliberately to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat.

2. Suddenly there was an explosion, louder and more terrible than any that had preceded it, hurling a larger and more angry mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend calling out very deliberately at my feet to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat quietly taking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders.

3. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, rude, indeed, as it was. So much for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. I had lost my egg, while my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius.

LESSON CLVIII.

TO YOUNG STUDENTS.—MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

1. TOIL on, young student; thine is not
The conqueror's laurel crown,
No blood is on the shining leaf
That wreathes thy bright renown.

2. Toil on ; beneath no flower-decked mead
Lies hidden golden ore ;
And thou must delve Time's deepest caves
To gather classic lore.
 3. Thou seest not yet Life's many paths,
With dangers ever rife ;
Thou hear'st not yet the battle's din
Rise from its field of strife.
 4. But from the armory of Truth
Choose out thy weapons keen
And keep them bright with daily toil
Till comes thy trial-scene.
 5. As thou hast used thy gifts of youth,
So wilt thou be repaid,
When the white blossoms of the grave
Are on thy temples laid.
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LESSON CLIX.

THE HANDSOME AND DEFORMED LEG ; SHOWING THE UNHAPPINESS AND GREAT EVIL OF A FAULT-FINDING DISPOSITION.—DR. FRANKLIN.

1. THERE are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth in the world, and the other comforts of life, become the one happy, the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events ; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

2. In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences ; in whatever company, they may find

persons and conversation more or less pleasing ; at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed ; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather ; under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws ; in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties ; in almost every face, and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

3. Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people, above-mentioned, fix their attention ; those who are disposed to be happy, on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c., and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, speak and think only of the contraries.

4. Hence, they are continually discontented themselves, and by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society ; offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticise, and be disgusted, is, perhaps, taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity ; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real grief and misfortunes.

5. For, as many are offended by, and nobody loves this sort of people ; no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that ; and, this frequently puts them out of humor, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word to favor their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious.

6. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them ; which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

7. An old philosophical friend of mine was grown from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to show him the heat of the weather ; and a barometer to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad ; but there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this unpleasing disposition in a person, he, for that purpose, made use of his legs ; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked, and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him.

8. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no farther acquaintance with him. Every one has not this two-legged instrument ; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance off those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg*.

LESSON CLX.

MY MOTHER'S ROOM.—SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

1. It is said that the late President Harrison had a religious education from a pious mother. During his recent visit to the place of his nativity, on James' river, Virginia, he delighted to

show his friends his mother's room, the closet to which she used to retire for her devotions, the very corner where she used to sit reading her bible, and where she taught him in his childhood to pray to God on his knees. The impressions there made on his young mind never were effaced, and for the last twenty years he never retired to rest without reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures.

2. His pastor, in remarks on his death, states that the closing part of his inaugural address was written in that room. "I deem the present occasion," says the President, "sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow-citizens, a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction, that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility, are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness."

3. These words were written amidst the hallowed associations and inspiring recollections of a "mother's room." Was not this a glorious triumph of nursery piety; a brilliant trophy of parental fidelity in "bringing up a child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

LESSON CLXI.

DUTY OF EDUCATING THE POOR.—GREENWOOD.

[Extract from a Sermon delivered on the twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Boston Female Asylum.]

1. EVEN at this enlightened day, it is not entirely a superfluous task to vindicate the claims of the offspring of the poor, of the poorest, of the vilest, to that mental cultivation, which it is in the power of every community to bestow. The old notion is not yet stowed away among the forgotten rubbish of old times, that those who were born to labor and servitude, and that the less they knew, the better they would obey; and that the only instruction which was necessary or safe for them, was that which would teach them

to move like automatons, precisely as those above them pulled the strings.

2. I say, we still hear this principle asserted, though perhaps in more guarded and indefinite language; and a more selfish, pernicious, disgraceful principle, in whatever terms it may be muffled up, never insulted human nature, nor degraded human society. It is the leading principle of despotism, the worst feature of aristocracy, and a profane contradiction of that indubitable Word, which has pronounced all men to be brethren; and, in every thing which relates to their common nature, equal.

3. I have said, that even the children of the vilest and lowest portion of the community, shared in the general right to the advantages of education. Their claim possesses a peculiar title to our consideration. Some have spoken, as if such were beyond or beneath our assistance, and would bring contamination from their birthplace. Their lot is in the region of irreclaimable wickedness, it is said; and as their parents are, so are they destined to become. Destined! and so they are, if you will not save them.

4. They are destined, and for ever chained down, to a state of moral loathsomeness, in which degradation seems to be swallowed with the food, and vice breathed in with the air. And shall they stay in such a pit of darkness? Is not their situation the strongest possible appeal which can be made to your pity, and your generosity, and your sense of justice, and your love of good?

5. Does it not call on you, most loudly and imperatively, to pluck these brands from the burning, ere they have been scorched too deeply and darkly by the flame? Nothing is more probable than that such children may be preserved to virtue by a timely interference; nothing is more certain than that they will be lost if they remain. I know of no case which promises such ample success and reward to the spirited efforts of benevolence, as this.

6. Vice may be cut off, in a great measure, of her natural increase, by the adoption of her offspring into the family of virtue; and, though it is true that the empire of guilt receives constant emigrations and fresh accessions of strength, from all the regions of society, yet it is equally as true, that they whose only crime it

is that they were born within its confines, may be snatched away and taught another allegiance, before they have become familiar with its language, its customs, and its corruptions, and have vowed a dreadful fidelity to its laws.

7. I deny not that a nation may become powerful, victorious, renowned, wealthy, and full of great men, even though it should neglect the education of the humbler classes of its population; but I do deny, that it can ever become a happy or a truly prosperous nation, till all its children are taught of the Lord.

8. To say nothing of the despotism of the East, look at the kingdoms of Europe, with their battles, and their alliances, and their pompous and gaudy ceremonies, and their imposing clusters of high titles and celebrated names; and, after this showy phantasmagoria has passed away, mark the condition of the majority; observe their superstition, their slavishness, their sensual enjoyments, their limited range of thought, their almost brutalized existence; mark this, and say whether a heavenly peace is among them.

9. Alas! they know not the things which belong to their peace, nor are their rulers desirous that they should know, but rather prefer that they should live on in submissive ignorance, that they may be at all times ready to swell the trains of their masters' pride, and be sacrificed by hecatombs to their masters' ambition. Far different were the views of those gifted patriarchs who founded a new empire here. They were determined that all their children should be taught of the Lord; and, side by side, with the humble dwellings which sheltered their heads from the storms of a strange world, arose the school-house and the house of God.

10. And ever after, the result has been peace, great, unexampled peace; peace to the few, who gradually encroached on the primeval forests of the land; and peace to the millions, who have now spread themselves abroad in it from border to border. In the strength and calm resolution of that peace, they stood up once, and shook themselves free from the rusted fetters of the world; and, in the beauty and dignity of that peace, they stand up now, self-governed, orderly, and independent, a wonder to the nations.

11. If a stranger should inquire of me the principal cause and source of this greatness of my country, would I bid him look on the ocean widely loaded with our merchandise, and proudly ranged by our navy ; or on the lands where it is girdled by roads, and scored by canals, and burdened with the produce of our industry and ingenuity ? Would I bid him look on these things as the springs of our prosperity ? Indeed, I would not. Nor would I show him our colleges and literary institutions, for he can see nobler ones elsewhere.

12. I would pass all these by, and would lead him out by some winding highway among the hills and woods ; and when the cultivated spots, grew small and infrequent, and the houses became few and scattered, and a state of primitive nature seemed to be immediately before us, would stop in some sequestered spot, and, directed by a steady hum, like that of bees, I would point out to him a lowly building, hardly better than a shed, but full of blooming, happy children, collected together from the remote and unseen farmhouses, conning over their various tasks ; or, reading, with a voice of reverential monotony, a portion of the Word of God.

13. I would bid him note, that even here, in the midst of poverty and sterility, was a specimen of the thousand nurseries in which all our children are taught of the Lord, and formed, some to legislate for the land, and all to understand its constitution and laws, to maintain their unspotted birthright, and contribute to the great aggregate of the intelligence, the morality, the power and peace, of this mighty commonwealth.

LESSON CLXII.

OF PRUDENCE IN REPROVING.—BIBLE.

1. My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation.

For in many things we offend all. If any man offend not in

word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

2. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us ; and we turn about their whole body.

3. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

4. Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth !

And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity : so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature ; and it is set on fire of hell.

5. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind :

But the tongue can no man tame ; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

6. Therewith bless we God, even the Father ; and therewith curse we men, which are made after the similitude of God.

Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing. My brethren, these things ought not so to be.

7. Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter ?

Can the fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries ? either a vine, figs ? So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh.

8. Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you ? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

9. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

10. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peace-

able, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

LESSON CLXIII.

ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—HORACE GREELER.

1. WE are in no danger of estimating too highly the extraordinary character of the age in which our lot has been cast, and of the influences by which we are surrounded. The Present is the proper theme of poetry, the fitting scene of romance. Whoever shall faintly realize the mighty events, the stirring impulses, the lofty character of our times, is in no danger of passing through life grovelling and unobservant as the dull beast that crops the thistles by the way-side.

2. The Past has its lessons, doubtless, and well is it for those who master and heed them; but were it otherwise, the Present has themes enough of ennobling interest to employ all our faculties, to engross all our thoughts; save as they should contemplate the still grander, vaster Hereafter.

3. Do they talk to us of Grecian or Roman heroism? They say well; but Genius died not with Greece; and Heroism has scarcely a recorded achievement which our own age could not parallel. What momentary deed of reckless valor can compare with the life-long self-devotion of the Missionary, in some far cluster of Indian lodges, or Tartary huts, cut off from society, from sympathy, and from earthly hope? How easy, how common, to dare death with Alexander! How rare to live nobly as Washington, and feel no ambition but that of doing good!

4. Take the efforts for the elevation of the African race in our day, ill-directed as some of them appear, and yet Antiquity might well be challenged to produce any thing, out of the sphere of Sa-

cred History, half so heroic and divine. Let us then waste little time in looking back to earlier ages for high examples, and deeds that stir the blood. Let us not idly imagine that the Old World imbosoms scenes and memorials dearer to the lover of Truth, of Freedom, and of Man, than those of our own clime. Let us repel alike the braggart's vain-glory and the self-disparagement of degeneracy ; yet cherish the faith that no where are there purer skies, more inspiring recollections or magnificent landscapes, than those in which our own green land rejoices.

5. Those daily acts, those common impulses, which, viewed individually and with microscopic or with soulless gaze, seem insignificant and trifling, take a different aspect, if regarded in a more catholic spirit. Those myriad hammers, which, impelled by brawny arms, are ringing out their rude melody day by day, and contributing to the comfort and sustenance of man, those fleets of hardy fisheries, now chasing the whale on the other side of the globe, to give light to the city mansion and celerity to the wheels of the village factory, those armies of trappers, scattered through the glens of the Rocky Mountains, each in stealthy solitude pursuing his deadly trade, whence dames of London and belles of Pekin alike shall borrow warmth and comeliness, let us contemplate these in their several classes, unmindful of the leagues of wood, or plain, or water, which chance to divide them.

6. Readily enough do we perceive and acknowledge the grandeur of the great army which some chief or despot assembles and draws out to feed his vanity by display, or his ambition by carnage ; but the larger and nobler armies whose weapons are the mattock and the spade, who overspread the hills and line the valleys, until beneath their rugged skill and persevering effort, a highway of Commerce is opened where late the panther leaped, the deer disported : is not theirs a nobler spectacle, more worthy of the orator's apostrophe, the poet's song ?

7. Let us look boldly, broadly out on Nature's wide domain. Let us note the irregular yet persistent advance of the pioneers of civilization, the forest conquerors, before whose lusty strokes and sharp blades the century-crowned wood-monarchs, rank after rank,

come crashing to the earth. From age to age have they kept apart the soil and sunshine, as they shall do no longer.

8. Onward, still onward, pours the army of axe-men, and still before them bow their stubborn foes. But yesterday, their advance was checked by the Ohio: to-day it crossed the Missouri, the Kansas, and is fast on the heels of the flying buffalo. In the eye of a true discernment, what host of Xerxes or Cesar, of Frederick or Napoleon, ever equalled this in majesty, in greatness of conquest, or in true glory?

9. The mastery of man over Nature; this is an inspiring truth, which we must not suffer, from its familiarity, to lose its force. By the might of his intellect, Man has not merely made the elephant his drudge, the lion his diversion, the whale his magazine, but even the subtlest and most terrible of the elements is made the submissive instrument of his will. He turns aside, or garners up the lightning; the rivers toil in his workshops; the tides of ocean bear his burdens; the hurricane rages for his use and profit. Fire and water struggle for mastery, that he may be whisked over hill and valley with the celerity of the sunbeam.

10. The stillness of the forest midnight is broken by the snorting of the Iron Horse, as he drags the long train from lakes to ocean with a slave's docility, a giant's strength. Up the long hill he labors, over the deep glen he skims, the tops of the tall trees swaying around and below his narrow path. His sharp, quick breathing bespeaks his impetuous progress; a stream of fire reflects its course. On dashes the restless, tireless steed, and the morrow's sun shall find him at rest in some far mart of commerce, and the partakers of his wizard journey scattered to their vocations of trade or pleasure, unthinking of their night's adventure. What had old Romance wherewith to match the every-day realities of the Nineteenth Century?

LESSON CLXIV.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.—J. ABBOTT.

1. WHY are cases so frequent in which the children of virtuous parents grow up vicious and abandoned? There are many nice and delicate adjustments necessary to secure the *highest* and *best* results in the education of a child; but the principles necessary for tolerable success must be few and simple. There are two which we wish we had a voice loud enough to thunder in the ears of every parent in the country: the breach of one or the other of which will explain almost every case of gross failure on the part of virtuous parents which we have ever known. They are these:

1. Keep your children from bad company.
2. Make them obey.

2. Habits of insubordination at home, and the company of bad boys abroad, are the two great sources of evil, which undo so much of what moral and religious instruction might otherwise effect. What folly to think that a boy can play with the profane, impure, passionate boys which herd in the streets six days in the week, and have the stains all wiped away by being compelled to learn his Sunday School lesson on the seventh; or, that children who make the kitchen or the nursery, scenes of riot and noise from the age of three to eight years, will be prepared for any thing in after life but to carry the spirit of insubordination and riot wherever they may go.

3. No! children must be taken care of. They must be governed at home, and kept from contaminating influences abroad, or they are ruined. If parents ask, how shall we make our children obey? We answer, In the easiest and most pleasant way you can; but, at all events, *make them obey*. If you ask, How shall we keep our boys from bad company?

4. We answer, too, In the easiest and most pleasant way you possibly can; but, at all events, if in the city, *keep them out of the street*; and, wherever you are, *keep them from bad company*. The

alternative, it seems to us, is as clear and decided as any circumstances ever made up for man ; you must govern your children, and keep them away from the contamination of vice ; or, you must expect to spend your old age in mourning over the ruins of your family.

LESSON CLXV.

THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS.—R. H. WILDE.

1. I HAD the honor to be a member of the fourteenth Congress. It was an honor then. What it is now, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day, as they deserve ; nor is this a fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature, can not recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.

2. Pre-eminent, among them, was a gentleman of South Carolina, (Lowndes,) now no more, the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen : one, no less remarkable for gentleness of manners and kindness of heart, than for the passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise, if ever man deserved it, of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him.

3. The true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her : he, I mean, who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in a republic, was neither to be sought after nor declined ; a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it can not be improved.

4. There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland, (Pinckney,) whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the

pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and cotemporaries, as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians.

5. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing, by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language, in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced, while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy, I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scenes of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me. These names have become historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy.

6. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order, has no such need of reserve. Talent is of no party, exclusively; nor is justice. Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia, (Randolph,) whom it were superfluous to designate, whose speeches were universally read; whose satire was universally feared.

7. Upon whose accents, did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dexterous debater? a riper scholar? better versed in the politics of our own country? Or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language? more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy? or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame, in words of magic, and of silver?

8. There was, also, a son of South Carolina, (Calhoun,) still in the service of the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this house. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of government, some-

thing of that grandeur, which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy.

9. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times, when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words, his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language, with him, was merely the scaffolding of thought, employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

10. It is equally impossible to forget or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky, (Clay,) whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement, rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct, than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it, like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness.

11. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered, than raised, by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and ever since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he adopted a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions, he was noble and captivating. One, I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence, with which he replied to the taunting question, "What have we gained by the war?"

12. Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, (Webster,) who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved.

13. The same vigor of thought ; the same force of expression ; the short sentences ; the calm, cold, collected manner ; the air of solemn dignity ; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice ; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasm was, indeed, peculiar to him ; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful ; it was frozen mercury, becoming as caustic as red-hot iron.

LESSON CLXVI.

THE LAST MAN.—CAMPBELL.

1. ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold
As Adam saw her prime !
2. The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan ;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight ; the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb !

3. Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by ;
Saying, " We are twins in death, proud Sun ;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go ;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.
4. " This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death !
5. " Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste.
Go, tell that night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God !"

LESSON CLXVII.

ON HONESTY.—LETTER TO A SON.—D. D. T. L.

1. I NEED not explain this term, as all intelligent boys understand its meaning. I ardently desire that you should excel in this trait of character, because of its excellence and importance. My anxiety on the subject is increased by the fact that I have known many young persons, who at one time bid fair to become respectable and useful men, to bring disgrace upon their characters, and affliction on their families, by a single act of dishonesty.

2. I presume you have often read accounts in the newspapers of boys raised in respectable families, who, on becoming clerks in stores, have been detected in pilfering their employers' money, and discharged from employment therefor, or tried before the courts, thus blasting their good name for all future time. You know it would agonize the hearts of your mother and myself to see your character stained by an act of this kind.

3. I never could, however, fully concur with Mr. Pope in his celebrated line,

“An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

In my judgment, a person distinguished for Christian faith and love is a *nobler* production, because these sublime virtues necessarily include honesty.

4. Nevertheless, I consider it a more difficult task to be strictly upright, from proper motives, than is generally supposed. It is a task that will demand much self-denial and strength of principle, as our natural dispositions are exceedingly covetous, and temptations to overreaching very numerous. It does not suffice to be honest in large affairs, and when people are looking upon us, and to take advantage in little things, and when we think no one sees us.

5. God always sees, and he requires us to be just in the smallest matters, and on all occasions, and that too with a view to do his will; not merely for our own advantage, the only reason, I fear, why many people are honest. The homely rhyme,

“He that will steal a pin
Will steal a greater thing,”

teaches a truth that we should never forget. Honesty of this sort, which is the kind I hope you will practise, is not as often met with as many suppose.

6. This virtue is largely rewarded, and dishonesty, especially when found out, is generally more or less punished by our fellow-men, which can not be said of all the other virtues and their opposites. The well known proverb, “Honesty is the best policy,” is allowed to be true even by wicked people. You see then, my son, that besides the divine command, we have the powerful motive of interest to make us honest.

7. The disgrace of being branded as a thief or a swindler by human society is so dreadful, that few persons, even for the sake of obtaining money, the usual motive to such crimes, would hazard the consequences of such conduct, but for the hope they entertain of not being found out. I would impress upon you the truth, that to ensure safety in the matter, you will need the aid of experimental religion.

8. It is well known that many persons of good talents and education, who have stood high in society for a great many years, have, in an unfortunate hour, when urged by want or the love of gain, committed dishonest acts, such as forging or swindling, by which their characters and happiness have suffered shipwreck, and their families have been disgraced.

9. Had such individuals, at any previous period, been told that there was danger of their engaging in such wickedness, they would have felt insulted, and, perhaps, have exclaimed in the language of Hazael, “But what! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?”

10. You will, my son, to ensure success in this important particular, have urgent occasion to repeat earnestly and frequently the admirable petition, “Lead me not into temptation,” by which I suppose is meant, Suffer me not to be tempted, or deliver me when tempted. Without this help, I greatly fear that you will, in an unguarded hour, be led into acts of dishonesty, sure to be succeeded

by loss of reputation and bitter remorse, as well as the frown and punishment of the Almighty.

11. It has been often stated, that persons who have been for any considerable period of their early days pupils in the Sabbath School, have rarely, if ever, been detected in heinous crimes. This is, no doubt, the case; the oft-repeated and wholesome Scripture admonitions there furnished, being admirably calculated to inspire the minds of youth with proper dread of the evils resulting from such conduct, as well as to fortify them with correct principles on the subject. This statement, I trust, will induce you to set a high value on the privilege you have long enjoyed, of attending Sunday School, as well as to be diligent in your future attendance thereon.

LESSON CLXVIII.

ENCOUNTER WITH AN ICEBERG.—HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

1. For ten days we had fine weather and light winds; but, a southerly gale sprung up, and drove us to the northward, and I then found out what it was to be at sea. After the gale had lasted a week, the wind came around from the northward, and bitter cold it was. We then stood on rather farther to the north than the usual track, I believe.

2. It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep; not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half an hour when the look-out forward sung out, "Ship ahead; starboard; hard a starboard."

3. These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather rigging. "A ship," he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is rather, and; all hands wear ship," he shouted, in a tone that showed there was not a moment to lose.

4. The watch sprang to the braces and bowlines, while the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins ; the helm was kept up, and the yards swung around, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye around, and then ordered the courses to be brailed up, and the maintopsail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to.

5. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres ; for before the ship had quite wore around, I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg, and attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field or very extensive floe of ice, against which the ship would have run, had it not been discovered in time, and would in all probability instantly have gone down with every one on board.

6. In consequence of the extreme darkness, it was dangerous to sail either way ; for it was impossible to say what other floes or smaller cakes of ice might be in the neighborhood, and we might probably be on them, before they could be seen. We, therefore, remained hove to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

7. When daylight broke the next morning, the dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared large floes of ice, with several icebergs floating, like mountains on a plain, among them ; while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the northeast, through which we must have come. What made our position the more perilous was, that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape.

8. As the light increased, we saw, at the distance of three miles to the westward, another ship in a far worse predicament than we were, inasmuch that she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage, should it re-

main open long enough. She by this time had discovered her own perilous condition, as we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress, and we heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard to our own safety compelled us to disregard them till we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

9. It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for, in that case, we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing more and more narrow. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvass the ship could carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this should occur. It was a chance, whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was not so much occupied with our own danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

10. I was in the mizen-top, and as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still, on it came with terrific force, and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together.

11. The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up, but it was not so, I suspect. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in; her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments; her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull.

12. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull, and spars, and canvass, seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to

a distance, were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice.

13. I looked anxiously ; not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the four hundred and forty human beings on board this ship, ere many minutes are over. I believe that I was the only person on board who witnessed the catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress.

14. Still more narrow grew the passage. Some of the parts we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held fair, and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in on us, it yet favored our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports, but though at times it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction.

15. Every one held their breaths, as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

16. I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and looking around, I saw that we were on the outside of the floe. We were just in time, for, the instant after, the ice met, and the passage through which we had come, was completely closed up. The order was now given to keep the helm up, and to square away the yards, and with a flowing sheet we ran down the edge of the ice for upwards of three miles, before we were clear of it.

17. Only then did the people begin to inquire, what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes.

LESSON CLXIX.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT TO LAFAYETTE ON HIS DEPARTURE
FROM THE UNITED STATES, 1825.—J. Q. ADAMS.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE,

1. It has been the good fortune of many of my distinguished fellow-citizens, during the course of the year now elapsed, upon your arrival at their respective abodes, to greet you with the welcome of the nation. The less pleasing task now devolves upon me, of bidding you, in the name of the nation, adieu.

2. It were no longer seasonable, and would be superfluous, to recapitulate the remarkable incidents of your early life; incidents which associated your name, fortunes, and reputation, in imperishable connexion with the independence and history of the North American Union. The part which you performed at that important junction was marked with characters so peculiar, that, realizing the fairest fable of antiquity, its parallel could scarcely be found in the authentic records of human history.

3. You deliberately and perseveringly preferred toil, danger, the endurance of every hardship, and the privation of every comfort, in defence of a holy cause, to inglorious ease, and the allurements of rank, affluence, and unrestrained youth, at the most splendid and fascinating court of Europe. That this choice was not less wise than magnanimous, the sanction of half a century, and the gratulations of unnumbered voices, all unable to express the gratitude of the heart, with which your visit to this hemisphere has been welcomed, afford ample demonstration.

4. When the contest of freedom, to which you had repaired as a voluntary champion, had closed, by the complete triumph of her cause in this country of your adoption, you returned to fulfil the duties of the philanthropist and patriot in the land of your nativity. There, in a consistent and undeviating career of forty years, you have maintained, through every vicissitude of alternate success and disappointment, the same glorious cause, to which the

first years of your active life had been devoted ; the improvement of the moral and political condition of man.

5. Throughout that long succession of time, the people of the United States, for whom, and with whom, you have fought the battles of liberty, have been living in the full possession of its fruits, one of the happiest among the family of nations ; spreading in population, enlarging in territory, acting and suffering according to the condition of their nature, and laying the foundations of the greatest, and, we humbly hope, the most beneficent power that ever regulated the concerns of man upon earth.

6. In that lapse of forty years, the generation of men with whom you co-operated in the conflict of arms, has nearly passed away. Of the general officers of the American army in that war, you alone survive. Of the sages who guided our councils ; of the warriors who met the foe in the field or upon the wave, with the exception of a few, to whom unusual length of days has been allotted by Heaven, all now sleep with their fathers. A succeeding, and even a third generation, have arisen to take their places ; and their children's children, while rising up to call them blessed, have been taught by them, as well as admonished by their own constant enjoyment of freedom, to include in every benison upon their fathers the name of him who came from afar, with them and in their cause to conquer or to fall.

7. The universal prevalence of these sentiments was signally manifested by a resolution of Congress, representing the whole people, and all the States of this Union, requesting the President of the United States to communicate to you the assurances of the grateful and affectionate attachment of this government and people, and desiring that a national ship might be employed, at your convenience, for your passage to the borders of our country.

8. The invitation was transmitted to you by my venerable predecessor ; himself bound to you by the strongest ties of personal friendship ; himself one of those whom the highest honors of his country had rewarded for blood early shed in her cause, and for a long life of devotion to her welfare. By him the services of a national ship were placed at your disposal.

9. Your delicacy preferred a more private conveyance, and a full year has elapsed since you landed upon our shores. It were scarcely an exaggeration to say, that it has been to the people of the Union a year of uninterrupted festivity and enjoyment, inspired by your presence. You have traversed the twenty-four States of this great confederacy. You have been received with rapture by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms.

10. You have been hailed as a long absent parent by their children, the men and women of the present age. And a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population at that day, when you fought at the head and by the side of their forefathers, have vied with the scanty remnants of that hour of trial, in acclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all.

11. You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present, and the future age, joining in one universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound, like the rushing of many waters, from every corner of our land.

12. You are now about to return to the country of your birth, of your ancestors, of your posterity. The Executive Government of the Union, stimulated by the same feeling which had prompted the Congress to the designation of a national ship for your accommodation in coming hither, has destined the first service of a frigate recently launched at this metropolis, to the less welcome, but equally distinguished trust, of conveying you home. The name of the ship has added one more memorial to distant regions, and to future ages, of a stream already memorable at once in the story of your sufferings and of our independence.

13. The ship is now prepared for your reception, and equipped for sea. From the moment of her departure, the prayers of millions will ascend to Heaven, that her passage may be prosperous, and your return to the bosom of your family as propitious to your happiness as your visit to this scene of your youthful glory has been to that of the American people.

14. Go, then, our beloved friend ; return to the land of brilliant genius, of generous sentiment, of heroic valor ; to that beautiful France, the nursing mother of the Twelfth Louis, and the Fourth Henry ; to the native soil of Bayard and Coligni, of Turenne and Catinat, of Fenelon and D'Aguesseau. In that illustrious catalogue of names which she claims as of her children, and, with honest pride, holds up to the admiration of other nations, the name of Lafayette has already for centuries been enrolled.

15. And it shall henceforth burnish into brighter fame ; for if, in after days, a Frenchman shall be called to indicate the character of his nation by that of one individual, during the age in which we live, the blood of lofty patriotism shall mantle in his cheek, the fire of conscious virtue shall sparkle in his eye, and he shall pronounce the name of LAFAYETTE. Yet we, too, and our children, in life and after death, shall claim you for our own.

16. You are ours by that more than patriotic self-devotion with which you flew to the aid of our fathers at the crisis of their fate ; ours by that long series of years in which you have cherished us in your regard ; ours by that unshaken sentiment of gratitude for your services which is a precious portion of our inheritance ; ours by that tie of love, stronger than death, which has linked your name, for the endless ages of time, with the name of WASHINGTON.

17. At the painful moment of parting from you, we take comfort in the thought, that, wherever you may be, to the last pulsation of your heart, our country will be ever present to your affections ; and a cheerful consolation assures us that we are not called to sorrow most of all, that we shall see your face no more. We shall indulge the pleasing anticipation of beholding our friend again. In the mean time, speaking in the name of the whole people of the United States, and at a loss only for language to give utterance to that feeling of attachment with which the heart of the nation beats as the heart of one man, I bid you a reluctant and affectionate farewell !

LESSON CLXX.

LAFAYETTE'S REPLY TO THE FOREGOING ADDRESS.

1. AMIDST all my obligations to the General Government, and particularly to you, sir, its respected Chief Magistrate, I have most thankfully to acknowledge the opportunity given me, at this solemn and painful moment, to present the people of the United States with a parting tribute of profound, inexpressible gratitude.

2. To have been, in the infant and critical days of these States, adopted by them as a favorite son; to have participated in the toils and perils of our unspotted struggle for independence, freedom, and equal rights, and in the foundation of the American era of a new social order, which has already pervaded this, and must, for the dignity and happiness of mankind, successively pervade every part of the other hemisphere; to have received, at every stage of the revolution, and during forty years after that period, from the people of the United States, and their representatives at home and abroad, continual marks of their confidence and kindness, has been the pride, the encouragement, the support, of a long and eventful life.

3. But how could I find words to acknowledge that series of welcomes, those unbounded universal displays of public affection, which have marked each step, each hour, of a twelve month's progress through the twenty-four States, and which, while they overwhelm my heart with grateful delight, have most satisfactorily evinced the concurrence of the people in the kind testimonies, in the immense favors, bestowed on me by the several branches of their representatives in every part, and at the central seat of the confederacy?

4. Yet gratifications still higher await me. In the wonders of creation and improvement that have met my enchanted eye; in the unparalleled and self-felt happiness of the people; in their rapid prosperity and ensured security, public and private; in a practice of good order, the appendage of true freedom; and a national good sense, the final arbiter of all difficulties, I have had

proudly to recognise a result of the republican principles for which we have fought, and a glorious demonstration to the most timid and prejudiced minds, of the superiority, over degrading aristocracy or despotism, of popular institutions, founded on the plain rights of man, and where the local rights of every section are preserved under a constitutional bond of union.

5. The cherishing of that union between the States, as it was the farewell entreaty of our great, paternal Washington, and will ever have the dying prayer of every American patriot, so it has become the sacred pledge of the emancipation of the world, an object in which I am happy to observe that the American people, while they give the animating example of successful free institutions, in return for an evil entailed upon them by Europe, and of which a liberal, enlightened sense, is every where more and more generally felt, show themselves every day more anxiously interested.

6. And now, sir, how can I do justice to my deep and lively feelings, for the assurances, most peculiarly valued, of your esteem and friendship; for your so very kind references to old times, to my beloved associates, to the vicissitudes of my life; for your affecting picture of the blessings poured by the several generations of the American people on the remaining days of a delighted veteran; for your affectionate remarks on this sad hour of separation, on the country of my birth; full, I can say, of American sympathies; on the hope, so necessary to me, of my seeing again the country that has deigned, near half a century ago, to call me hers?

7. I shall content myself, refraining from superfluous repetitions, at once before you, sir, and this respected circle, to proclaim my cordial confirmation of every one of the sentiments which I have had daily opportunities publicly to utter, from the time when your venerable predecessor, my old brother in arms and friend, transmitted to me the honorable invitation of Congress, to this day, when you, my dear sir, whose friendly connexion with me dates from your earliest youth, are going to consign me to the protection, across the Atlantic, of the heroic national flag, on board the splendid ship, the name of which has been not the least flattering and kind among the numberless favors conferred upon me.

8. God bless you, sir, and all who surround us! God bless the American people, each of their States, and the Federal Government! Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart; such will be its last throb when it ceases to beat.

LESSON CLXXI.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."—WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

1. Oh! deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
2. The light of smiles shall fill again
The lid that overflows with tears;
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are promises of happy years.
3. There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
4. And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a happier, brighter shore
Will give him to thy arms again.
5. Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gift deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

6. For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.
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LESSON CLXXII.

ADVANCEMENT OF SOCIETY.—EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 1847.—BY PROFESSOR C. MASON.

1. IN the various capacities and tendencies of different minds, nature has provided for the advancement of society. In the infancy of society the wants of man are few, but those few are poorly supplied ; his employments are few, but they require the labor of the tribe ; and yet barbarous nations are the natural seats of famine.

2. Impelled by necessity, and encouraged by success, ingenious minds penetrate the secrets of nature, and apply them to diminish labor, and multiply its products. The ambitious aspire to power. They extend their conquests, and give laws to other tribes, until the state gradually rises, and government is established.

3. Here the various capacities of different minds find scope for their development ; and, pursuing their individual tendencies, they conspire to work out the advancement of society. Knowledge unfolds her ample page, and every line of it has a votary. The choice may seem accidental, but nature provides the tendency and supplies the impulse.

4. The votary of a specific art or science is, in some sense, a man of destiny, designated in the counsels of nature, and bound by his genius and integrity to work out the results of his calling. And while he is absorbed by his own favorite pursuit and looks coldly on the work of others, he is most effectually serving the commonwealth.

5. In the structure of different minds, nature has also provided for the origin and growth of the various institutions, which exalt the social character and adorn the private life of civilized man. Accident is not allowed to date the existence or form the character of these institutions. They were designed when the constitution of man was formed.

6. They spring up from the mutual sympathies of certain classes of minds. They are the living forms in which the progress of society is displayed, the repositories of civilization. And it is easy to mark how they originate in the classification of different minds according to their natural tendencies.

7. The man, who obeys the impulse of his specific calling, naturally separates himself from all others, and devotes himself to a peculiar work. Knowledge attracts him just in proportion as it relates to his favorite pursuit. His attention is fixed, and his affection animated; but, both are directed to a single point.

8. Conscious of an exalted aim, he veils in solitude his humble beginnings, while his imagination swells with the great results he is to produce. He feels that a peculiar dignity belongs to his pursuit. His studies and labors bring him in contact with others, who have made the same choice, and who have surmounted the obstacles he dreads.

9. Now, his sympathies, which had been suppressed, awake to their true objects. Similarity of tastes and pursuits, the true source of lasting fraternity, forms around him the social atmosphere in which he is to live, and creates for him the little world of his own associates, which is henceforth to be the theatre of his action, the field of his triumph.

10. Such is the origin of those learned, mechanical, political, and humane societies, which separate mankind into appropriate classes, according to their natural tastes and capacities. These societies checker the face of the world. Their labors are manifest and fruitful in every department of thought and action. They form the institutions, which collect and preserve the treasures of knowledge. They are the specific forms in which civilization is wrought out.

11. Institutions once established are imitated by the same class of minds which originated them. In the progress of society, they are modified and improved, or they are abolished only to make room for better organizations, designed to cover the same ground, and answer the same end: the institution itself is founded in the nature of man and in the nature of things.

LESSON CLXXIII.

“LIVE THEM DOWN!”—CINCINNATI (METHODIST) EXPOSITOR.

1. BROTHER, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, drudging day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not; though the proud ones frown!
Shrink not, fear not; *Live them down!*
2. Though to vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not slander;
Jibe and *lie* thy soul must feel;
Jest of witling, curse of clown;
Heed not either! *Live them down!*
3. *Hate* may wield her scourges horrid;
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through *cross* shall come the *crown*;
Fear no foeman! *Live them down!*

LESSON CLXXIV.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE.

1. THROUGHOUT the whole world, American enterprise has become a proverb. Go where you will, from the ice-bound north, to the regions of the torrid zone, in any path where civilized man has ever trod, upon the land or the sea ; and you will not fail to encounter evidences of the peculiar genius of our people.

2. You will find their adventurous enterprise pushing itself into every nook and corner of the globe, where the materials and opportunities of commerce may be found, or industry may be sure of a reward.

3. Nor is this spirit impelled by the pressure of any general poverty or want of employment at home, which bears so heavily upon some of the European nations ; but, it is nourished by a natural love of independence, harmonizing with the theory of our institutions ; by a sense of self-reliance and the hope of fortune, which more or less actuates every individual. It is a spirit of progress, the spirit of the age, in which our country seems destined by Providence to take the lead.

4. But it is at home that the workings of American enterprise are to be seen on the grandest scale. Here, untrammelled by ancient customs, uncurbed by despotic institutions or royal monopolies, the American artisan finds a fair field for the exercise of his powers.

England finds in her old colonies of the West, a rival, which threatens to be as dangerous to her in the strife of commerce, as it was of old, in the war of Independence. Little by little, the American manufactures are driving from the markets of the Union every article of British production ; and, in the seas of India and China, as well as in the ports of Europe, they advance, in many fabrics, at an equal pace with the old and established industry of England.

LESSON CLXXV.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—BIBLE.

1. A CERTAIN lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

2. And he, answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

3. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

4. And Jesus, answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

5. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

6. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

7. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

8. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

LESSON CLXXVI.

ADDRESS TO THE CONDOR.—MRS. ELLETT.

1. WONDROUS, majestic bird ! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring,
Nor on earth's silent breast ;
Pow'rful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,
To choose its place of rest.
2. Proud nursling of the tempest ! where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close ?
In what far clime of night,
Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,
While round thee, swells of life no kindred tone,
Suspend thy tireless flight ?
3. The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there ;
Yet 'tis thy sport to soar
Far o'er its frowning summit ; and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.
4. The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked ; thy glorious path of light on high,
Is trackless and unknown ;
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share ;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.
5. Imperial wanderer ! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee !
Beyond the bolt, beyond the lightning's gleam
Basking for ever in the unclouded beam,
Thy home, immensity !

6. And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where Heaven's pure glories shine,
And scorn the tempter's powers,
May soar where cloudless beams of heavenly light,
Pour forth their full effulgence of delight
On Heaven's immortal bowers.
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LESSON CLXXVII.

NEW ENGLAND.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

1. HAIL to the land whereon we tread !
Our fondest boast,
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host :
No slave is here ; our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.
2. Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore ;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave.
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled ;
But souls like these such toils impelled
To soar.
3. Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,

And, fearless, stemmed th' invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
 In desperate fight !
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day ;
For even our fallen fortunes lay
 In light !

4. There is no other land like thee,
 No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
 Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
 She bore.

5. Thou art the firm, unshaken rock
 On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
 And free th' oppressed ;
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
 Are blest.

6. We love thy rude and rocky shore,
 And here we stand :
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land ;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home, and leant on Heaven
 Our hand.

LESSON CLXXVIII.

PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES.—HEAD'S ROUGH NOTES.

1. As soon as we crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the captain told me, that it was a very bad place for baggage mules ; that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his *lasso* to catch what might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble if there was to be one ; so the captain took away my mule and his own ; and, while I stood on a projecting rock at the end of the pass, he scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water.

2. The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another : a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden ; and, as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of color in the animals, the different colors and shapes of the baggage which they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the dangerous path they had to cross, formed altogether a very interesting scene.

3. As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed ; and, of course, all the rest stopped also. He was the finest mule we had ; and, on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others : his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence, that I could hardly have continued my journey without them.

4. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of the mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose down to the ground, literally smelling his way, he

walked gently on, after changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped. Then, I certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus ; but, the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety : several others followed.

5. At last a young mule, carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll from under them : however, his fore legs were still upon the narrow path ; he had no room to put his head there ; but, he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth.

6. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule which came after him, and, knocking his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed the balance ; and, heels over head the poor creature instantly commenced a fall, which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular ; and then, seeming to bound off, and turning around in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back and baggage, and instantly disappeared.

7. I thought, of course, that he was killed ; but, he rose, appearing wild and scared, and immediately endeavored to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. For a moment he seemed to succeed ; but, the eddy suddenly caught the great load on his back, and turned him completely over ; down went his head, with all his baggage, and he was carried down the stream. As suddenly, however, he came up again ; but, he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned around and around by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him.

8. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassoes in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance ; but, they soon stopped ; and, after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw at

a distance a solitary mule walking towards us. We instantly perceived that he was the same whose fall we had just witnessed ; and, in a few moments, he came up to us to join his comrades.

LESSON CLXXIX.

LAKE WYALUSING.—WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

[This lake lies in a circular basin on the top of a wooded mountain in Susquehanna county, Pa. Nothing in water scenery surpasses it in features of the picturesque.]

1. A BRIDLE path we long pursued,
That up the misty mountain led,
And weeping birch and hemlock rude
The gloom of twilight round us shed ;
And to our saddle bows we stooped,
So low the trailing branches drooped.
2. A fair one of the party cried,
"This lake is but a poet's dream,
In chase of it why farther ride ?
No waters on the summit gleam."
Then checked her horse, for at his feet
Lay Wyalusing's glittering sheet.
3. Joy, like a wave, o'erflowed my soul
While looking on its basin round,
That fancy named a sparkling bowl,
By hoop of fadeless emerald bound,
From which boon Nature's holy hand
Baptized the nymphs of mountain land.
4. It blushes in the morning's glow,
And glitters in the sunset ray,

When brooks that run far, far below
Have murmured out farewell to day ;
The moonlight on its placid breast,
When dark the valley, loves to rest.

5. Wheeling in circles overhead,
The feathered king a war-scream gave ;
His form, with pinion wide outspread,
Was traced so clearly on the wave,
That, seemingly, its glass was stirred
By flappings of the gallant bird.
6. Not far away where rocky shelves,
With the soft moss of ages lined,
And seated there a row of elves
By moonlight would the poet find,
Fairies, from slumber in the shade,
Waking with soft-voiced serenade.
7. The waters slept, by wind uncurled,
Encircled by a zone of green ;
The reflex of some purer world
Within their radiant blue was seen.
I felt, while musing on the shore,
As if strong winds my soul upbore.
8. Lake ! flashing in the mountain's crown,
Thought pictured thee some diamond bright
That dawn had welcomed ; fallen down
From the starred canopy of night ;
Or chrysolite by thunder rent
From heaven's eternal battlement.

LESSON CLXXX.

EXTRACT FROM "MESSIAH."—POPE.

1. THE Savior comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
2. The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear ;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
3. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
4. No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet, with hateful eyes ;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er ;
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
5. Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.

6. On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste, sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir, and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
7. The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.
8. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
9. See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend !
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabea springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !

10. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power, remains ;
Thy realm for ever last, thy own Messiah reigns !
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LESSON CLXXXI.

CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.—ROBERTSON.

1. THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

2. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him ; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and

unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality.

4. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres.

5. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

6. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish, or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

LESSON CLXXXII.

LIFE OF A NATURALIST.—JOHN J. AUDUBON.

1. THE adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to

assure me that, though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, where I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images.

2. Nay, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupation in which I have been engaged. And, reader, the life which I have led has been, in some respects, a singular one.

3. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at an early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some Northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable, saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light.

4. Refreshed and re-invigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and re-commences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree.

5. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the object of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreat, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles a fire, prepares his meal, and, as the pigeon, or, perhaps, the breast of a turkey, or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day.

6. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene ;

his repast is finished, and, kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted him, and the sense of the Divine presence in this solitary place. Then, wishing a cordial good-night to all near friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and, closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

LESSON CLXXXIII.

PATRIOTIC SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET, ESQ., BEFORE LORD NORBURY, AT THE SESSION HOUSE, DUBLIN, ON AN ENDICTMENT FOR HIGH TREASON.

[This gallant young man had been an active leader in a Revolutionary attempt in Ireland, vulgarly and basely called, an "Irish Rebellion." He suffered death in 1803, and in the twenty-second year of his age.]

1. MY LORDS, What have I to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny, which has been heaped upon it.

2. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter; I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is; I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the

foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

3. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur : but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere : whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

4. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice : the man dies, but his memory lives : that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

5. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port ; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope ; I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High ; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest ; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the name of God against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard ; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

6. I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has

been, through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there are still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

7. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy; nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him—

[Here he was again interrupted by the court.]

8. Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen; if there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

[Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

9. I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty, to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer with tender benignity his opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he has been adjudged guilty:

10. That a judge has thought it his duty so to do, I have no

doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where are the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, be not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

11. My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court: you, my lord, are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice!

12. If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish.

13. As men, my lord, we must appear at the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives, my country's oppressor or—

[Here he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

14. My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging

him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

15. I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. This no doubt may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle, before your jury was empannelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms—

[Here the court desired him to proceed.]

16. I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

17. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

18. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide; for the ignominy of existing with an interior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her inde-

pendence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

19. I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of conspiracy." You do me honor over-much. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy*, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend; who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—

[Here he was interrupted.]

20. What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has, and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

21. I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it—

[Here the Judge interfered.]

22. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or

debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad ; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor ; in the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

23. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it ? No, God forbid !

24. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life ; O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son ; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind ; and for which I am now to offer up my life.

25. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice ; the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave : my lamp of life is nearly extinguished : my race is run : the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom !

26. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world ; it is the charity of its silence ! Let no man write my epitaph : for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character ; when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.

LESSON CLXXXIV.

RED JACKET, THE INDIAN CHIEF.—F. G. HALLECK.

1. THOU wert a monarch born. Tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages,
To thee and to thy sires, the subject knee.
2. Thy name is princely, though no poet's magic
Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Unless he had a gamut for the tragic,
And introduced it into pantomime;
3. Yet it is music in the language spoken
Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,
As nobly fought for, and as proud a token
As CŒUR DE LION'S* of a warrior's soul.
4. Thy garb, though Austria's bosom-stars would frighten
That metal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore in the dance at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine;
5. Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's† tartan, for the Highland heather;
Or forest green, for England's Robin Hood.†
6. Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's?)
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings, the ARGO's gallant sailors,
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

* Cœur de Lion, (pro. *Keur de Lee-on*), lion-hearted, a name given to Richard I., of England.

† These were celebrated outlaws, the one of Scotland, the other of England.

7. Is eloquence? Her spell is thine, that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches;
The secret of their mastery; they are short.
8. Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed;
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
And she who perished young and broken-hearted,
Are; but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.
9. The monarch-mind, the mystery of commanding,
The god-like power, the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, bending,
The hearts of millions till they move as one;
10. Thou hast it. At thy bidding, men have crowded
The road to death as to a festival;
And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded,
With banner-folds of glory, their dark pall.
11. Who will believe, not I, for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I can not spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem:
12. Who would believe, that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the patriarch's, sooth a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, as caressing,
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;
13. With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair?
14. That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas-tree:

And, in thy wrath, a nursing cat o'mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee?

15. And, underneath that face, like summer's ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow, all, save fear.
 16. Love, for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars ;
Hatred, of missionaries and cold water ;
Pride, in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars ;
 17. Hope, that thy wrongs will be, by the Great Spirit,
Remembered and revenged, when thou art gone ;
Sorrow, that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.
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LESSON CLXXXV.

A SONG FOR YOUTH.—BARSTOW.

1. OH! why should tears bedim the eye,
Or doubts obscure the mind,
Away let grief and trouble fly,
As clouds before the wind.
The fiercest tempests die away,
The roughest storms subside,
So let our hearts be light and gay,
Whatever ills betide.
2. When thick and dark the tempest lowers,
And thunders mutter low,
We feel the sweet refreshing showers,
We see hope's varied bow.

When clouds obscure the summer sky,
 And hide the sun's warm beam,
 From out the darkest clouds on high,
 The brightest lightnings gleam.

3. The dew-drops, tears of sorrowing night,
 Refresh the opening rose,
 And in the morning's joyful might,
 As beauty's cheek it glows.
 New fragrance every flow'ret gains,
 And grows more fresh and fair,
 Beneath the frequent summer rains,
 Beneath the clouded air.

4. When doubt and sorrow cloud our sky,
 And tears, as dew and rain,
 Fall on our path incessantly,
 A path of grief and pain ;
 Why, pluck the flowers upon our way,
 And see the lightning shine,
 And let our hearts be light and gay,
 'Tis useless to repine !

LESSON CLXXXVI.

NIAGARA FALLS.—BRAINERD.

1. THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand ;"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
 And spake in that loud voice, which seemed to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Savior's sake,

“The sound of many waters;” and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks!
“Deep calleth unto deep!”

2. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
O, what are all the notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side ?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar ?
3. And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? *A light wave,*
That breaks and whispers of its Maker's might.

LESSON CLXXXVII.

THE FAMILY MEETING.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here !
 Father, mother,
 Sister, brother,
 All who hold each other dear.
 Each chair is filled : we're all at home :
 To-night, let no cold stranger come :
 It is not often thus around
 Our old familiar hearth we're found :
 Bless then the meeting and the spot ;
 For once, be every care forgot ;
 Let gentle Peace assert her power,
 And kind Affection rule the hour ;
 We're all, all here.

2.

We're not all here !

Some are away ; the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band :
Some, like a night flash passed away,
And some sank lingering day by day ;
The quiet grave-yard ; some lie there ;
And cruel Ocean has his share :

We're not all here.

3.

We are all here !

Even they, the dead, though dead, so dear,
Fond Memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears !
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast ;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're round us, as they were of old :

We are all here.

4.

We are all here !

Father, mother,
Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said ;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
Oh ! then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below ;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all ; all ; here !

LESSON CLXXXVIII.

THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.—LITERARY EMPORIUM.

1. A SUPERFICIAL observer of the inequalities of life, might suppose there is a greater variety of human happiness than corresponds with facts. The parade of power, the pride of birth, and the magnificence of wealth, seem to indicate an enjoyment far greater than can subsist with the plain attire, the frugal repast, and the humble seclusion of the cottage. This would be a correct inference, if the mind could be happy by the parade of external circumstances.

2. But a contented mind is the only source of happiness, and consequently, "if one flutters in brocade," and moves amidst the refinements of society, and another is clad in homely attire and occupies the sequestered valley or the recesses of the forest, it is not certain that this variety of external circumstances furnishes an equal variety of happiness. If God has given to one the luxuries and the honors of life, he has given to another a meek and a quiet spirit.

3. Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath prepared for them that love him? So I thought, when in the bosom of one of those western wilds, (with which our infant country yet abounds,) I was prompted by humanity, as well as by duty, to visit the lonely dwelling of a poor afflicted widow. The path that leads to this cottage is over a mountain and through a forest which has never echoed to the axe of the husbandman.

4. As I climbed the toilsome way, I asked myself, what unhappy beings, rent from the bosom of society, have chosen to bury their bones in this noiseless retreat. I had not imagined that I should find so lovely a being as I have named, "The Lily of the Mountain." As I advanced, a little opening presented the cottage, sending up its solitary wreaths of smoke. There is a charm when one first emerges from the bosom of the wilderness, and catches the smoke of a dwelling, and hears the barking of the jealous

watch-dog, which can not be described, and which can be realized only by experience.

5. I had now reached the cottage, and stooped to gain admission through the humble door. The building consisted of a pile of logs, unceremoniously rolled together in the form of a dwelling, and supporting with more than the strength of Gothic architecture the half thatched roof.

6. On a mat, near the door, lay a son, the support of declining age, with a foot half amputated by an unfortunate blow from the axe. The wound had been dressed by an empiric of the neighboring settlement; and the patient, left to the care of his widowed mother, was perusing a much worn tract. Near by, upon the only couch, lay the interesting form which constitutes the subject of my narrative. The victim of consumption, she resembled, indeed, the beautiful, but fading lily.

7. Confined from the sun and air, her complexion had assumed a delicate whiteness, and the slow, wasting fever had tinged her cheeks with a most beautiful color. Her disease had reached that state in its progress which gives a transparency to the skin, and throws around the female form the loveliness of an angel, awakening those mingled emotions which I shall not attempt to describe, and which excite the earnest prayer that death, having rendered his victim so pensively beautiful, may relinquish his purpose.

8. With indescribable feelings I drew near the couch of this interesting sufferer. Her expressive eyes spoke of happier days, and her raven tresses, that lay dishevelled on her pillow, seemed to whisper, that had this flower, thus

“———born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,”

been transplanted to the parterre, it might have surpassed in beauty and fragrance its sister flowers.

9. But I was anxious to learn the approaching destiny of the spirit that animated this form of loveliness. Do you feel that God is just in bringing upon you such great afflictions? “I am not afflicted, and if I were, God is just.” But you are unhappy to lie

in this wretched condition. "I am not unhappy ; it is better to be as I am now, than as I was once ; for then I thought too much of the world."

10. If then you are happy, and reconciled to your condition, you must have found something more than the happiness of this world. "I have that which the world can not give." Have you no hope of recovery ? "I have no wish to recover." Have you no fear of death ? "I am not afraid to die, God is so good that I am safe with him." Yes, God is good, but we are wicked. "O yes, (clasping her emaciated hands,) I have been so wicked that I do not suffer half as much as I deserve, but Christ is merciful."

11. Have you no fears that you may be deceived ? "No fears now ; perfect love casteth out fear." Are you not sometimes in darkness, when you are in great pain ? "I do not think of pain ; I am happy, and shall soon go home." There was an affecting artlessness in all she said which I can not describe, and a promptness which beautifully illustrated the inspired truth, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

12. I found myself in the presence of one who had learned much in the school of Christ, and who seemed just spreading her wings for the mansions of rest. Consolation, instruction, sympathy, she needed none, for she had already passed within the veil. I remained silently admiring the pure influence of Christianity, while religion herself seemed to stand bending over her child in all the loveliness with which inspiration has arrayed. This child of affliction, for such, without her permission, I must call her, had for two years indulged the Christian hope.

13. No ambassador of Christ had been there to lead her within the enclosure of the Church ; no pious visitant had entered the humble dwelling, to impart the bliss of Christian fellowship. But ministering angels had descended, and she had learned of the Father. Resigned to the lot of humanity, and supported by that faith which is the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," she had bid adieu to the world, and was waiting to be called to the abodes of the blessed.

14. The widowed mother, too, could plead the promise made to

the widow and the fatherless. Having commended to the great Shepherd this little group of afflicted, secluded beings, and bade them adieu for ever, as I silently retraced my steps to the more busy scenes of life ; I indulged the train of reflections suggested by the scene I had witnessed. The impression which it stamped indelibly upon my mind, I need not describe. There is still a freshness in the scene, (for I am relating facts,) which can be lost only with the power of recollection.

15. The reader, when he is assured that the page he peruses contains no fiction, will make his own reflections, and he will be impressed with the truth that true happiness is found in the humbler as in the more elevated walks of life. The gay and beautiful, whose attention is devoted to the walks of pleasure, while they pity this afflicted sister of the wilderness, will feel the importance of seeking that religion which supported her in the hour of affliction, and which constituted the loveliness of her character.

16. The pious fair, too, who in their sphere of benevolence resemble angels of mercy, will not in their "walks of usefulness" forget the cottage of the poor. The cottage scene will afford to the benevolent mind a happiness far superior to a visit in the halls of a palace. I love to recur, in my lonely meditations, to "the lodge in the wilderness ;" and, I would rather visit the solitary grave of this departed saint, (for, she now sleeps beneath the shade of the adjacent forest,) and read her rudely sculptured name, than gaze upon the "storied urn and animated bust" of the proudest hero.

LESSON CLXXXIX.

HOW PAIN CAN BE A CAUSE OF DELIGHT.—BURKE.

1. PROVIDENCE has so ordered it, that a state of rest and inaction, however it may flatter our indolence, should be productive of many inconveniences ; that it should generate such disorders, as may force us to have recourse to some labor, as a thing absolutely

requisite to make us pass our lives with tolerable satisfaction ; for, the nature of rest is to suffer all the parts of our bodies to fall into a relaxation, that not only disables the members from performing their functions, but takes away the vigorous tone of fibre which is requisite for carrying on the natural and necessary secretions.

2. At the same time, that, in this languid, inactive state, the nerves are more liable to the most horrid convulsions, than when they are sufficiently braced and strengthened. Melancholy, dejection, and despair, is the consequence of the gloomy view we take of things in this relaxed state of the body.

3. The best remedy for all these evils is exercise or labor ; and labor is a surmounting of difficulties, an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles ; and as such, resembles pain, which consists in tension or contraction, in every thing but degree.

4. Labor is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions ; but it is equally necessary to these finer and more delicate organs, on which, and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers act.

5. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned ; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

LESSON CXC.

DIVISION OF LABOR.—ADAM SMITH.

1. OBSERVE the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized country, and you will perceive that the number of people, whose industry has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers him, coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labor of a great multitude of workmen.

2. The shepherd, the sorter of wool, the wool-comber, the dyer, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, with many others, must all join their different arts, in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers besides must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others ! How much commerce and navigation in particular ; how many ship-builders, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world !

3. What a variety of labor, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of these workmen ! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labor is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the millwright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them.

4. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture ; the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed on which he lies, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage :

5. All the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable

habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences :

6. If we examine all those things, and consider what a variety of labor is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible, that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is usually accommodated.

LESSON CXCI.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.—N. P. WILLIS.

1. SHE stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming.

I have thought,
A brother's and a sister's love was much.
I know a brother's is, for I have loved
A trusting sister ; and I know how broke
The heart may be with its own tenderness.
But the affection of a delicate child
For a fond father, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and living on
Through all earth's changes,
Must be holier !

2. The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals ;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts,
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.

3. Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,

6. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God in agony.
She knew that he was stricken then, and rushed
Again into his arms, and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He told her, and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance : and then, the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened, and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said, "'Tis well,
And I will die !"

 And when the sun had set,
Then she was dead, but not by violence.

LESSON CXCI.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS ON RETIRING FROM THE PUBLIC
SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—GEORGE
WASHINGTON.

1. In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal.

2. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances somewhat dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success

has countenanced the spirit of criticism ; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected.

3. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing prayers, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence ; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual ; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained ; that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue ; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use, of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption, of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

4. Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which can not end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanence of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former, and not dissimilar occasion.

5. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness ; these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity.

6. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property,

for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education, on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principles.

7. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

8. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

9. Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

10. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

11. In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of empires. But if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some

partial benefit, some occasional good ; that they may now and then recur, to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism : this hope will be a full recompense for that solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dedicated.

12. How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have, at least, BELIEVED myself to be guided by them.

13. Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert and mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence ; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

14. Relying on its kindness in this, as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

LESSON CXCIIL.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.—CONCLIN'S NEW RIVER GUIDE.

1. THE Mammoth Cave is one of the most stupendous wonders of nature that has ever yet been discovered. It is situated in Ed-

monson county, Kentucky, equi-distant from the cities of Louisville and Nashville, about ninety miles from each, and immediately on the nearest road between those two places. It is within half a mile of Green River. A full description of its many avenues and wonderful recesses, rivers, &c., may be found in a work published in Louisville, to which I would refer all who may wish to learn more of this great curiosity than space can be afforded for in this work.

2. The cave has already been explored for more than eighteen miles, and it is supposed that even this is but scarcely on the threshold of its vast extent. It contains two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, eight cataracts, several rivers, and twenty-three pits, most of them of surprising beauty and startling grandeur. It is visited by great numbers of visitors, and fine accommodations have been made for them, in a magnificent hotel; where every facility of guides, &c., can be obtained to explore the cave. I extract some brief descriptions of it from the work already referred to, hoping that the readers will obtain it and satisfy themselves with a more extended description :

3. "For a distance of two miles from the cave, as you approach it from the southeast, the country is level. It was, until recently, a prairie, on which, however, the oak, chestnut, and hickory are now growing." "The hotel is a large edifice, two hundred feet long by forty wide, with piazzas extending the length of the building above and below." "The cave is about two hundred yards from the hotel, and you proceed to it down a lovely and romantic dell, rendered umbrageous by a forest of trees and grape-vines; and, passing by the ruins of saltpetre furnaces, and large mounds of ashes, you turn abruptly to the right and behold the mouth of the great cavern, and as suddenly feel the coldness of the air. It is an appalling spectacle; how dark, how dismal, how dreary!

4. "Descending some thirty feet, down rather rude steps of stone, you are fairly under the arch of this 'nether world;' before you, in looking outward, is seen a small stream of water falling from the face of a crowning rock, with a wild, pattering sound, upon the ruins below, and disappearing in a deep pit; behind

you, all is gloom and darkness! Obtaining a lamp from the guide, you follow him in a descending course for about a hundred feet, when the passage is intercepted by a rough stone wall, the entrance to which is closed by a gate. This being opened, so strong is the current of air, that the lights are almost instantaneously extinguished.

5. "Relighting the lamps, the visiter then proceeds to the great vestibule, or ante-chamber, two hundred feet in length by one hundred and fifty wide, with a roof which is as flat and level as if finished by the trowel of the plasterer, of fifty or sixty, or even more, feet in height. Two passages, each a hundred feet in width, open into it at opposite extremities." "Passing on, you come to the Great Bat Room, or Audubon's Avenue. Here the workmen who were engaged in 1814 in manufacturing saltpetre, disinterred many skeletons of human beings, which seem to have belonged to a giant race. Audubon's Avenue is more than a mile long, fifty or sixty feet wide, and of about the same height.

6. "Passing the Little Bat Room, a branch of this avenue, you enter the Main Cave, or Grand Gallery, a vast tunnel extending for miles, having a width and height of fifty feet. Passing down this, little over a quarter of a mile, you enter the Church, where religious services have often been performed. It is about one hundred feet in diameter, with a ceiling sixty-three feet high, having a solid projection of the wall about fifteen feet from the floor, serving as a pulpit, and back of it a place for an organ and choir. Proceeding a short distance, you arrive at the Second Hoppers, where are to be seen the remains of the saltpetre manufactories, of which the dirt of the cave yields such immense quantities. During the war of 1814, in one year, the contract for saltpetre from this cave amounted to twenty thousand dollars.

7. "Proceeding along, you pass through the Gothic Gallery, Gothic Avenue, so named from their architectural shape. The avenue is two miles long, about forty feet wide and fifteen high. About fifty feet from the head of the stairs leading from the main avenue, two mummies were found in 1813, in a fine state of preservation. One of them was a female, with her wardrobe and or-

naments placed at her side. The body was in a perfect state of preservation, and sitting erect. The arms were folded, and the hands laid across the bosom. Around the wrists was wound a small cord, designed, probably, to keep them in the posture in which they were first placed.

8. "Around the body and neck, there were wrapped two deer-skins. These skins appear to have been dressed in some mode different from what is now practised by any people of whom we have any knowledge. The hair of these skins was cut off very near the surface, and they were ornamented with the imprints of vines and leaves, which were sketched with a substance perfectly white. Outside of these two skins was a large square sheet, which was either woven or knit. The fabric was of the inner bark of a tree, resembling the South Sea Island cloth or matting." The body was about five feet ten inches in length, and weighed but fourteen pounds. At its side lay a pair of moccasins, a knapsack and reticule, all made very neatly of knit or woven bark. Other articles of apparel were found in the knapsack, which evinced great skill in their manufacture.

9. Proceeding on, you pass the Stalagmite Hall, or Gothic Chapel, which "forcibly reminds one of the old cathedrals of Europe." A large number of beautiful chambers follow, which have appropriate names, and are all matters of great curiosity, but which we have not space to mention. The Star Chamber, farther on, "presents the most perfect optical illusion imaginable. In looking up to the ceiling, which is very high, you seem to see the very firmament itself, studded with stars, and afar off a comet with its long bright tail."

10. Farther on is the chief city or Temple, which is thus described by Lee, in his "Notes on the Mammoth Cave:" "The Temple is an immense vault, covering an area of two acres, and covered by a single dome of solid rock, one hundred and twenty feet high. It excels in size the Cave of Staffa; and rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparos, which is said to be the largest in the world." * * "Every one has heard of the dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, of St. Peter's, and St. Paul's; they

are never spoken of but in terms of admiration, as the chief works of architecture, and among the noblest and most stupendous examples of what man can do, when aided by science; and yet, when compared with the dome of this Temple, they sink into comparative insignificance.

11. "Such is the surpassing grandeur of Nature's works." There is also the Great Dome, four hundred feet high, with a waterfall from its summit; the River Hall, the ceiling of which "stretches away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight;" the Dead Sea and River Styx, which seem to answer well their names, and the Echo, a river "wide and deep enough to float the largest steamer." In these rivers are found the remarkable eyeless fish, having not the least indication of an eye, or any organ similar to it.

12. Four miles beyond the Echo, is Cleveland's Avenue, after entering which you may ascend a steep and rugged hill about twenty feet high, and find yourself at the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, about twelve feet square, decorated with stalactite in a most beautiful manner. A passage conducts into a room a few feet below the chapel, in which stands a grave, having the appearance of having been hewn out of a living rock. Cleveland's Avenue is three miles long, and adorned with most beautiful formations of crystals.

13. There are many other places of great interest, and which strike the beholder with admiration and awe. The cave is dry, and exceedingly conducive to health. It is visited by many invalids, for the purpose of inhaling its air; and, in many instances, proves highly beneficial. It should be visited by all who can do so, for the purpose of witnessing one of the most sublime and gigantic works of nature to be seen in any country.

LESSON CXCIV.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.—MISS MITFORD.

1. FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave ; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame ;
But base, ignoble slaves ; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ! lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
In that strange spell ; a name.

2.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor ; there he stands,
Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ; men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common :
I have known deeper wrongs.

3.

I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once ; a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy : " there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple." How I loved

That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother, at once, and son ! " He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips." In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance.

4. Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king ! And once again ;
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus ! once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free ; her sons
Shall walk with princes.
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LESSON CXC.V.

MORNING IN SPRING.—GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

1. How sweet the landscape ! Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of Day,
And bright mists, o'er the forest pines,
Like happy spirits, float away
To revel on the mountain's crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down,
Through woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep blue sky.

2. The woven sounds of bird and stream
Are falling beautiful and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream
Of music on the hour of sleep ;
And gently from the dewy bowers
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through the purple grove,
And blending with the notes of Love.
3. The streams in veins of silver flow ;
The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
A fairy bark upon the sea ;
It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
It draws the heart from its retreat,
To mingle in the glories, born
In the first holy light of morn.
4. A cloud is on the sky above ;
And calmly, o'er the young year blue,
'Tis coming like a thing of love
To gladden in the rising dew :
Its white waves with the sunlight blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend
From its unrolling folds, to hear
The glad sounds of our joyous sphere.
5. The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
Smiles in its deep, unbroken rest,
As it were dreaming of the trees
And blossoms pictured on its breast ;
Its depths are glowing, bright, and fair,
And the far skies seem hollowed there,
Soft trembling, as they felt the thrill
Of music echoed from the hill.

6. The living soul of beauty fills
The air with glorious visions ; bright
They linger round the sunny hills,
And wander in the clear blue light ;
Off to the breathing heavens they go,
Along the earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles,
And beckon to its glittering isles.
7. O, at this hour, when air and earth
Are gushing love, and joy, and light,
And songs of gladness, at the birth
Of all that's beautiful and bright ;
Each heart beats high ; each thought is blown
To flame ; the spirit drinks the tone
Of brighter worlds, and melts away
In visions of eternal day.
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LESSON CXCVI.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.—POPE.

1. VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
2. Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away ! ”
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3. The world recedes ; it disappears ;
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
"O Grave, where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ?"
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LESSON CXCVII.

GENIUS.—FANNY FORRESTER.

1. GENIUS seems to be confined to no soil, no government, no age or nation, and no rank in society. When men lived in wandering tribes, and could boast no literature, the bright flame burnt among them, although wild and often deadly its ray ; and the foot of oppression, which crushes all else, has failed to extinguish it.

2. Hence it has rashly been inferred that this peculiar gift, possessed by the favored few, may be perfected without any exertion on their part, and is subject to none of the rules which, in all other cases, govern intellect ; but that, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, it must burst forth when and where it will, and be burnt up in the blaze of its own glory, leaving but the halo of its former brightness upon the historic page.

3. This inference, however, is alike erroneous and dangerous. Though genius be an unsought gift ; a peculiar emanation from the Divine Mind, it was not originally intended as a glorious curse, to crush the spirit which it elevates.

4. Perchance, the pent-up stream within the soul *must* find an avenue ; but he who bears the gift may choose that avenue ; may direct, control, and divert ; he may scatter the living waters on a thousand objects, or pour their whole force upon one ; he may calm and purify them, by this means rendering them none the less deep, or he may allow them to dash and foam, until however they sparkle, the dark sediments of vice and misery, thus made to mingle, may be found in every gem.

5. Let us turn to the oft-quoted name of Byron ; a name that can scarcely be mentioned by the admirers of genius, without a thrill of pain. Byron, like his own archangel, ruined, guiding a fallen son of clay in his search after mysteries, has delved among hidden treasures, and spread before us the richest gems of Helicon ; but scarce one of these but is dark in its glory, and, although with all the fire of heaven-born poesy, sends forth a mingled and dangerous ray.

6. But had a mother whispered her pious counsels in his ear during boyhood ; had a friendly finger pointed out a nobler revenge when that first cutting satire was penned ; and had a better, a holier sentiment than the mean passion of revenge urged him on to action, and governed his after aspirations, think you that the archangel of earth would have stood less glorious ? No ; Byron's spirit had a self-rectifying power, and he could have used it, but he did not ; and, although he has well won the laurel, a poison more bitter than death is dropping from every leaf.

7. The common mind, never tempted, may wonder at the waywardness of genius, and despise the weakness of its possessor ; and the generous one that sees the struggle and mourns the wreck, may pity and apologize ; and both are in some degree right. While we admire and pity, we must wonder at the weakness of the strength that, subdued all else, faded beneath its own weight.

8. We know that the gifted ones of earth have stronger passions, more irresistible wills, and quicker and more dangerous impulses than other men ; and, for this very reason, should they cultivate more assiduously the noble powers by which these passions and impulses are governed. Each individual possesses them ; but they *must be cultivated !*

9. It is our conception of the mysteries of this gift which leads us to look back with such peculiar interest upon the infancy of a man of genius, expecting there to discover at least some flashes of the Divine ray which lighted up his after life. The dusty memories of nurses and village oracles are ransacked for anecdotes, which oftentimes neither the additions suggested by pride and partial affection, nor the transforming medium of the past, through which

they are viewed, can swell into any thing like superiority to the sayings and doings of other children.

10. He who will watch an intelligent child through one day, will be astonished at the bright flashes of untaught intellect which, could they be abstracted from childish notions in which they are almost entirely buried, would be thought, by any but him who found them in such amusing vicinity, the sure precursors of greatness.

11. True, real genius often shows itself in childhood ; but that it always does, or that such a development is desirable, may be seriously questioned. The child who writes verses at six, or gives other indications of genius surpassing his years, may be wondered at and admired as a prodigy ; but the parent ought to tremble on observing the premature fruit bursting through the petals of the not yet unfolded bud.

12. There is an evidence of disease in this, which, in one way or another, almost always proves fatal. This unnatural power wears out itself, or the frame of its possessor : either the mind or the body must fail under such a rapid development.

13. The village pedagogue, in his old age, may look about him wonderingly ; for, it is not unlikely that the least promising of all his flock takes the highest stand, while his bright, ever-ready favorite, that he was sure would become a *great man*, does not rise above mediocrity. There is nothing strange or capricious in this. It is the sure result of natural causes, and has its counterpart in all the works of Nature, even in the human frame.

14. Rapid growth produces weakness in the bones and sinews ; and, in some cases, this growth has been so rapid as to become an actual disease, and carry its victim to the grave. Many are the instances of intellectual development, so rapid as to weaken the mind, and sink it even below mediocrity ; or, on the other hand, to produce premature death. For examples of this last result, we must not go to the tombs of the early dead or of the old world ; nor is it necessary to visit the banks of the Saranac, where drooped the fairest buds* that ever shed the fragrance of heaven upon earth.

* Lucretia Maria and Margaret Davidson.

15. We can find them in our own midst. Many are the gifted little beings, who, after basking in the sunshine and rejoicing among the flowers of a few short summers, pass away all unknown to the world, leaving only the frail memorials of their early genius to sooth, yet sadden even in the moment of soothing, the hearts that cherished them.

16. The mind, when it first becomes conscious of its own capabilities, puts no limits to them, and will only be urged onward by each barrier thrown in its way; but a judicious hand may direct its course, calm its turbulence, sooth its sensitiveness, and teach it to be its own supporter, without endangering in the least degree its freshness and originality.

LESSON CXCVIII.

EVENING.—LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

1. THE effulgence of the sun is no longer witnessed; his last rays have tinged the verdant landscape; and, he has now retired beyond the western mountains. The moon, with majestic beauty and brightness, maintains her ceaseless course, and guides the wanderer to his home. The twinkling stars, decorating the canopy above, and sparkling with undiminished splendor, speak forth the wisdom of the great Original.

2. All nature breathes a solemn adieu to the departing day: silence pervades the earth; and intelligent beings may now pause to contemplate, with those hallowed feelings which the auspicious period inspires, the glories of their Creator, the wisdom and beauty of all his works.

3. This sacred hour is peculiarly adapted to awaken feelings of gratitude; to inspire the heart with holy love; to animate our hopes, and guide to virtue. Man is the only intelligent creature that inhabits the globe; the only being who can admire and love his Creator. How exalted his rank! how noble his existence!

4. There are moments in life, in which we are led to contemplation : there is a time, when the past is recalled ; when the future is anticipated. That time is evening ; when we sit by the burning taper ; or when, by moonlight, we range the fertile fields.

“ Oft have I paused, when ev’ning’s silent hour
Was fraught with beauties seemingly divine,
To feast the soul, within her sacred bower,
With luxuries, she seemed to say were mine.”

5. Evening outvies every other hour in time. The day has passed, with all its perplexities and cares ; naught presents to disturb the tranquil breast ; and we are permitted to enjoy the sacred sweets which memory awakens. And though it may always be pleasing to reflect on the past, still it is profitable. The present will be appreciated ; the future prepared for. The morning and noon-day of life, may pass unheeded ; but the evening of existence will come ; and that it may beam with hope, we should improve life as it passes.

LESSON CXCIX.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.—MRS. HEMANS.

1. THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee ;
Man’s voice unbroken by sighs was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air ;
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.
But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell,
Told by its plaintive tone,
That from woman’s lip it fell.

2. "Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and joyous strain;
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."
"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"
3. "We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."
"But wo for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children played
'Midst birds and honey-bees!"
4. "All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."
"But oh! the gray church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden-bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"
5. "We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring, in boundless woods;

And our works on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
Home, home, and friends, farewell!"

LESSON CC.

THE BLIND PREACHER.—WIRT.

1. It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives.

2. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man. His head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was the day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago.

4. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a

new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

5. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior ; his trial before Pilate ; his ascent up Calvary ; his crucifixion ; and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

6. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews ; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet : my soul kindled with a flame of indignation ; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

7. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour ; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, " Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do !" the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of tears.

8. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks, of the congregation. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher.

9. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them,

without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

10. I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*.

11. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house.

12. The preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher;" then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice; "but Jesus Christ; like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

LESSON CCI.

SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CESAR.—SHAKSPEARE.

1. ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and

have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge.

2. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cesar, this is my answer; not that I loved Cesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

3. Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition.

4. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

5. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

LESSON CCII.

MARCO BOZZARIS.—F. G. HALLECK.

[Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

1. At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;

In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2. At midnight, in the forest-shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.
3. An hour passed on ; the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
" To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
He woke to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shouts, falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
" Strike till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike for your altars and your fires ;
Strike for the green graves of your sires ;
God, and your native land !"
4. They fought like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;

They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

5. Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form ;
The earthquake's shock ; the ocean's storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
And thou art terrible ; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.
6. But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when its task of fame is wrought ;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought ;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men !

7. Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian Isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
8. Bozzaris ! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
9. But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone ;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch, and cottage-bed ;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
10. And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys ;

And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

LESSON CCIIL.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 ; OR, THE CONTRAST. A TEMPERANCE
 DIALOGUE.—S. W. SETON.

JOSEPH BLUSTER, *the son of a Drunkard, working for the Tobacco Rollers, and not at School.*

CHARLES CAREFUL, *and* RICHARD PRUDENCE, *keeping the Fourth of July with the Temperance Society.*

SCENE—near Harlem.

Prudence and Careful resting by the way to the Rail-Road—Charles standing—Henry sitting down, on a rock, by some bushes.

[A small box with a cedar limb, a little grass, and a couple of large stones. Charles has a basket covered with a napkin, containing cherries ; and bears a small flag which he sticks in the ground ; Richard has a basket of crackers and a *jug of water*.]

Richard. What a delightful day ! we'll have the *best time* of any one in York.

Charles. So we shall ; and it will be such a rational way of keeping the Fourth of July ; and then it will bear looking at *to-morrow*, when those who keep up Independence after the old fashion will be sick and sore enough ; while we shall be all the fresher for work, and our teachers for *their* work and business ; what a blessing to the nation if every one would keep it so. [*Bluster runs along with a black jug and a piece of a ragged flag.*]

R. Halloo, Joseph ! whither so fast ; you must have some *great game* in view by your haste.

J. Do not stop me for all the world ; I have not any time ; for, I have to take Bob Racket's crackers to him, and join him to see the parade ; for, we are going partners ; *half a dollar* between us ; you do not know that ! So I must make haste home with the old jug ; [*holds it up ; a black jug, lettered white, with the word "stingo ;"*] for Pop's going to have Uncle Tom, Squire Thumper, and Capt. Slambang ; and they are going to have a *roaring* time, to keep up Independence.

R. Keep up Independence by *roaring* ! what a way for rational beings, and for the sons of freemen, on this our nation's birth-day. But what have you there ? Something to make the roar come ? If it is, it must be something of the nature of fire and brimstone, for that makes the cannons roar !

J. Oh ! *we* are going to do *that too* ; [*shakes his bunch of crackers as he explodes a torpedo.*] But *this is roaring old stingo* ! only *half a gallon*, just a pint a piece for them ; I got it down to the *Red Dragon* ! and by the time they have settled it up, [*turns over the jug,*] they will roar like big guns, I guess !

C. But what do you call *old stingo* ?

J. Why, that is just what Uncle Tom and father call it ; *rale old Jamaky* !

C. *Old Rum, is it ?* Well, they have hit on the *right* name at last, Joseph ; for, folks were warned about its sting as long ago as the day of Solomon, who said, " at last it *biteth* as a *serpent*, and STINGETH as an adder : " it would be well if *stingo* was written on every *still-pipe* in the country ; for, they appear, like great anacondas to *sting* and squeeze one to death ; say what you will, they are nothing but great *copper-heads*.

R. How strange it is, that the *quiet, peaceable* sort of thing called the *still-worm* ; that loves to lie all the time in cold water, should make folks roar so ; and, so fond of fire as to eat it. I tell you what, folks had better let *it alone* ; it is a *snake* in the grass ; a real *rattlesnake* ; its bite is MORTAL ; I know it by *its noise* ! Yes, STINGO is the right name *for it*, so that is its *name* now, and all that use it shall be called *sting-ITES*.

J. I do not care for *that* ; it's good, tho' !

R. So is *arsenic good*, Joseph ; good to *kill rats*, and so is *mercury*, (calomel,) good in the hands of a doctor, when folks are sick, and the doctor mixes it, then it *may* be safe ; but would you have every one take it, and at all times, as they do your *poison stingo* ?

J. *My father* says, his father told *him*, that *his father* told *him*, that his father told *him*, that old stingo was as good as *doctor's stuff* ; and, father thinks his stomach feels so good when he takes a small glass *early* in the *morning*, so that he can not help taking another *before breakfast*.

R. As long ago as the days of Isaiah, Joseph, this was said to be the road to captivity : " wo unto them that rise up *early* to follow *strong drink*," " therefore, they go into captivity."

C. So I suppose your father's father's *father* was a prisoner in chains, too, as well as your Uncle Tom ?

J. Why, they were always *pretty high-minded* ; but then they were always well down in the world, too : father says they all died young, and made out poorly.

R. That appears as if old stingo was not as good *doctor's stuff*, as early rising, industry, and *cold water*.

J. But the doctors use it, Richard.

R. Not *all of them* ; for, some of them, to their honor, be it said, are *teetotallers* ; they neither *take* it nor *give* it ; and, what is more, they do not even *wink at it*.

C. There is Dr. Waters, he says there are many other things they can use in its stead ; and, he says it is downright murder, under such circumstances, even to heal a patient by such means, seeing it does but *prolong the life* of a *monster* that has *destroyed* so many lives !

R. Besides, Joseph, you might as well excuse the *sting-ites*, [*significantly*,] you understand me, for putting a *knife* to their throat because the *doctor* uses it to *amputate a broken limb* ; for shame ! I tell you I am like the son of the ancient Rechabites. My grandfather's father told my father, that his father told his father that his father told him that his great grandfather told him, that wine, (for *that* is what they used to call *stingo*,) that he would

not touch it ; nor put the bottle to his neighbor's nose ; and, that it should only be taken from the doctor's own hand, and then we ought to say, "Doctor, will not any thing else do?"

J. Well, I do not know but you are half right ; for, if it is doctor stuff, only doctors should deal it out. Father takes it half and half ; Uncle Tom and 'Squire Thumper a little over ; but Capt. Slambang says he is up to the mark ; for, he takes it clear raw : now once when the captain set down his glass, (a most uncommon thing for the captain, but he was telling one of his tough stories, and was taking a chew out of his mouth,) I just tasted it, and I thought my head was off : it was like fire !

R. Why, it is fire !

J. Well, I really believed it that time, and wondered how the captain could tip it off so, [*turning the jug,*] unless his throat was lined with copper pipe such as they make it with.

C. Ay, Joseph, or something very like, for the skin must be pretty well *tanned* with tobacco juice. What an abuse are all these things against the simple order of Nature. I am out of all patience with civilized people that chew or smoke tobacco or opium ; drink laudanum or stingo ; brown stout or blackstrap ; pale ale or rosy champaign, port, claret or hock, mint juleps, stone fence or flips, cider brandy or cider, cherry bounce or currant wine, malmsy or cherry, beer, metheglin or mead or ginger pop, carbonated mead, lemonade, or even to the far-famed *carbureted hydrogen pale beer*, is to be the portable drink of the tyro stingites for the present summer. You should never have touched the captain's glass, Joseph ; for, I am afraid you have not seen the end of it.

J. I do not know but that you are *more than half right* then ; for, I *have tasted* it a great many times since.

C. Now, Joseph, [*stepping forward and taking him by the hand.*]

J. But stop, and let me tell you how it was ; mother never took a bit till last New Year's day ; father fixed some hot stuff with sugar in it ; and mother has been pretty faithful to it ever since, only whenever she takes it she goes into our back-room, clear by herself, and when she comes out she says, Sonny, there is some

sugar for you. So one day I said, Mother, it tastes like *Pop's old stingo!* then she never *asked me any more!* but I have watched the glass ever since. I can not bear the stingo, though; but, I can not help it, *I do like* that SUGAR; and, I do not think stingo smells bad; I rather like the smell of it; [*opens the jug and smells,*] just smell it.

[*C. approaches.*] Why, it makes my head turn.

J. Oh, you are not used to it, smell it hard. [*C. and R. both rush towards him with earnestness.*] Do, Joseph, desist, we can never bear this; do let us persuade you never to smell or taste it.

J. Well, I do not like it, and I wish father did not. But what must I do? do tell me.

C. Do? why, fly for your life.

R. Come with us to-day, and we'll talk more about it; for, we are going to keep up Independence too. Rum with sugar has slain its tens of thousands; and it makes a man a *slave*; a drunken American is a contradiction as much as a *free slave*; for, a drunkard in this land of liberty forswears his country and is twice a slave; come with us and keep 4th of July in our new way; not without spirits, but with the spirits of '76; for this is the only spirit that should flow on such a day; a jubilee of thanksgiving for freedom.

J. But what do you mean by the spirits of '76, Richard?

R. A spirit of independence and freedom, a spirit of total abstinence and self-denial, when our fathers not only declared they would be free, but that they would not drink that which made them slaves. You remember the Boston *Tea Party* before the Revolution; that is the spirit I mean.

C. What a pity, Joseph, that it had not been old stingo; then indeed, we might have enjoyed a purer freedom at this day

R. But, Charles, they left this triumph to us, their sons, we who pledge ourselves to total abstinence, and self-denial for our *own* and our neighbors' sake, and our country's good, and keep up independence with nothing but, [*unstopping the jug and taking a good swig.*]

J. [*eagerly.*] Of what? now you know what is in *my jug*, tell me what is in *Tom's*.

C. Guess.

J. Why, you have made such a war of words against the whole grist of drinks, from *stingo* to switzell and lemonade, that it leaves me no room to guess.

J. Ginger pop?

R. No.

J. Spruce beer?

C. No, no.

J. Mead?

R. No, it is not.

J. Lemonade?

C. Nor that either.

J. Pale ale?

R. Yes, *very pale*.

J. Well, I *thought so* : I will sign for cold water too, if you will give me *plenty of ale*.

R. Yes, it is ale, and very pale. [*He pours some in his hand,*] only see how very pale.

J. Oh, do not waste it, [*puts his finger in it and tastes,*] why it has no taste and not a bit of fire in it; it must be a cool, pleasant drink.

R. That it is, and it is *old* enough too, it is as old as the hills. This is *Adam's ale*, the pure juice of the crystal rock.

J. It is water! you can get it anywhere.

R. That is just as it should be; nothing more wanted; and through the blessing of Divine Providence nothing *more plenty*; it pours down from the sky, comes up from the earth; roaring rivers and cataracts call out to us, Come and drink! What a plentiful supply for man and beast.

J. Well, now come to think, I wonder why folks do not use more of it, seeing it costs nothing; why, uncle Sam says, he does not know how water tastes, for he has not touched a drop since General Brown crossed the Canadas, most thirty years, pop says, and then he had a fever and thought old *stingo* some how seemed to add to it and made him more thirsty; and, all his cry was for water, water, water.

R. Ah, Joseph, this was the voice of Nature. She will be heard some time or other, and a man must suffer who goes against nature and reason; and, as Dr. Franklin says, if you do not listen to reason she will rap you over the knuckles.

J. And how that must hurt: but, I can not stay. I will miss parade, and Bob will want his crackers. I hope *you* may have a shower, so that you may have a plentiful supply of pale ale; there is Bob's brass pistol, [*a torpedo explodes,*] [*as going he notices the flag,*] huzza! for temperance, boys; where are you going with your little flag?

C. Here is something else besides the flag; here is a basket of cherries. [*Uncovers his basket.*]

R. [*Uncovers his,*] and crackers.

J. What are all these? Pshaw! nothing but crackers to eat.

R. Yes, that is the only kind for temperance boys on the Fourth of July.

Not *flower* of sulphur, but flour of wheat,
No *gun-powder* crackers, but crackers to eat.

[*He bites.*] Will you have a piece? That is the way to keep Fourth of July.

C. We are going to join the schools in town, each to bring their flag, cherries, and crackers, and here are ours; and here is the broad sheet with all the tunes and songs and pieces to be spoken.

J. [*Puts down his jug and crackers.*] Oh, let me see, why there is yankee doodle.

C. Yes, that is the *right* yankee doodle.

J. And huzza, huzza, huzza, too.

R. Yes, this is *freedom's* huzza, and here is the Land of the West and all the pieces to be spoken, and Mr. Freeloze is to give an oration about Washington and Lafayette; show the good Providence of God in smiling on their efforts in the cause of freedom; and, they will have large pictures to explain their history.

J. Stop, there; now hold on a minute, [*snatches Charles' white jug in haste by mistake,*] you are *almost right*; I will run with old stingo to Uncle Tom's, and then come down in the next car

and meet you at the ferry, for I will go too; [*he scampers off* ;] do not go without me.

C. and R. Ha! ha! ha!

C. See! see! he has taken the *wrong jug*! What will he do? He will not find out his mistake till he comes back; but what shall we do with old *stingo*, as he *calls* it? The *jug* is good enough.

R. No, not in its *present* state: if it was sunk in the mill-pond till next Fourth of July, it would be fit to put water in, but not now; and here are his crackers too.

C. I will soon put them out of the way of harm; so I will give them a crack, and they will trouble nobody for ever after with *smoke* or *noise*! [*He mashes them on a stone.*]

R. But what shall we do with the *jug*? if we leave it here it will poison some one, *man* or *beast*.

C. [*Stepping cautiously around it.*] I am afraid to touch it; for, it will make me smell *all day*, if any of it spills on me; but we must pour it out, at any rate. [*He pours it on the grass.*]

R. Take care, Charles, that you do not get it on you; it is *dreadful stuff*.

C. I will take care of that. There, so much for old *stingo*; now it will keep the snakes off the old stump, and travellers may stop and rest here in peace and quiet, unless some *tough old viper* comes to sharpen his sting on it; and if *he does*, he will have *poison enough* then, and need not be afraid to show fight to a whole nest of copper-heads. [*Marks it.*] There, I will mark it poison to warn honest folks; the snakes may take a suck if they can find a drop. How it will kill the grass, Richard; it will not make any body *roar* to-day, at any rate; and have not we done a good day's work? Captured and destroyed one of the enemy's ring-leaders; made prisoner of the general's aid, and persuaded him to join our ranks, and set a *poison trap* for the *rattlesnakes*.

R. And now, Charles, we will go; how easy the conquest would be if every one would honestly and kindly persuade his neighbor to the path of temperance, *themselves leading the way* by their *pledge* and their *example*.

C. Poor Joseph ! how much better he will be off, and how much more enjoyment he will have by joining us to-day : we who are true freemen : *American Temperance Boys* ;

For they are the brave and the only brave,
The free and the only free ;
Who burst asunder every chain,
That hindereth liberty.

[*Unrolling and showing the Temperance Pledge on a banner.*

LESSON CCIV.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.—CAMPBELL.

“ God not in the *Whirlwind* ; nor in the *Thunder* ; nor in the *Flame*,
but in the *Still, Small Voice*.”

1. ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood,
The Lord before him passed ;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast ;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course ;
God was not in the blast ;
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.
2. It ceased. The air grew mute : a cloud
Came, muffling up the sun,
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on ;
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair ;
God was not in the storm ;
'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The tramping of his steeds from far.

3. 'Twas still again, and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame ;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came ;
Down to the depth the ocean fled,
The sickening sun looked wan and dead ;
Yet God filled not the flame ;
'Twas but the terror of his eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.
4. At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear ;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear ;
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above ;
And God himself was there ;
For O ! it was a *Father's* voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.
-

LESSON CCV.

GENTLENESS.—MRS. HEMANS.

1. If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted ;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted :
But on thy harp, or on thy lute
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token !
2. If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,

Still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not the wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed!

3. If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may glow
Thro' the leaves, their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled; O never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lips' fever!
4. The heart is like that cup:
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered;
Gently, O, gently touch the cords,
So soon for ever shattered!
-

LESSON CCVI.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—SHAKSPEARE.

VENICE.—A COURT OF JUSTICE.—TRIAL SCENE

[Enter the DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, SALANIO, GRATIANO, and others.]

Antonio had borrowed of Shylock, to meet the necessities of his friend Bassanio, three thousand ducats. Shylock, the wealthy Jew, who lent the money, having a grudge against Antonio, most ingeniously and artfully required, as one of the conditions of the bond given by Antonio for the money, that if the money should not be paid on a particular day, he might cut a pound of flesh from the body of Antonio, "nearest his heart." Portia, the

judge, is the wife of Bassanio ; and Nerissa, her maid, is the wife of Gratiano : both are in disguise, however, and unknown to their husbands.

Duke. What, is Antonio here ?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace has taken great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury ; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salanio. He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

[*Enter SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trained

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possessed your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond ;
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that ;
But, say, it is my humor ; Is it answered ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ; what, are you answered yet ?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
Now for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he can not abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
So can I give no reason, nor will I not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered ?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew :
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate its usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well, do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that, (than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart : Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them ; I would have my bond !

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchased slave,
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them : Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be seasoned with such viands ? You will answer,
 The slaves are ours : So do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it !
 If you deny me, fy upon your law !
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
 I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays without
 A messenger, with letters from the doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ? courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me ;
You can not better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

[*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*]

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Nerissa. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presents a letter.*]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make !

Gra. O, be thou cursed, inexorable dog !
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous !

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud ;
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court :

Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart : some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] "*Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant : we turned over many books together ; he is furnished with my opinion ; which bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I can not enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him have a reverend estimation ; for, I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*"

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes ; and here, I take it, is the doctor come.

[*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*]

Give me your hand ; came you from old Bellario ?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth !

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such a rule that the Venetian law

Can not impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To ANTONIO.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that!

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this;

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth : and I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority ;
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it can not be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !
O, wise young judge, how do I honor thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here it is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath ; I have an oath in heaven !
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul, I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge ! O, excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O, wise, and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balances here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I can not find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed, and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom; it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew!

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands!
'Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood:
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
Take, then, thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O, upright judge! Mark, Jew; a learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O, learned judge! Mark, Jew; a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice! soft; no haste;
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O, Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than just a pound, be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple! nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I! a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

[*Going.*

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself ;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain the house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for Heaven's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter :
 Two things provided more ; that, for this favor,
 He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
 Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew ? What dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence :
 I am not well ; send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers ;
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;
 I must away this night towards Padua,
 And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves not.
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Manificoes, and Train.*]

LESSON CCVII.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND A ROBBER.—DR. AIKEN.

[Alexander the Great in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.]

Alexander. WHAT, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much ?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alexander. A soldier! a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done, of which you can complain?

Alexander. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

Robber. Alexander! I am your captive, I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Robber. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alexander. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest; among sovereigns the noblest; among conquerors the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever; but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alexander. Still, what are you but a robber, a base, dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burnt a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What then is the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alexander. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe neither you nor I, shall ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

Alexander. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike? Alexander like a robber? Let me reflect.

LESSON CCVIII.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this ;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

Cas. Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break ;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble ! Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you, for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love :
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou didst at Cesar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius ; you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

LESSON CCIX.

COLUMBIA.—DWIGHT.

1. COLUMBIA! Columbia! to glory arise;
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
2. Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.
3. To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
4. A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis, thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

5. Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled, shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
 6. To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind:
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense more fragrant than odors of spring.
 7. Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:
 8. Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image instamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of wo.
 9. Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
 10. As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of UNION, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.
-

LESSON CCX.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE DEAD BODY OF CESAR.—

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones :
So let it be with Cesar ! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it were a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men ;)
Come I to speak on Cesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cesar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Supercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet, Brutus says, he was ambitious,
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spake,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin, there, with Cesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

* * * * *

But yesterday, the word of Cesar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cesar ;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
Let but the Commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

One of the people. We 'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cesar loved you ;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And being men, hearing the will of Cesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

People. Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will. Cesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you wait awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cesar. I do fear it.

One of the people. They were traitors : honorable men !

All. The will ! The testament !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cesar followed it.

* * * * *

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,

Great Cesar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

1st Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. O noble Cesar!

3d Cit. We will be revenged! Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,
—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there: hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable ;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on :
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

LESSON CCXI.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY FROM THE FAVOR OF HENRY
VIII.—SHAKSPEARE.

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root ;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,

Like little, wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers, in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors !
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That aspect sweet of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*]

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What ! amazed

At my misfortunes ? Can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, if you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities ;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy ; too much honor :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next 's, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That is somewhat sudden ;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed !

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in public, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down ! O, Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost for ever ;
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,

Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

- *Crom.* O, my lord,

Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
By that sin fell the angels : how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And, Pr'ythee, lead me in.
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's ; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have naked left me to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

LESSON CCXII.

PIZARRO AND GOMEZ.—KOTZEBUE.

Piz. How now, Gomez, what bringest thou ?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. [*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*] What art thou, stranger ?

Oro. First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Audacious ! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast assured me of, that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish——

Oro. Ha, ha, ha !

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer ?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer ! Wealth ! I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here ! and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me: an unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dare *act* as *thou* dost.

Gom. Obdurate pagan! how numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead!

Gom. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have learned to tremble before *man*. Why before *thee*, thou *less* than man!

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! then boast among thy fellows, "I too, have murdered a Peruvian."

LESSON CCXIII.

ROLLA AND ALONZO.—KOTZEBUE.

[*Enter ROLLA, disguised as a monk.*]

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. He is.

Roll. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Roll. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Roll. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Roll. Ha! then I am come in time—

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Roll. [*advancing towards the door.*] Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. [*pushing him back with his gun.*] Back! back! it is impossible.

Roll. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain, my orders are most strict.

Roll. Look on this massive wedge of gold! Look on these precious gems. In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine, let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? *Me*, an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Roll. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Roll. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four, honest, lovely boys.

Roll. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village; in the very cot where I was born.

Roll. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them? God knows my heart; I do.

Roll. Soldier ! Imagine thou wast doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land, what would be thy last request ?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Roll. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife : what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door ?

Sent. How ?

Roll. Alonzo has a wife and child ; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. [*sentinel goes out.*]

Roll. [*calls.*] Alonzo ! Alonzo !

[*Enter ALONZO, speaking as he comes in.*]

Alon. How ! is my hour elapsed ? Well, I am ready.

Roll. Alonzo, know me !

Alon. Rolla ! *O Rolla !* how didst thou pass the guard ?

Roll. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon ; now take it thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla—

Roll. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And *die* for me ! No ! Rather myself, suffer a hundred deaths.

Roll. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's ; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert ; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father ; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go ! go ! Alonzo, not to save thyself, but Cora, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend, I am prepared to die in peace.

Roll. To die in peace ! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death !

Alon. Merciful heavens !

Roll. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfilment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla ! you distract me ! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Roll. What, the soldier on duty here ?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Roll. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a *man* ! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit, till his own feelings bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my own life. But haste ! A moment's farther pause, and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Roll. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend ? [*throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.*] There, conceal thy face. Now God be with thee.

LESSON CCXIV.

HARVEST HYMN.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. GOD of nature ! God of love !
Smile upon our festive rite,
Thou who bidd'st the seasons prove
Circling sources of delight.
2. Spring, a rainbow promise bears ;
Summer decks the ripening plain ;

Autumn sings amid his cares,
Guiding home the loaded wain.

3. Winter, with his snowy vest,
Revels in their blended spoil,
Lulls the wearied earth to rest,
Braces man for future toil.
 4. Morning, bright with golden rays,
Evening, dark with ebon pall,
Speak, in varied tones, thy praise,
Architect and Sire of all!
 5. We, for whom yon graves are dressed,
Yon green vales their treasures pour,
Still by liberal Nature blessed
With her most luxuriant store :
 6. We, to whom indulgent skies
Plenty, health, and peace impart,
Bid, in fragrant offerings, rise
Incense from the grateful heart.
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LESSON CCXV.

SELF-INTEREST.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO NEIGHBORS.

[*Enter* DERBY *and* SCRAPEWELL.]

Derby. Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged if you would lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you, but am under a necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrape. You do not say so! That is quite unlucky; for, in that case, I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

Der. I can save you this journey: I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can not conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the *best* of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but I must tell you the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and truly I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. Oh, never fear; I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape. Oats, neighbor; oats are very dear.

Der. They are so, indeed; but no matter for that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. It is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall, and break your neck.

Der. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking yourself of galloping her to town.

Scrape. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. Why then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. Clodpole's! His will no more fit than yours does.

Der. At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend, squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you the beast should be at your service with all my heart; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. O! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall despatch her at once.

Scrape. Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

Scrape. What, that tinker of a Dobson! I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape. [*Calling to his son.*] Timothy, Timothy! [*Enter Timothy.*] Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back last week a hand's breadth or more. [*He gives Tim a wink.*] However, I believe she's well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And, indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say?

Tim. What do I say? father! Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About

a hand's breadth did you say, sir? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back of the bigness of your great brimmed hat. And, besides, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

Scrape. Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disoblged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry for *your* sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. And I as much for *yours*, neighbor Scrapewell; for, to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the offer of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, upon the back of Cobble-Hill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But—

Scrape. Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. Ay, truly did I; but, as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. Old Roan! *My* mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can not have the mare. Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

Der. But what are you to do for meal?

Scrape. My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. But then your saddle is all in pieces.

Scrape. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Der. And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod?

Scrape. No, no; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Der. But if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

Scrape. Poh, poh! That is just one of our Tim's large stories.

I do assure you, it was not at first bigger than my thumb nail; and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Der. At least, however, let her have something she *will* eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. She did, indeed, refuse *hay* this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed full of *oats*. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job.

LESSON CCXVI.

THE TRAINING OF THE INTELLECT.—EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS
DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION IN THE CITY
OF NEW YORK, MAY, 1849.—D. H. CRUTTENDEN.

1. THE third department of teaching is education, or the art of training the intellect to reason correctly on given principles, to rely on its own deductions, to invent its own demonstrations, and to impart its own knowledge readily and correctly to another. How shall it be thus educated? I answer, as before, *develop the faculties, which God gave it, sparing no pains to preserve it uninjured in its original proportions.*

2. It is in this department of teaching, that the present method most signally fails. Examine the text-books: the manner, in which the lessons are taught and learned. Observe the efforts made to impress the subjects of study upon the memory, or to retain them by some principle of arbitrary, or fictitious association, and you will then see how much attention has been given to one of the lesser faculties of the human mind to the neglect, and often to the exclusion of the greater.

3. Much is said about cultivating the memory and helping scholars to remember, while very little is said about so presenting the principles that they shall be able, by understanding, so to apply

and use them, that these principles shall become food for thought in after years, rather than useless lumber in the mental garret. Oftentimes general principles are wholly neglected, and the whole time and attention of the pupil are given to bare and isolated facts. Is it wonderful, that after even years of such training, the teacher is found complaining that, "his pupils do not love study," "do not admire matters of science," "seem to be more pleased with matters of little worth."

4. Think you, the light literature of the present day would be thus eagerly sought, did its writers regard the order of nature as do the writers of our scientific works? I think not, nor will any one convince me to the contrary by any argument asserting, that "the natural difference in the constitution of these different subjects gives rise to a difference of interest," so long as I know it to be an incontrovertible fact, that not among the devotees of this ephemeral literature are to be found the greatest book-worms, the most untiring readers.

5. On the contrary, would you find whole lives, and long lives too, devoted to books, to study; go seek, and you will find them among the philosophers, the reformers, the sages of the past and the present. Indeed the sacrifices made at the shrine of science by her devotees, both in extent and amount, far exceeds that of the devotees of pleasure, of honor, of superstition, or, to the shame of man be it spoken, the homage rendered to him, whose we are. *It is not, I repeat, in the nature of the subjects that their general acceptance thus differs, but in the difference of their presentation and inculcation.*

6. This radical error must, of course, be followed by its ever attendant train of evils, whose sole and specific remedy is the removal of their cause. To the means for this, I asked your attention in the outset: your time and patience, already taxed so long, I can now tax no longer. As I began this rough sketch with an assertion of my mental creed, so I close it. God made all things, each individually good in the order of its creation, nor was the human intellect *then* an exception.

7. When all was finished, he surveyed the relations of each to

the other and to the whole, and pronounced it all, with marked emphasis, "to be good," nor *then* was the human intellect an exception. In his subsequent dealings with the race, both his physical and moral laws are precisely adapted to beings endowed with this primary human intellect, and to such only. Hence, I infer, that it remains the same "from the beginning until now," and that it will ever so remain.

8. In conclusion, My FELLOW TEACHERS, allow me to express the sentiment, as a common resolve, that, let others do as they may, in our dealings with this wonderful piece of Divine mechanism, nothing shall prevent us from following the indications of his wisdom, everywhere scattered around us in such unstinted profusion. And that our efforts, humble though they may be, shall do something in restoring man to his primal rank in the Divine creation, that he be no longer, as now, the great and only exception to its primitive purity, harmony, beauty, and loveliness. And when Death finds us, may it be on the battle plain with our armor on. The fearless opponents and combatants of error: the ever ready defenders of the truth.

LESSON CCXVII.

MEMORY.—W. G. CLARK.

1. 'Tis sweet, to remember! I would not forego
 The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw,
 For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
 In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
 We know not the future, the past we have *felt*,
 Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
 Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
 When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.
2. 'Tis sweet, to remember! When storms are abroad,
 We see in the rainbow, the promise of God:

The day may be darkened, but far in the west,
In vermilion and gold, sinks the sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away :
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers,
Which Love scattered round us in happier hours.

3. 'Tis sweet, to remember ! When friends are unkind,
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind :
Then, to draw back the veil which envelops a land,
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand ;
To smell the green fields, the fresh waters to hear,
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear ;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,
To list the fond voices of childhood again,
Oh ! this sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of Hope is refused.
4. 'Tis sweet, to remember ! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget ! though my thoughts should be dark :
O'er the ocean of life, I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

LESSON CCXVIII.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN COLONEL RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

Sir Harry. COLONEL, your most obedient : I am come upon the old business ; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Col. Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I can not listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, sir?

Riv. No, sir; I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, sir?

Sir Har. I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind you know—

Riv. So then, you know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney!

Sir Har. I do; but, I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and, I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, sir.

Riv. Why, then, sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, sir, you considered me as a man of honor.

Sir Har. And so I do, sir, a man of the nicest honor.

Riv. And yet, sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.

Sir Har. I really do not understand you, Colonel: I thought I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not signed—

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! and so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honor; *they* want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! But my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, show some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I show the greatest regard for my daughter by giving her to a man of honor; and, I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an

insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I can not receive you as son-in-law; for, a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonor, and consider marriage for money, at best but a legal prostitution.

LESSON CCXIX.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN LOVEGOLD AND JAMES.—FIELDING.

[*LOVEGOLD alone.*] [*Enter JAMES.*]

Lovegold. WHERE have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir, your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and the other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. [*Puts off his coachman's great-coat, and appears as a cook.*] Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper, I am almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a great deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relatives, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea,—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people?

James. Then pray, sir, say what will you have?

Love. Why see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup, maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There; that's plenty and variety.

James. Oh, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then, kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why what do the people say, pray?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I am always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest

of you everywhere ; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh ! poh !

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie ; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word everywhere ; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain !

James. Nay, sir, you said you would not be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog ! you—

LESSON CCXX.

HAMILTON AND JAY.—DR. F. L. HAWKS.

1. THE fame of Hamilton, like his parts, we deem to shine brighter and farther than Jay's, but we are not sure that it should be so, or rather we are quite sure it should not. For, when we come to examine and compare their relative course, and its bearing on the country and its fortunes, the reputation of Hamilton we find to go as far beyond his practical share in it, as Jay's falls short of his. Hamilton's civil official life was a brief and single, though brilliant one.

2. Jay's numbered the years of a generation, and exhausted every department of diplomatic, civil, and judicial trust. In fidelity to their country, both were pure to their heart's core ; yet was Hamilton loved, perhaps, more than trusted, and Jay trusted, perhaps, more than loved. Such were they, we deem, in differing, if not contrasted, points of character. Their lives, too, when viewed from a distance, stand out in equally striking, but much more painful, contrast.

3. Jay's viewed as a whole, has in it a completeness of parts, such as a nicer critic demands for the perfection of an epic poem, with its beginning of promise, its heroic middle, and its peaceful end, and partaking, too, somewhat of the same cold stateliness, noble, however, still and glorious, and ever pointing, as such poem does, to the stars. The life of Hamilton, on the other hand, broken and fragmentary, begun in the darkness of romantic interest, running on into the sympathy of all high passion, and at length breaking off in the midst, like some half-told tale of sorrow, amidst tears and blood, even as does the theme of the tragic poet.

4. The name of Hamilton, therefore, was a name to conjure with, that of Jay's to swear by. Hamilton had his frailties, arising out of passion, as tragic heroes have. Jay's name was faultless, and his course passionless, as becomes the epic leader, and, in point of fact was, while living, a name at which frailty blushed, and corruption trembled. If we ask whence, humanly speaking, came such disparity of the fate between equals, the stricter morals, the happier life, the more peaceful death, to what can we trace it, but to the healthful power of religion, over the heart and conduct?

5. Was not this, we ask, the ruling secret? Hamilton was a Christian in his youth, and a penitent Christian, we doubt not, on his dying bed; but Jay was a Christian, so far as man may judge, every day and hour of his life. He had but one rule, the gospel of Christ; in that he was nurtured; ruled by that, through grace he lived; resting on that, in prayer, he died.

6. Admitting, then, as we do, both names to be objects of our highest sympathetic admiration, yet, with the name of Hamilton, as the master says of tragedy, the lesson is given, "with pity and in fear." Not so with that of Jay; with him we walk fearless, as in the steps of one who was a CHRISTIAN, as well as a PATRIOT.

LESSON CCXXI.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN.—FRIEND OF
PEACE.

[It is said that, when William Penn was about to sail from England for Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the king, and the following conversation took place:]

Charles. WELL, friend William! I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.

Penn. Yes, I have, I assure thee, Friend Charles, and I am just come to bid thee farewell.

Charles. What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?

Penn. The best security in the world.

Charles. I doubt that, Friend William; I have no idea of any security against those cannibals, but in a regiment of good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that, with all my good-will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you.

Penn. I want none of thy soldiers, Charles; I depend on something better than thy soldiers.

Charles. Ah! and what may that be?

Penn. Why, I depend upon themselves; on the workings of their own hearts; on their notions of justice; on their moral sense.

Charles. A fine thing, this same moral sense, no doubt; but I fear you will not find much of it among the Indians of North America.

Penn. And why not among them, as well as others?

Charles. Because, if they had possessed any, they would not have treated my subjects as barbarously as they have done.

Penn. There is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy

subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on the best fish, and venison, and corn, which was all they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country and rich hunting-grounds, for farms for themselves! Now is it to be wondered at, that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses?

Charles. Well, then, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.

Penn. I am not afraid of it.

Charles. Ay! How will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting-grounds too, I suppose?

Penn. Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.

Charles. No, indeed! How then will you get the lands?

Penn. I mean to buy their lands of them.

Charles. Buy their lands of them! Why, man, you have already bought them of me.

Penn. Yes, I know I have, and at a dear rate too; but I did it only to get thy good-will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands.

Charles. Zounds, man! no right to their lands?

Penn. No, friend Charles, no right at all: what right hast thou to their lands?

Charles. Why, the right of discovery, to be sure; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.

Penn. The right of discovery! A kind of strange right, indeed! Now suppose, friend Charles, that some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?

Charles. Why, why, why, I must confess, I should think it a piece of impudence in them.

Penn. Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose again, that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up the island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and, having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?

Charles. I must say that I should, friend William: how can I say otherwise?

Penn. Well, then, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in heathens? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By doing this, I shall imitate God himself, in his justice and mercy, and thereby ensure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America.

LESSON CCXXII.

GRECIAN AND ROMAN ELOQUENCE.—J. Q. ADAMS.

1. IN the flourishing periods of Athens and Rome, eloquence was power. It was at once the instrument and the spur to ambition. The talent of public speaking was the key to the highest dignities; the passport to the supreme dominion of the state. The rod of Hermes was the sceptre of empire; the voice of oratory was the thunder of Jupiter.

2. The most powerful of human passions was enlisted in the cause of eloquence; and eloquence in return was the most effectual auxiliary to the passions. In proportion to the wonders she achieved, was the eagerness to acquire the faculties of this mighty magician.

3. Oratory was taught, as the occupation of life. The course of instruction commenced with the infant in the cradle, and continued to the meridian of manhood. It was made the fundamental object of education, and every other part of instruction for childhood, and of discipline for youth, was bent to its accommodation.

4. Arts, science, letters, were to be thoroughly studied and investigated, upon the maxim, that an orator must be a man of universal knowledge. Moral duties were inculcated, because none but a good man could be an orator. Wisdom, learning, virtue herself, were estimated by their subserviency to the purposes of eloquence; and the whole duty of man consisted in making himself an accomplished public speaker.

LESSON CCXXIII.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.—ISAAC MCLELLAN JUN.

1. NEW ENGLAND'S dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
2. Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
3. Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake, and rill,
And by the roaring main.
4. The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;

For by their blood that land was bought,
 The land they loved so well.
 Then glory to that valiant band,
 The honored saviors of the land!

5. Oh! few and weak their numbers were,
 A handful of brave men;
 But to their God they gave their prayer,
 And rushed to battle then.
 The God of battles heard their cry,
 And sent to them the victory.

6. They left the ploughshare in the mould,
 Their flocks and herds without a fold,
 The sickle in the unshorn grain,
 The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
 And mustered in their simple dress,
 For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
 To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
 To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

LESSON CCXXIV.

OUR BRIGHTEST PROSPECTS.—MRS. L. H. CRUTTENDEN.

1. Our brightest prospects! what are they?
 Those that come in glorious dreams,
 On wings to waft the soul away
 To sunny climes, where beauty seems
 To make the very air of heaven
 Breathe all of life and love here given?

2. Or does ambition fill the heart,
 With false, yet bright, bewitching spell,

Which almost rends the veil apart,
 Which round the inner soul doth dwell ;
 And though it wins all earth can give
 In purer realms 'twill cease to live.

3. Our brightest prospects ! are they those,
 Which love with angel power makes,
 While round the heart a heaven grows,
 That ev'ry link of gloom there breaks,
 Till life seems one long, happy dream
 Where thoughts of Death would mock'ry seem ?
4. Our brightest prospects ! do they lie,
 In wealth untold, or power supreme,
 Which all but happiness can buy
 Ever the Poet's brightest theme ?
 Then Death must wake us from our sleep,
 While Angels o'er our fall shall weep.
5. Our brightest prospects ! to the soul,
 Life immortal hath been given,
 And heeded not tho' years may roll,
 There come full oft blest thoughts of Heaven,
 And sad, or gay, the truth still prove,
 "Our brightest prospects" are above !

LESSON CCXXV.

THE COLONISTS.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. BARLOW AND HIS CHILDREN, TO SHOW THEM WHAT KIND OF PROFESSIONS ARE THE MOST USEFUL IN SOCIETY, BUT PARTICULARLY IN A NEW SETTLEMENT.—DR. AIKEN.

Mr. Barlow. COME, my boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony ; and you shall be people of differ-

ent trades and professions, coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, Arthur?

Arthur. I am a farmer, sir.

Mr. B. Very well. Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon. The farmer puts the seed into the earth, and takes care of it when it is grown to ripe corn; without the farmer we should have no bread. But you must work very diligently; there will be trees to cut down, and roots to dig out, and a great deal of hard labor.

Ar. I shall be ready to do my part.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall take you willingly, and as many more such good fellows as I can find. We shall have land enough, and you may go to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

James. I am a miller, sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! Our corn must be ground, or it will do us but little good. But what must we do for a mill, my friend?

James. I suppose we must make one, sir.

Mr. B. Then we must take a *mill-wright* with us, and carry mill-stones. Who is next?

Charles. I am a carpenter, sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer. We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to be built, fences to be made, and chairs and tables besides. But all our timber is growing; we shall have hard work to fell it, to saw boards and planks, and to frame and raise buildings. Can you help us in this?

Charles. I will do my best, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you, but I advise you to bring two or three able assistants along with you.

William. I am a blacksmith.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter. We can not do without either of you. You must bring your great bellows, anvil, and vice, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. By the by, we shall want a mason for that.

Edward. I am one, sir.

Mr. B. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick work, or stone work, for chimneys, hearths, and ovens, so there will be employment for a mason. Can you make bricks, and burn lime?

Ed. I will try what I can do, sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who comes next?

Francis. I am a shoemaker, sir.

Mr. B. Shoes we can not well do without, but I fear we shall get no leather.

Fran. But I can dress skins, sir.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a useful fellow. I will have you, though I give you double wages.

George. I am a tailor, sir.

Mr. B. We must not go naked; so there will be work for a tailor. But you are not above mending, I hope, for we must not mind wearing patched clothes, while we work in the woods.

Geo. I am not, sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you, too.

Henry. I am a silversmith, sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you can not go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in.

Hen. But I understand clock and watch making too.

Mr. B. We shall want to know how the time goes, but we can not afford to employ you. At present, I advise you to stay where you are.

Jasper. I am a barber and hair-dresser.

Mr. B. What can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter the rest of the time, we will take you. But you will have no ladies' hair to curl, or gentlemen to powder, I assure you.

Louis. I am a doctor, sir.

Mr. B. Then, sir, you are very welcome; we shall some of us be sick, and we are likely to get cuts, and bruises, and broken

bones. You will be very useful. We shall take you with pleasure.

Maurice. I am a lawyer, sir.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

Oliver. I am a schoolmaster.

Mr. B. That is a very respectable and useful profession ; as soon as our children are old enough, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are hard-working men, we mean not to be ignorant ; every one among us must be taught reading and writing. Until we have employment for you in teaching, if you will keep our accounts, and at present read sermons to us on Sundays, we shall be glad to have you among us. Will you go ?

Oliver. With all my heart, sir.

Mr. B. Who comes here ?

Philip. I am a soldier, sir ; will you have me ?

Mr. B. We are a peaceful people ; and, I hope we shall not be obliged to fight. We shall have no occasion for you, unless you can be a mechanic or farmer, as well as a soldier.

Richard. I am a dancing-master, sir.

Mr. B. A dancing-master ? Ha, ha ! And pray, of what use do you expect to be in the " back-woods ?"

Richard. Why, sir, I can teach you how to appear in a drawing-room. I shall take care that your children know precisely how low they must *bow* when saluting company. In short, I teach you the *science*, which will distinguish you from the savages.

Mr. B. This may be all very well, and quite to *your* fancy, but *I* would suggest that we, in a new colony, shall need to pay more attention to the raising of corn and potatoes, the feeding of cattle, and the preparing of houses to live in, than to the cultivation of this elegant "*science*," as you term it.

John. I, sir, am a politician, and would be willing to edit a newspaper you may wish to have published in your colony.

Mr. B. Very much obliged to you, Mr. Editor ; but for the present, I think you may wisely remain where you are. We shall have to labor so much for the first two or three years, that we

shall care but little about other matters than those which concern our farms. We certainly must spend some time in reading, but I think we can obtain suitable books for our perusal, with much less money than it would require to support you and your newspaper.

Robert. I am a gentleman, sir.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good can you do us?

Robert. I intend to spend most of my time in walking about, and overseeing the men at work. I shall be very willing to assist you with my *advice*, whenever I think it necessary. As for my support, that need not trouble you much. I expect to shoot game enough for my own eating; you can give me a little bread and a few vegetables; and the barber shall be my servant.

Mr. B. Pray, sir, why should we do all this for you?

Robert. Why, sir, that you may have the credit of saying that you have one gentleman, at least, in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A fine gentleman, truly! When we desire the honor of your company, sir, we will send for you.

LESSON CCXXVI.

SCENE FROM "VIRGINIUS."—J. S. KNOWLES.

Lucius. VIRGINIUS! you are wanted
In Rome.

Virginus. On what account?

Luc. On your arrival
You will learn.

Vir. How! is it something can not be told
At once? Speak out, boy! Ha! your looks are loaded
With matter. Is it so heavy that your tongue
Can not unburden them? Your brother left
The camp on duty yesterday: hath aught

Happened to him ? Did he arrive in safety ?

Is he safe ? Is he well ?

Luc. He is both safe and well.

Vir. What then ? What then ? tell me the matter, Lucius.

Luc. I have said

It shall be told you.

Vir. Shall ! I stay not for

That "shall," unless it be so close at hand

It stop me not a moment ; 'tis too long

A coming. Fare you well, my Lucius.

Luc. Stay,

Virinius ; hear me with patience.

Vir. Well,

I am patient.

Luc. Your Virginia—

Vir. Stop, my Lucius !

I am cold in every member of my frame !

If it is prophetic, Lucius, of thy news,

Give me such token as her tomb would, Lucius,

I will bear it better. Silence.

Luc. You are still—

Vir. I thank thee, Jupiter ! I am still a father !

Luc. You are, Virinius. Yet—

Vir. What ! is she sick ?

Luc. No.

Vir. Neither sick nor dead ! All well ! No harm !

Nothing amiss ! Each guarded quarter safe,

That fear may lay him down and sleep, and yet

This sounding alarm ! I swear thou tell'st

A story strangely. Out with it ! I have patience

For any thing, since my Virginia lives,

And lives in health !

Luc. You are required in Rome

To answer a most novel suit.

Vir. Whose suit ?

Luc. The suit of Claudius.

Vir. Claudius!

Luc. Him that is client
To Appius Claudius, the decemvir.

Vir. What!

That pander! Ha! Virginia! You appear
To couple them. What makes my fair Virginia
In company with Claudius? Innocence
Beside lasciviousness! His suit! What suit?
Answer me quickly! Quickly! lest suspense,
Beyond what patience can endure, coercing,
Drive reason from his seat!

Luc. He has claimed Virginia.

Vir. Claimed her! claimed her!
On what pretence?

Luc. He says she is the child
Of a slave of his, who sold her to thy wife.

Vir. Go on: you see I am calm.

Luc. He seized her in
The school, and dragged her to the Forum, where
Appius was giving judgment.

Vir. Dragged her to
The Forum! Well! I told you, Lucius,
I would be patient.

Luc. Numitorius there
Confronted him.

Vir. Did he not strike him dead?
True, true, I know it was in the presence of
The decemvir. O! had I confronted him!
Well! well! the issue? Well, o'erleap all else,
And light upon the issue. Where is she?

Luc. I was despatched to fetch thee, ere I could learn.

Vir. The claim of Claudius, Appius' client;
I see the master-cloud, this ragged one,
That lowers before, moves only in subserviency
To the ascendant of the other, Jove,
With its own mischief break it and disperse it,

And that be all the ruin ! Patience ! Prudence !
Nay, prudence, but no patience. Come ! a slave
Dragged through the streets in open day ! My child !
My daughter ! my fair daughter, in the eyes
Of Rome ! Oh ! I will be patient. Come ! the essence
Of my best blood, in the free, common ear
Condemned as vile ! O ! I will be patient. Come !
O ! they shall wonder. I will be so patient.

[Rushes out, followed by LUCIUS.]

LESSON CCXXVII.

SPEECH OF KOSSUTH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
DEC. 24, 1851.

[The Mayor briefly addressed KOSSUTH, welcoming him as the nation's and the city's guest, and reminding him that in the very Hall in which he stood our Revolutionary sires declared the Independence of the Colonies, the first great step towards the attainment of the liberties and the prosperity which we now enjoy.]

1. SIR ; This is, perhaps, the proudest welcome which you could give. The very fact of the knowing that I am standing here among the happy inheritors of that freedom and independence for which your forefathers fought and bled ; the welcome by the happy inheritors of the great deeds here, in the very cradle of your glorious liberties. This circumstance is enough to impress upon my mind a religious awe, which inclines my heart silently to raise itself to God, wondering at the ways of His Providence, rather than to find expression in words.

2. I will only tell you, sir, what this Independence Hall ; the words spoken here, in the act declared here, represent to my mind, when I, in my native land, not in the ambition to copy your glory, but from a sentiment of duty, and from a conscientiousness that my country was also entitled to freedom, did even that which your forefathers did here. Your history inspired my people and myself

with resolution, with inspiration, with encouragement, and with hope.

3. You succeeded, and we failed ; not because we were not as resolved and as decided to sacrifice life and all that to man on earth is dear, for our fatherland ; but because we were not in as happy a condition as you. Foreign armed interference came, and wrested out of our hands the fruits of already achieved victories. I can tell you that much of the spirit of your freedom and independence, and of our republican institutions, came over the waves of the ocean to Hungary.

4. Let me hope that my very standing here, welcomed by your nation, may be a pledge for the future, that the spirit which came over to us from this place, may yet be attended by that ultimate success which was your happiness, your glory, and your merit also ; because upon that basis you here founded a building of human freedom, and of the development of the human intellect, and of civilization, prouder, loftier, than that which humanity before you has beheld through 5000 years. To your welcome I return my most hearty thanks. It is your welcome of the poor exile, but in the proud position of your nation's guest.

5. Be thanked for your hospitality ; be thanked for your welcome. Be thanked, because I know that the welcome of a free, mighty, and powerful people like you, is the assurance that that mighty, free, and powerful people feels inclined to become the executive power of the laws of Nature, and of nature's God, which were proclaimed out of the very ark of your hopes, to be not your right alone, but the right of all humanity.

LESSON CCXXVIII.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.—THE BIBLE.—W. FERGUSON.

1. REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,

When she who had thine earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home,
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save!

2. That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son ;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one :
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy ;
3. And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.
4. And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth hath borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If SHE or HE had loved him best.
5. A *parent's* blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing ;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember ! 'tis no idle toy :
A mother's gift ! remember, boy !

LESSON CCXXIX.

EULOGY ON ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—EDWARD EVERETT.

1. THEY have gone to the companions of their cares, of their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in Heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! How few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence, are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

2. The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph.

3. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, Oh, for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our Fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song.

4. The cotemporary and successive generations of men will disappear. In the long lapse of ages, the tribes of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American Freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our Fathers shone is immortal. They did that, to which no age, no people of reasoning men, can be indifferent.

5. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall all be forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed at the throne of God, in the bright list of his children, who best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.

LESSON CCXXX.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CATALINE.—REV. G. CROLY.

[The Senate in session, Lictors present, a Consul in the Chair, Cicero on the floor, concluding his speech.]

Cicero. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. Lucius Cataline
Has been commanded to attend the Senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes !
Is he condemned to exile ?

[CATALINE comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench ; all
the Senators go over to the other side.]

Cic. [Turning to CATALINE.] Here I repeat the charge, to
gods and men,

Of treasons manifold ; that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels ;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province ; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard : that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has *no* answer.

Cat. [Rising calmly.] Conscript fathers !
I do not rise to waste the night in words ;
Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not *my* trade ;
But *here* I stand for right, let him show *proofs*,
For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master ; judges, Romans ; *slaves* !
His charge is false ; I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

Cic. [Interrupting him.] Deeds shall convince you ! Has the
traitor done ?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong ;
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me ; turning out
 The Roman from his birthright ; and for what ?

[*Looking around him.*

To fling your offices to every slave ;
 Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb ;
 And having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer ! Must I bring more proofs ?
 Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscriptions have been handed round,
 In which your general properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

[*A cry is heard without, "More prisoners !" An officer enters with letters for CICERO ; who, after glancing at them, sends them around the Senate. CATALINE is strongly perturbed.*]

Cic. Fathers of Rome ! If man can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is !
 Look on these letters ! Here is a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces : a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate ; all the slaves are up ; Rome shakes !
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand, ev'n here ! The name of Cataline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted traitor ! Go from Rome !

Cat. [*Haughtily rising.*] Come, consecrated lictors, from your
 thrones :

[*To the Senate.*

Fling down your sceptres : take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. [*Interrupting him.*] Give up the record of his banishment. [*To an officer.*]

[*The OFFICER gives it to the CONSUL in the chair.*]

Cat. [*Indignantly.*] Banished from Rome! What is banished but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?

Who will prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished! I thank you for it. It breaks my chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour,

But *now* my sword is my own. Smile on, my lords!

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scoff you; here, I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your Consul is merciful. For this, all thanks.

He *dares* not touch a hair of Cataline!

[*The CONSUL reads:*] "Lucius Sergius Cataline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the state, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. [*Furious.*] "Traitor!" I go, but I *return*. This—trial!

Here I devote your Senate! I have had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day is the birth of sorrows! this hour's work

Will breed proscriptions: look to your hearths, my lords!

For there, henceforth shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames and crimes!

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,

And Massacre seals *Rome's* eternal grave!

[*The SENATORS rise in tumult and cry out :*

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate House!

[*They surround him.*

Cat. [*Struggling through them.*] I go, but not to leap the gulf alone.

I go; but when I come, 'twill be the burst

Of ocean in the earthquake; rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!

You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood

Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! [*To the lictors.*] I will return!

[*He rushes through the portal; the scene closes.*]

LESSON CCXXXI.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.—S. W. SETON.

1. Touch thee! No, viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall.
Did you not promise, ay,
To make me as strong as Samson,
(I'll wring thy villanous neck!)
And wise, wise as Solomon;
And happier than the happiest?
2. But instead of this, villain!
You've stripped me of my locks;
Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest
In March; fooled me out of all my senses;
Made me ragged; made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch.
3. Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance
In this fist, I'll scar the moon
With thy broken scull!

4. Thief ! villain ! robber ! murderer !
Or, all in one, Destroyer !
Give me back my meek and quiet spirit,
And take again, Hot anger, Envy,
And deep malice : these are thine !
I 'll give thee them with usury ;
Take, take it all ; take fury ;
Hatred, and deep-rooted and unsated
Malevolence ; great usurer of souls !
5. Give me the first pure breath of health
I gave thee ; and take this corruptible
Breath of pestilence that burns my vitals :
Ay, give me the soft sweet peace
Of mind thou torest from my bosom ;
It was unwillingly surrendered ; Thou
Extortioner ! I did not give it thee ;
Thy wily, stealthy smiles insnared
It from me, give it me ; give it me to-day, and take
Thine own remorse that will not
Let me rest ; a barbed arrow
Steeped in aspen gore !
6. Promise
No more, thou vile deceiver !
Thou unchained truce-breaker !
Ah ! how thou smilest, and would parley ;
It will not do ; we part to-day.
7. Columbia's sons should banish all
Their chains ! yet, I would
Speak kindly to thee, nor triumph o'er a
Chained foe. 'Tis best to part in
Friendship, my ancient,
Quondam friend. But thou
Shalt never kiss my lips ! nor
Will I cast a fond or longing
Look behind.

8. Poor, harmless
 Creature ! *when untouched !*
 Thy Goliath spear, mailed
 Coat, is naught against the
 Pebble and the sling of self-denial !
9. Come, I war not with a vanquished
 Enemy : I'll do thee yet a kindly
 Service, and will set thy prisoned
Spirit free ; and should not friends
 Thus part with *mutual flow*
 Of right good spirit ?
10. I bid thee now
 Farewell, thou fair and false !
 And thus as very friends we part ;
 Thy spirit floweth thus, [*dashing it down.*]
 And mine henceforth flows pure from a temperate heart.
 On Freedom's Day, let meek-eyed temperance reign,
 And they that would be free break every chain.

LESSON CCXXXII.

AWAKE, ZION !—BIBLE.—ISAIAH LII.

1. AWAKE ! awake ! put on thy strength, O Zion !
 Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city !
 For henceforth there shall no more come into thee
 The uncircumcised and the unclean.
2. Shake thyself from the dust ;
 Arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem !
 Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck,
 O captive daughter of Zion !

3. For thus saith the Lord :
Ye have sold yourselves for naught ;
And ye shall be redeemed without money.
4. For thus saith the LORD God,
My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there,
And the Assyrians oppressed them without cause.
5. Now, therefore, what have I here, saith the LORD,
That my people is taken away for naught ?
They that rule over them make them to howl, saith the LORD ;
And my name continually every day is blasphemed.
6. Therefore, my people shall know my name :
Therefore, they shall know in that day that I am he that doth
Behold ! it is I. [speak :
7. How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth
peace !
That bringeth good tidings of good ; that publisheth salvation !
That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth !
8. The watchmen
Shall lift up the voice, with the voice together shall they sing :
For they shall see eye to eye,
When the LORD shall bring again Zion.
9. Break forth in joy, sing together,
Ye waste places of Jerusalem !
For the LORD hath comforted his people,
He hath redeemed Jerusalem.
10. The LORD hath made bare his holy arm
In the eyes of all the nations ;
And all the ends of the earth
Shall see the salvation of our God.

11. Depart ye ! depart ye ! go ye out from thence,
Touch no unclean thing ;
Go ye out of the midst of her ;
Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the LORD.

12. For ye shall not go out with haste ;
Nor go by flight :
For the LORD will go before you ;
And the God of Israel shall be your rere-ward.

LESSON CCXXXIII.

GENUINE FRIENDSHIP AND MAGNANIMITY. DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS,
AND DAMON.—FENELON.

Dionysius. AMAZING ! What do I see ? It is Pythias just arrived. It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend !

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement with no other views than to pay to heaven the vows I had made ; to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice ; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dio. But why dost thou return ? Hast thou no fear of death ? Is it not the character of a madman, to seek it thus voluntarily ?

Py. I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honor and goodness forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

Dio. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself ?

Py. No ; I love him as myself. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend ; since it was me whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that he should suffer, to deliver me from the death which was designed, not for him, but for me only.

Dio. But thou supposest that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee as upon thy friend.

Py. Very true ; we are both entirely innocent : and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dio. Why dost thou then assert, that it were injustice to put him to death instead of thee ?

Py. It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myself ; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

Dio. Dost thou then return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view than to save the life of a friend, by losing thy own ?

Py. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which is common for tyrants to inflict ; and with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by rescuing him from the dangers he incurred by his generosity to me.

Dio. And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear that Pythias would never return ; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account ?

Da. I was but too well assured that Pythias would punctually return ; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise than to preserve his life. Would to heaven that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him ! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men ; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him !

Dio. What ! does life displease thee ?

Da. Yes ; it displeases me when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dio. It is well ! Thou shalt see him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

Py. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

Dio. I can not endure men who despise death, and set my power at defiance.

Da. Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

Dio. No : I can not endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which

contemns life ; which dreads no punishment ; and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

Da. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue which is not insensible to the dictates of honor, justice, and friendship.

Dio. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

Da. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favor ; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him : be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Py. Hold, Dionysius ! remember it was Pythias, alone, who offended thee : Damon could not.

Dio. Alas ! what do I see and hear ? where am I ? How miserable ; and how worthy to be so ! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honors are insufficient to produce love. I can not boast of having acquired a single friend, in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Py. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends ? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind : and they fear thee ; they detest thee.

Dio. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connexion so perfect. I give you your lives ; and I will load you with riches.

Da. We have no desire to be enriched by thee ; and in regard to thy friendship, we can not accept or enjoy it till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves, and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent ; and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

LESSON CCXXXIV.

"FORGIVE."—BISHOP HEBER.

1. O, God, my sins are manifold ; against my life they cry ;
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to thy temple fly :
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven ?
"Forgive," a blessed voice replied, *"and thou shalt be forgiven."*

2. My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell ; they spurn me in their
pride ;
They render evil for my good ; my patience they deride :
Arise, my King, and be the proud to righteous ruin driven ;
"Forgive," the awful answer came, *"as thou wouldst be forgiven."*

3. Seven times, O, Lord, I've pardoned them ; seven times
they've sinned again ;
They practise still to work me wo, and triumph in my pain ;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment
driven !
"Forgive," the voice in thunder spoke, *"OR NEVER BE FORGIVEN."*

LESSON CCXXXV.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.—WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

1. **HARD**, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia hovered around the American camps, and presided over her destinies, freedom must soon have met with an untimely grave. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen,

and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearied exertions in the cabinet and in the field, achieved for us the glorious revolution.

2. Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. His name, so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends, shall live for ever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure, by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings, and princes, and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk into their merited oblivion.

3. Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory: he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven, to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds, alone have rendered him immortal! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities; when every vestige of human greatness, and grandeur, and glory, shall have mouldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct, eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name!

LESSON CCXXXVI.

SPEECH OF HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.—LIVY.

1. ON what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners dis-

played, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.

2. First, they demand me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death, by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed.

3. Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus? move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then, you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say? this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain.

4. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then; be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

LESSON CCXXXVII.

STANZAS.—R. H. WILDE.

1. "My life is like the summer rose"
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground; to die!

- Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see ;
But none shall weep a tear for me !
2. My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent-tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree ;
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !
3. My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All-vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea ;
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

THE END.

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